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ABSTRACT

This volume contains approximately 35 brief stories told by members of the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. Many of the stories deal with legendary Indian heros, warriors, or cultural myths. Some, however, seem to portray actual events in the lives of the narrators themselves or their immediate ancestors. Many stories deal with Indian magic or myths about natural phenomenon such as the rainbow, the sunflower, and the buffalo. All the stories are illustrated with black and white drawings. (TES)

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STORIES BY OUR ELDERS
THE FORT BELKNAP PEOPLE

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Minerva Allen - Coordinator

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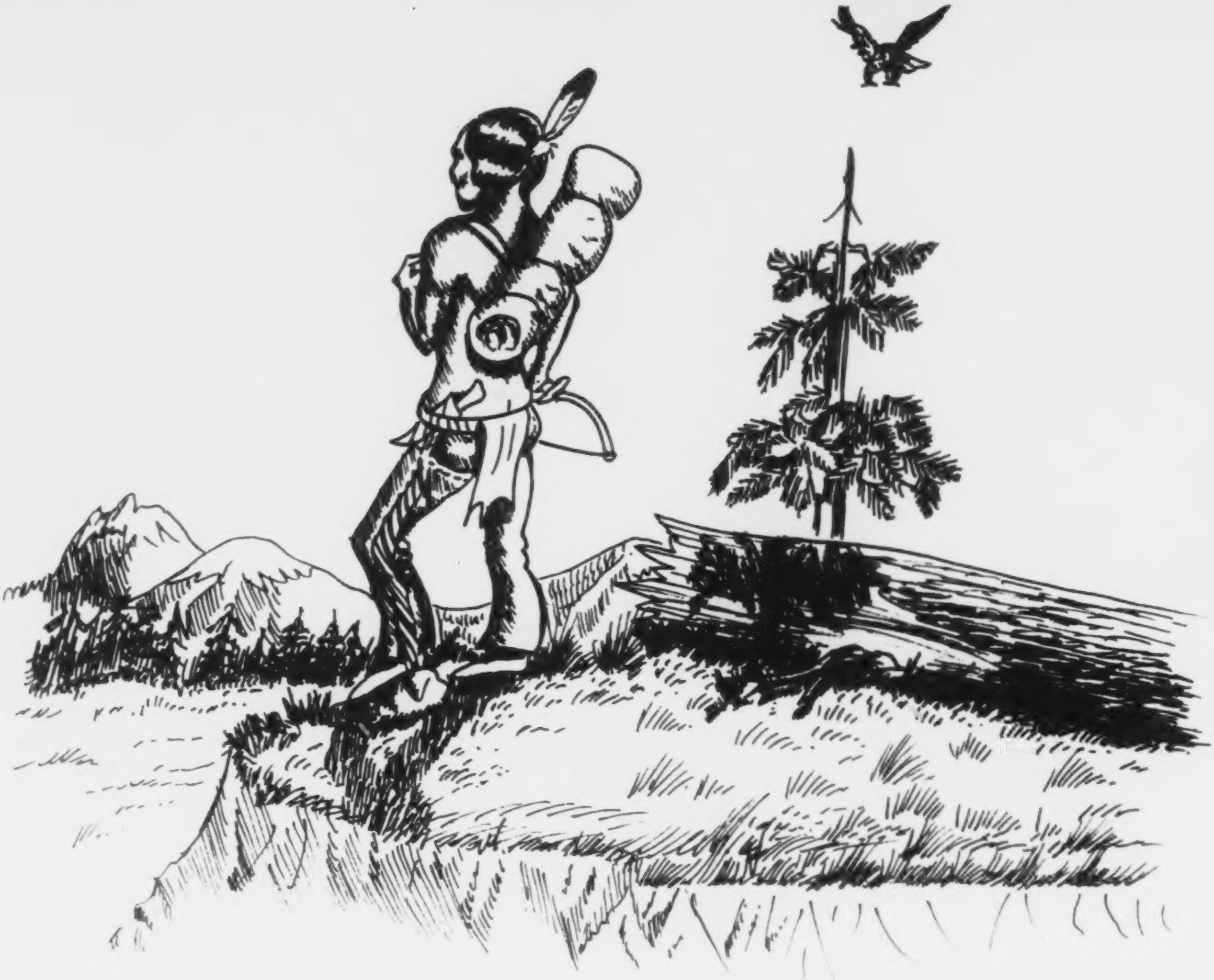
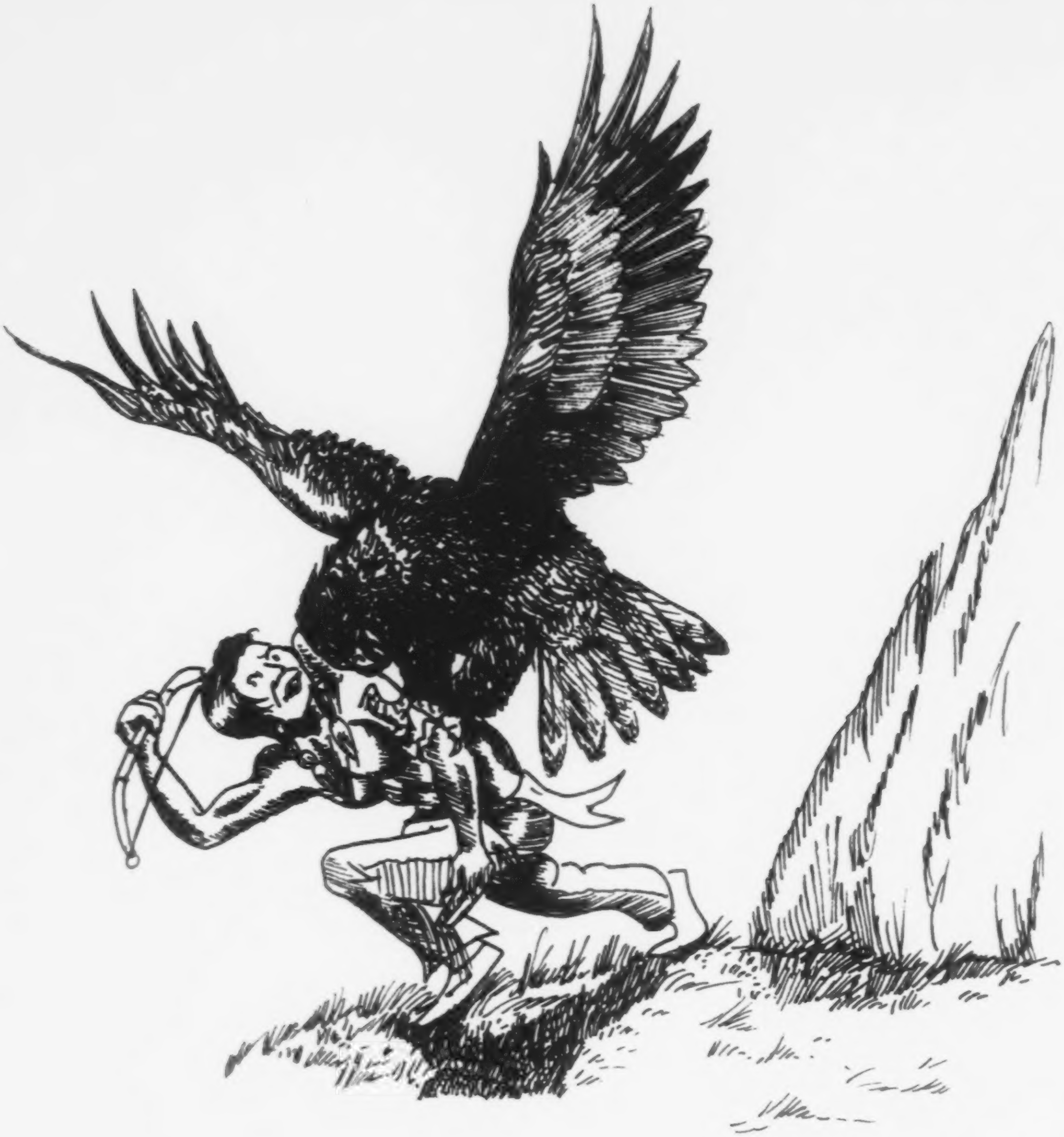
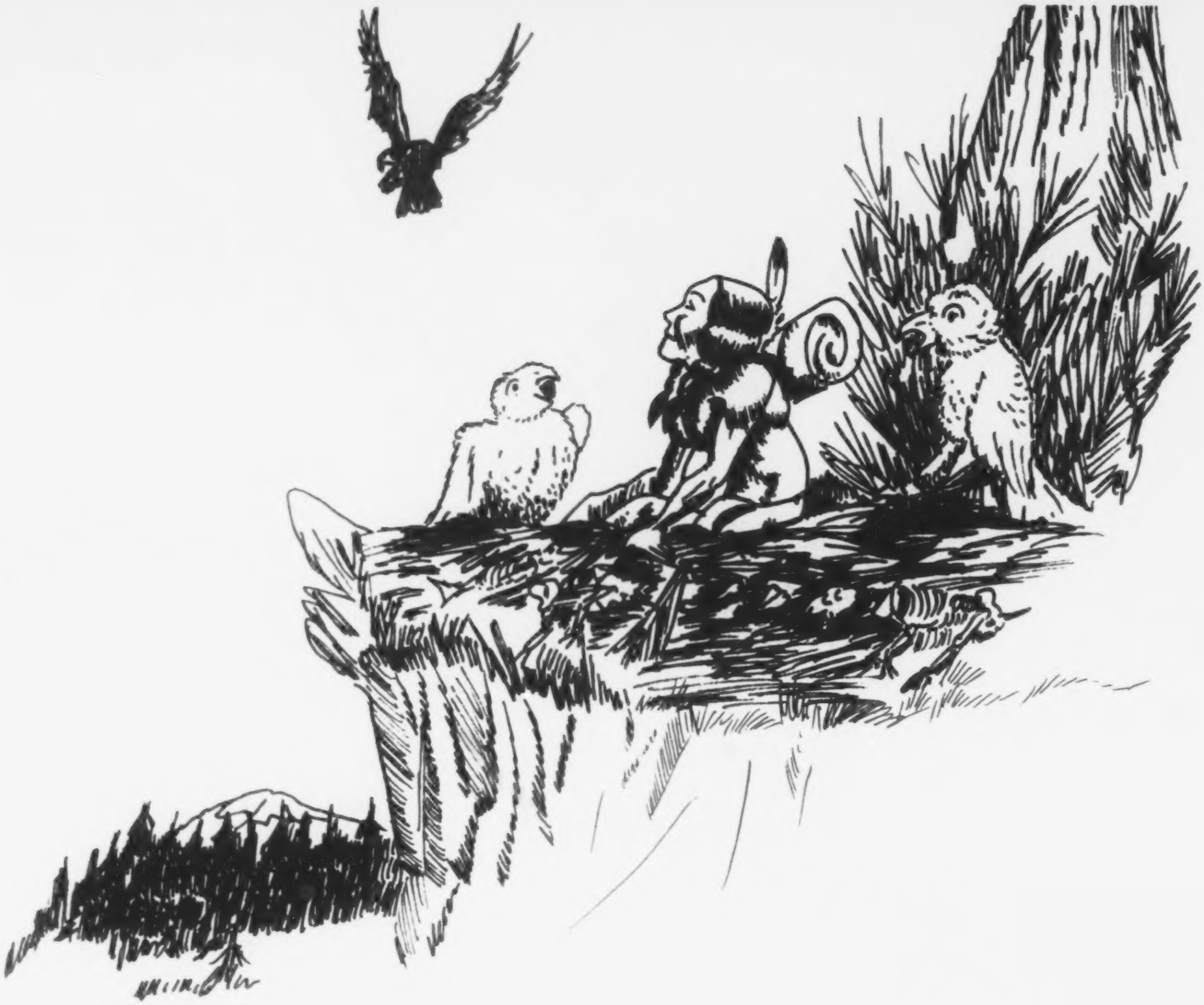


TRAVELING FOX

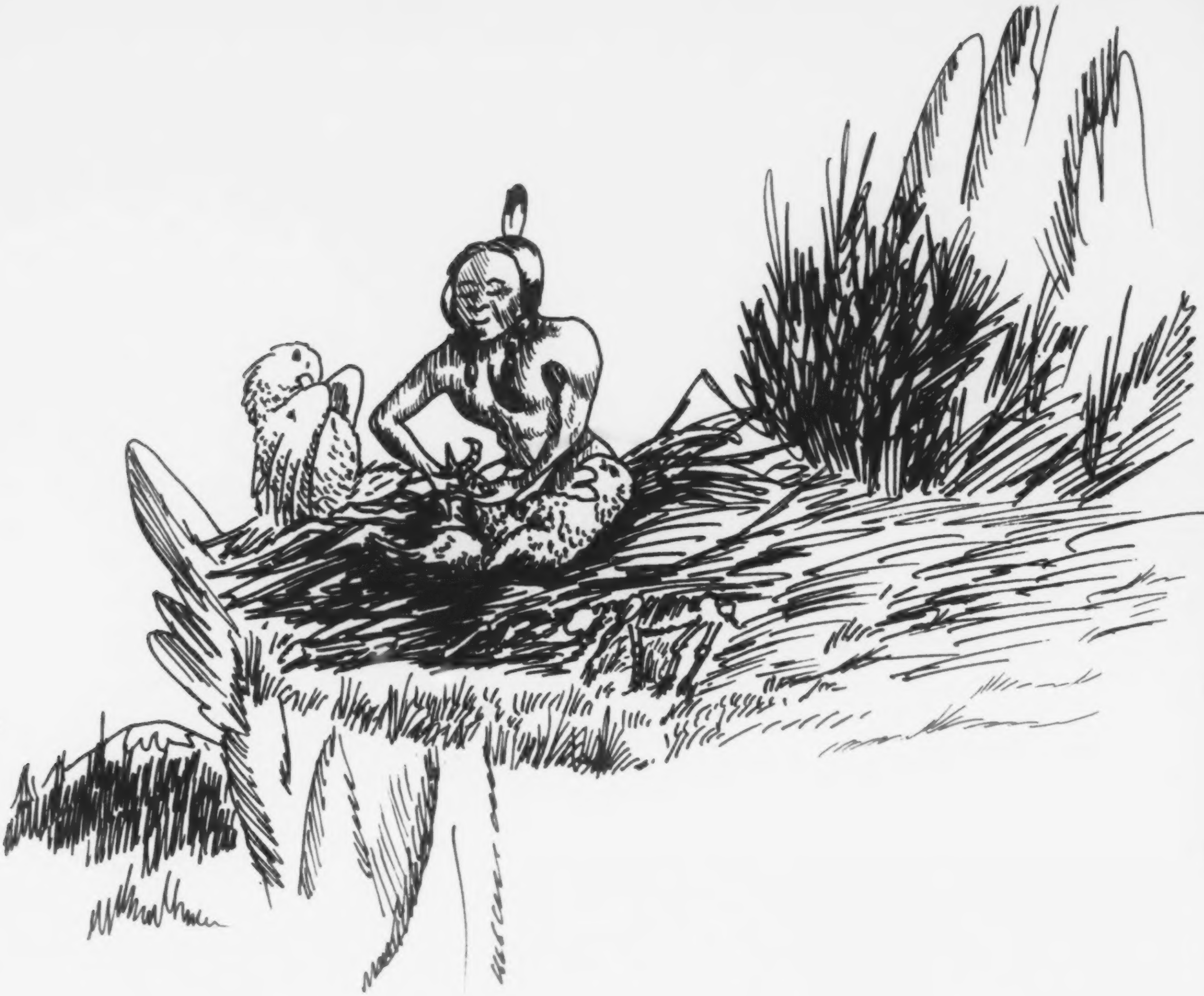
HE WAS A YOUNG INDIAN MAN, WHO LIKE TO TRAVEL AROUND. HIS NAME IS TRAVELING FOX.



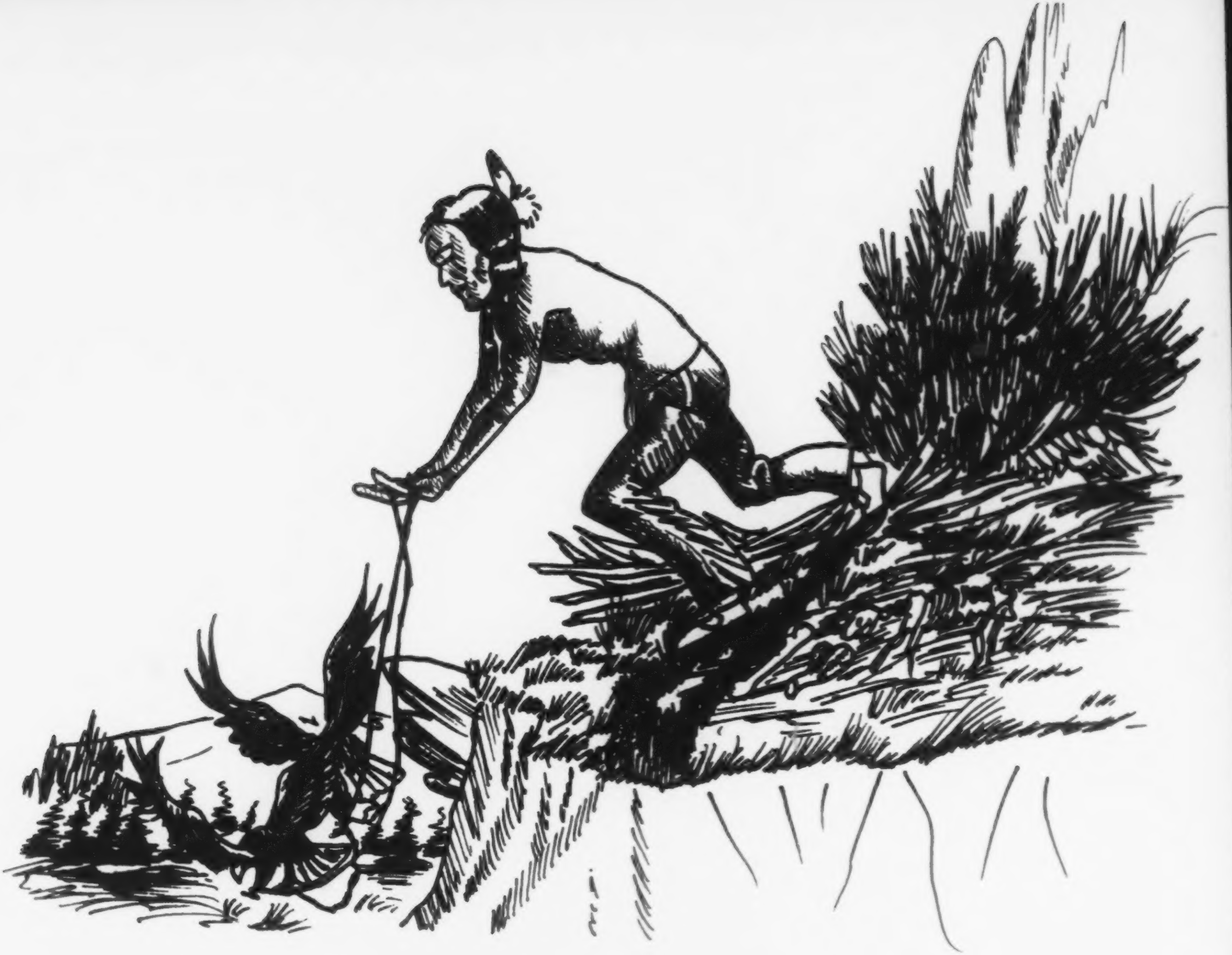
ONE DAY HE MET A LARGE MOTHER EAGLE. SHE GRABBED HIM AND TOOK HIM HIGH INTO THE MOUNTAINS ON A HIGH CLIFF.



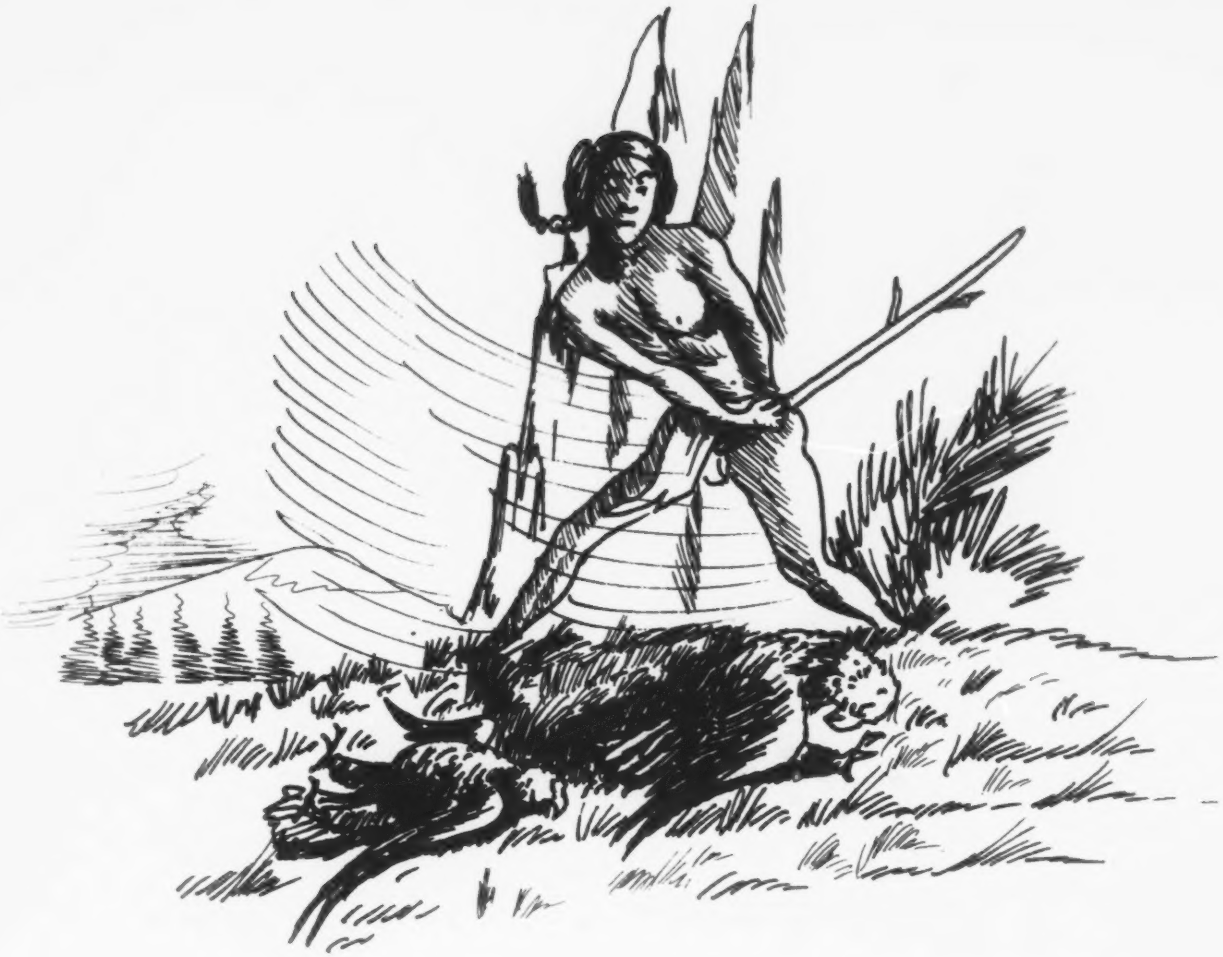
THERE SHE LEFT HIM WITH HER BABY EAGLES. THE NEST WAS FILLED WITH ALL KINDS OF BONES.



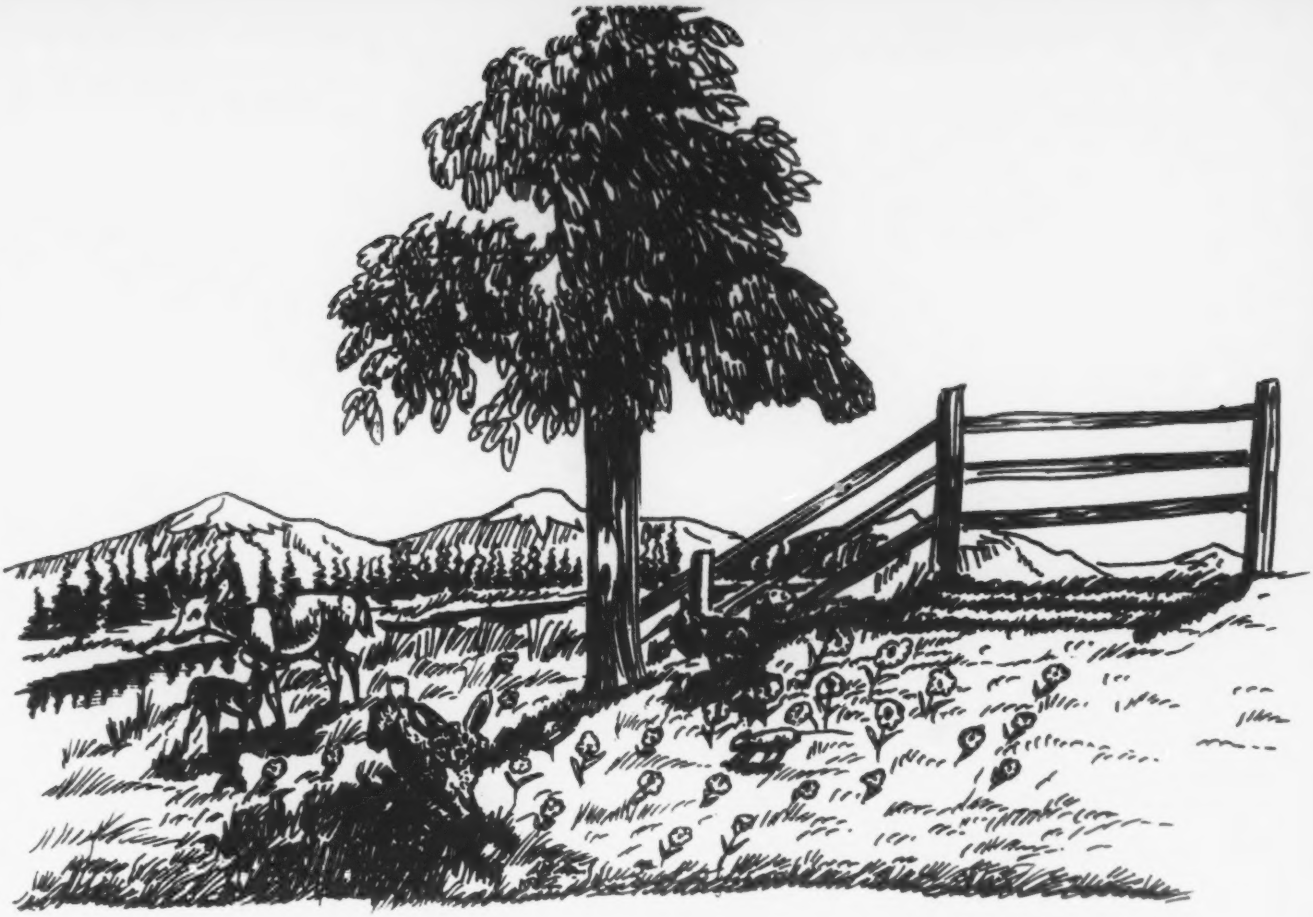
HE TRIED TO GET OFF THE CLIFF. IT WAS TO STEEP. HE TOOK HIS BLANKET AND TORE IT INTO TWO STRIPS. HE TIED THEM TO THE BABY EAGLES LEGS.



THEN HE PUSHED THEM OFF THE NEST. THEY FLAPPED SAFELY TO THE GROUND. HE HUNG ON TO THE STRIPS.

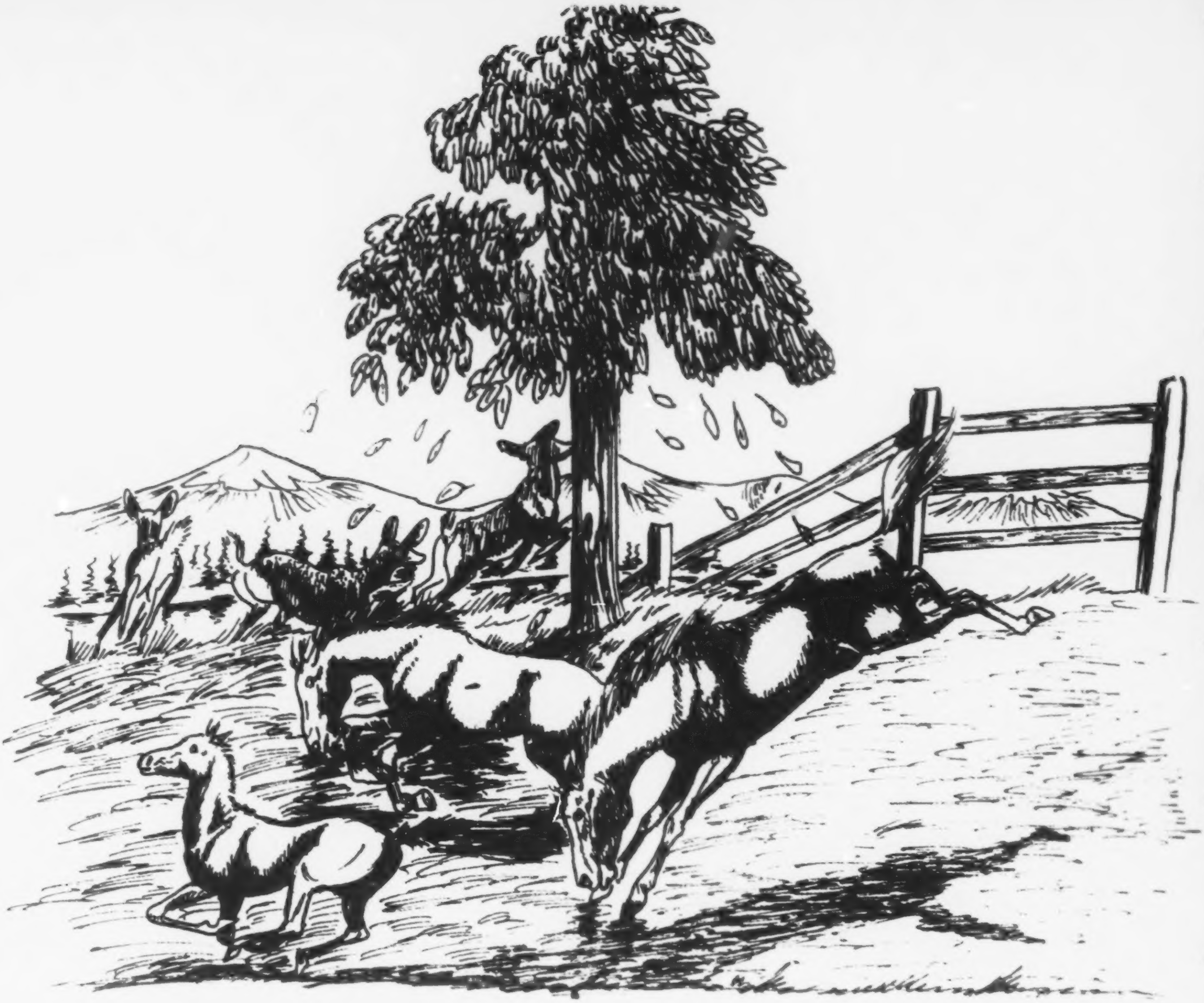


HE TOOK A BIG STICK AND KILLED BOTH OF THE BABY EAGLES. TRAVEL FOX WENT HOME. WALKED AND TRAVELED NO MORE.

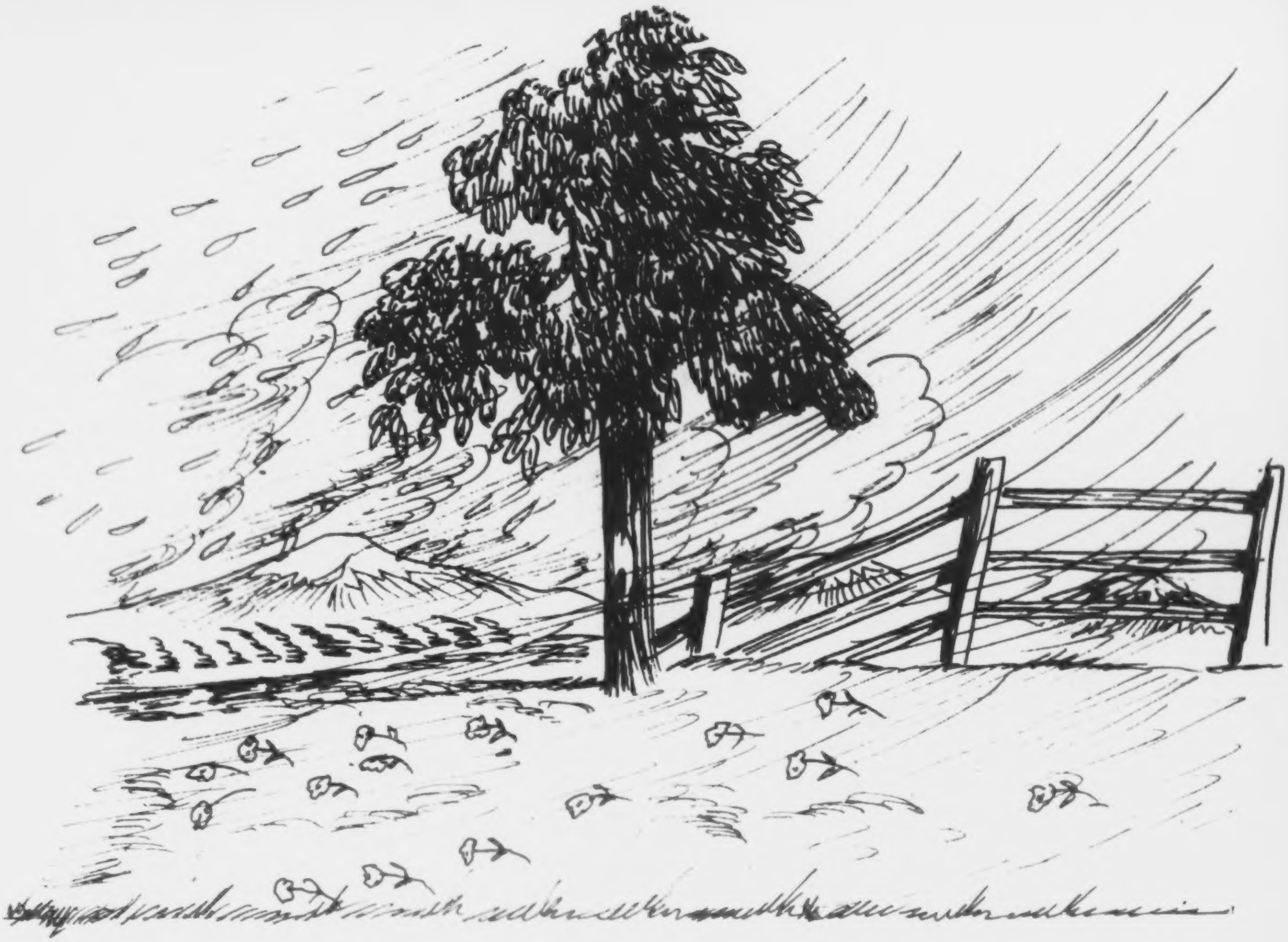


INDIAN SUMMER

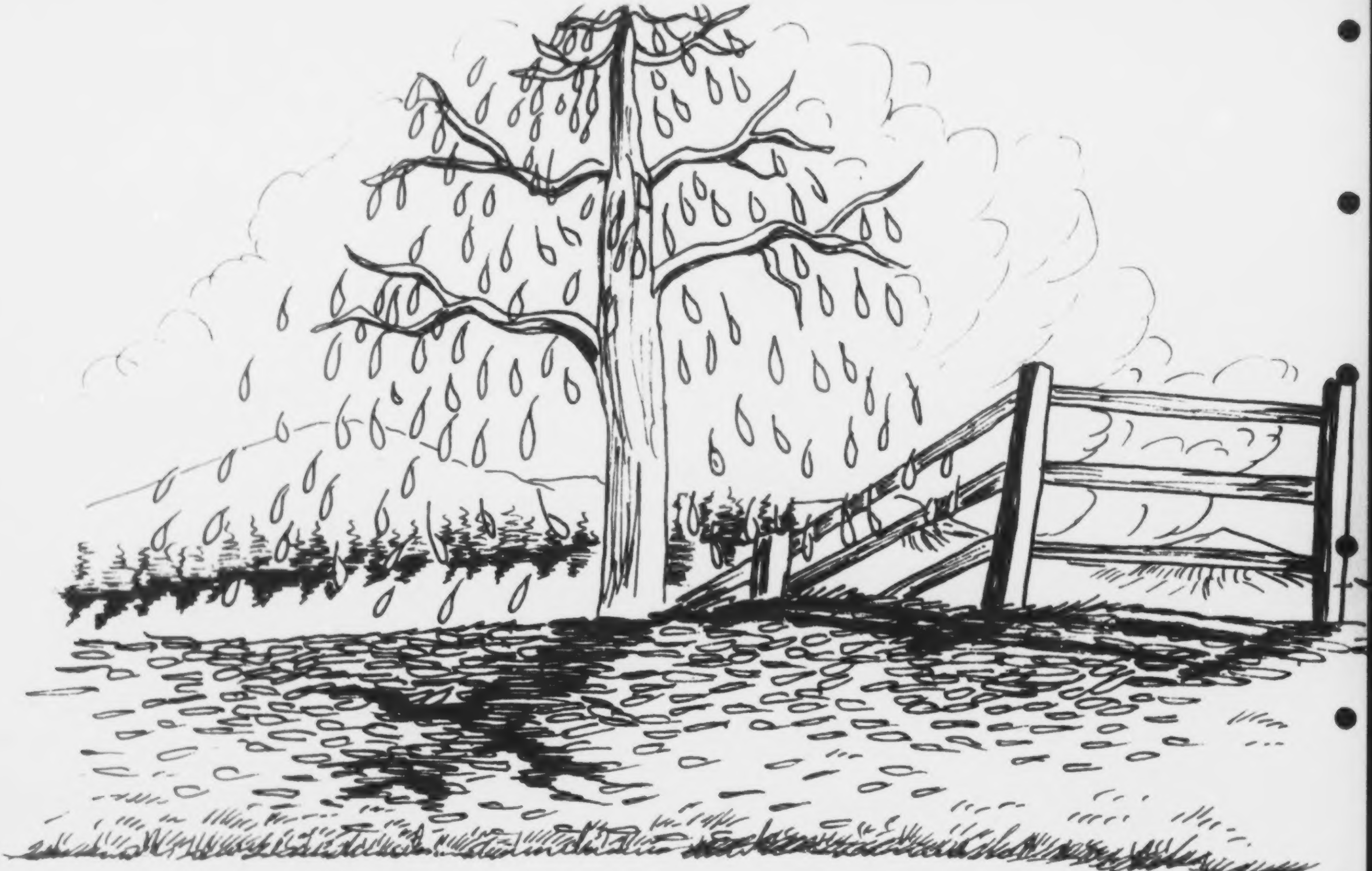
MANY MOONS AGO WHEN THE WORLD WAS STILL YOUNG, THE PLANTS, TREES, AND ANIMALS WERE ENJOYING THE BEAUTIFUL SUMMER WEATHER. THE FLOWERS WERE WAVING AND NODDING IN THE LIGHT BREEZE.



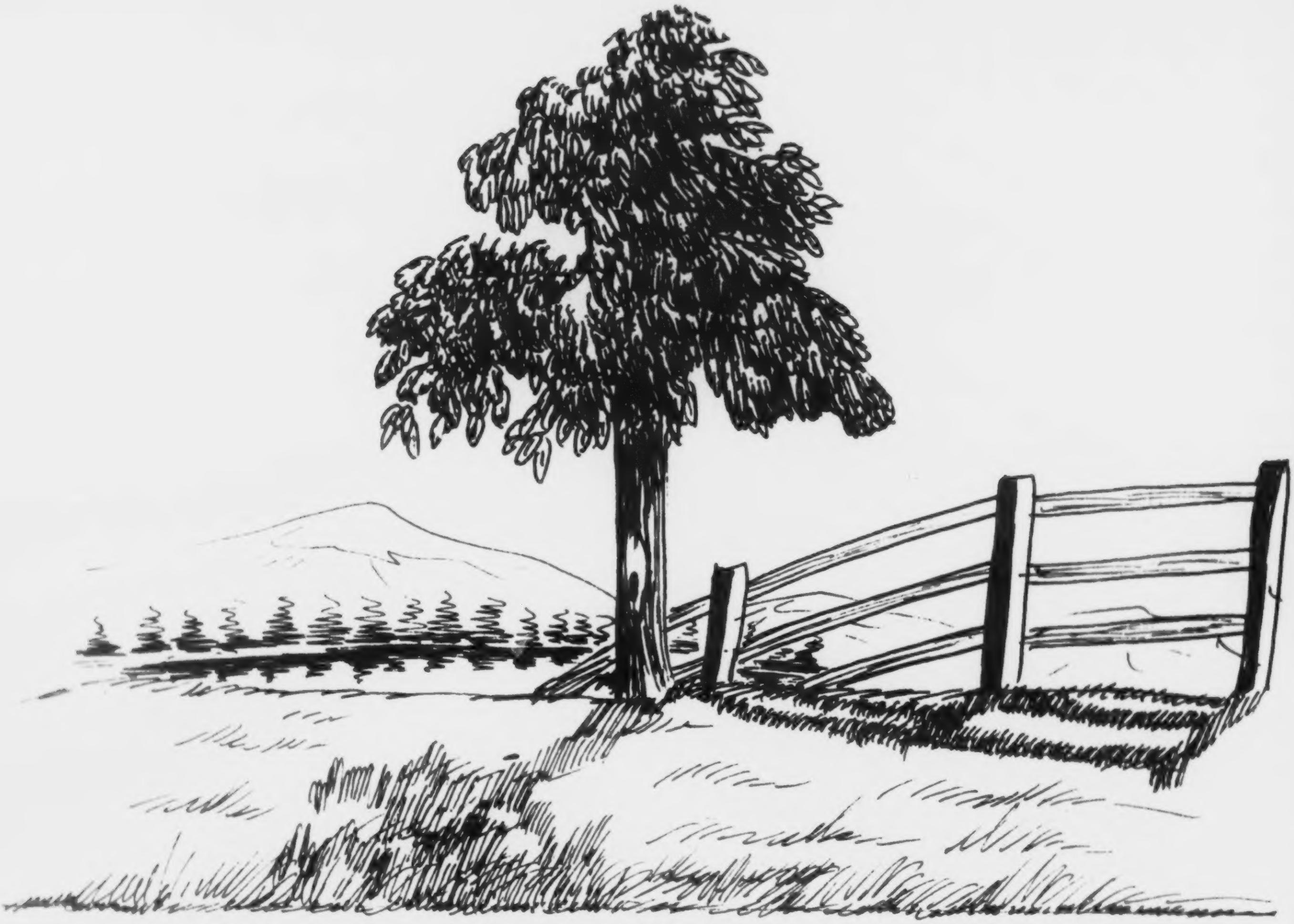
WHILE THE DEER AND HORSES JUMPED AND RAN IN THE MOUNTAINS. AS THE DAYS WENT BY, AUTUMN SET IN AND THE WEATHER BECAME COLDER WITH EACH PASSING DAY.



THE GRASS AND FLOWER FOLK BECAME QUITE COLD, FOR THEY HAD NO COAT TO KEEP THEM WARM. JUST WHEN THERE SEEMED TO BE NO HOPE THE MIGHTY SPIRIT WHO LOOKS AFTER ALL THE THINGS ON EARTH, CAME TO THEIR AID.

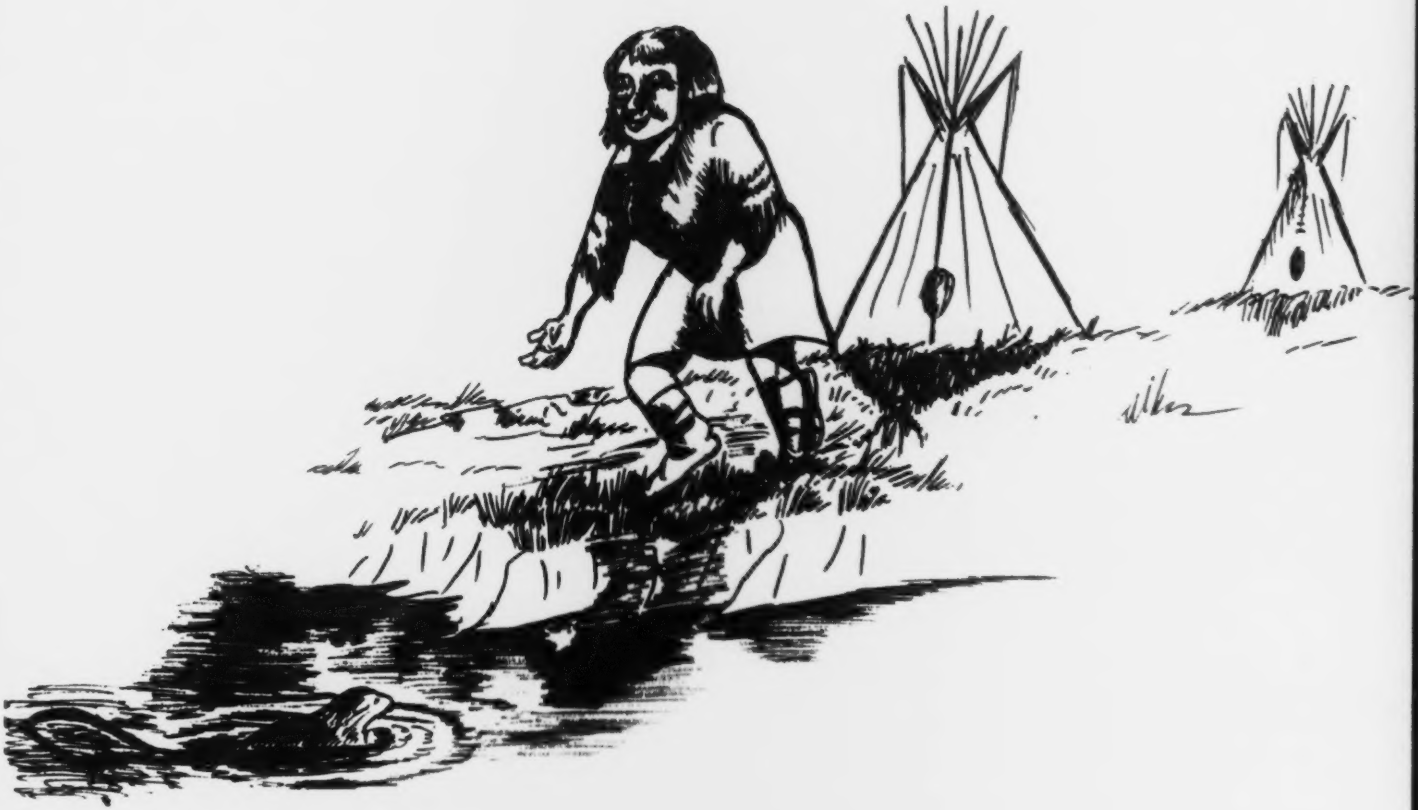


HE SAID, THAT THE LEAVES OF THE TREES SHOULD FALL SLOWLY TO THE GROUND, SPREADING A SOFT WARM BLANKET OVER THE TENDER ROOTS OF GRASS AND FLOWERS.



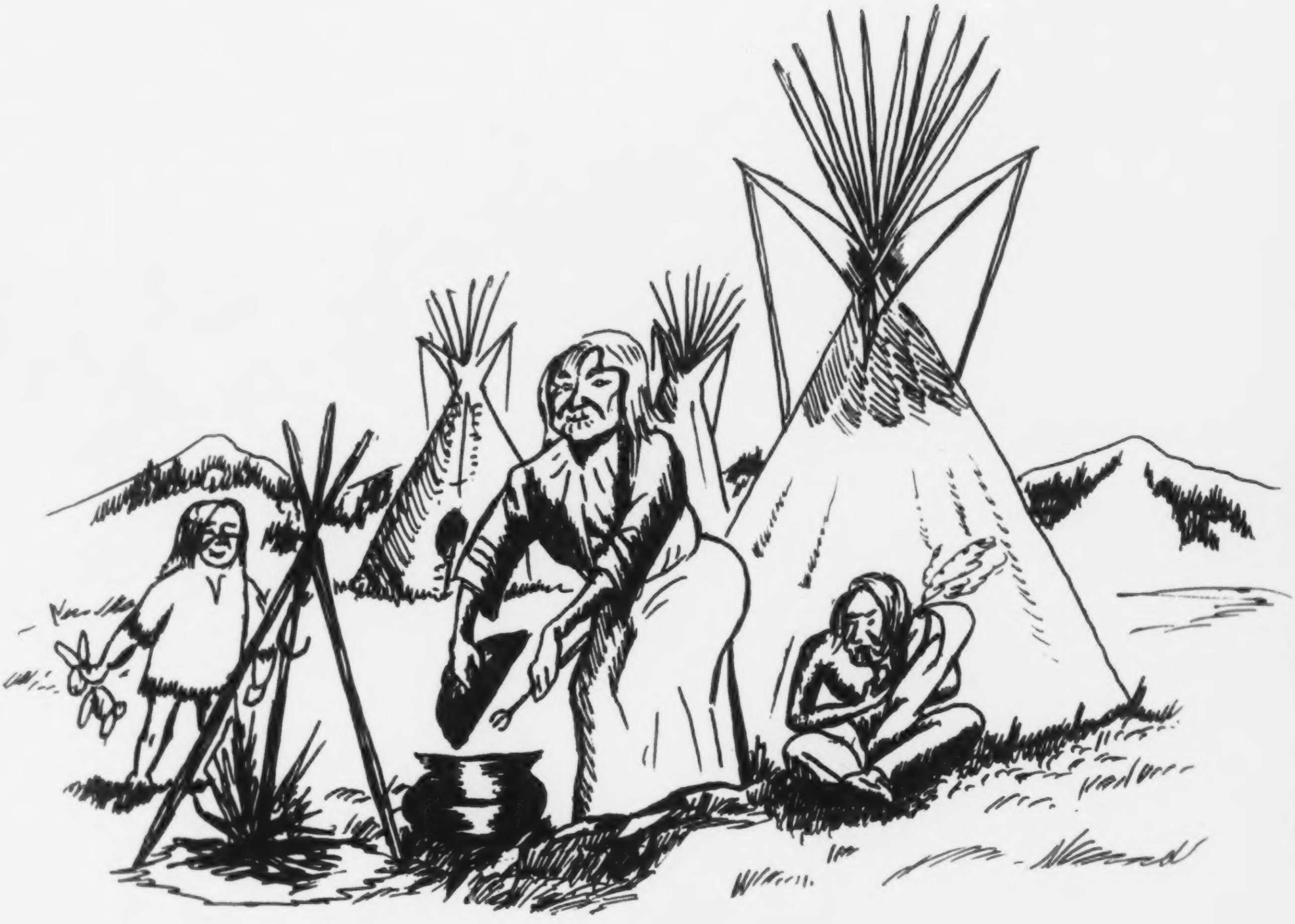
THE TREES FELT SAD ABOUT LOSING THEIR LEAVES, SO THE MIGHTY SPIRIT DECIDED TO REPAY THEM BY ALLOWING THEM ONE LAST BRIGHT LOOK OF BEAUTY.

THAT'S WHY, EACH YEAR, DURING INDIAN SUMMER THE TREES PUT ON THEIR BEAUTIFUL FAREWELL COLORS OF RED, GOLD AND BROWN.



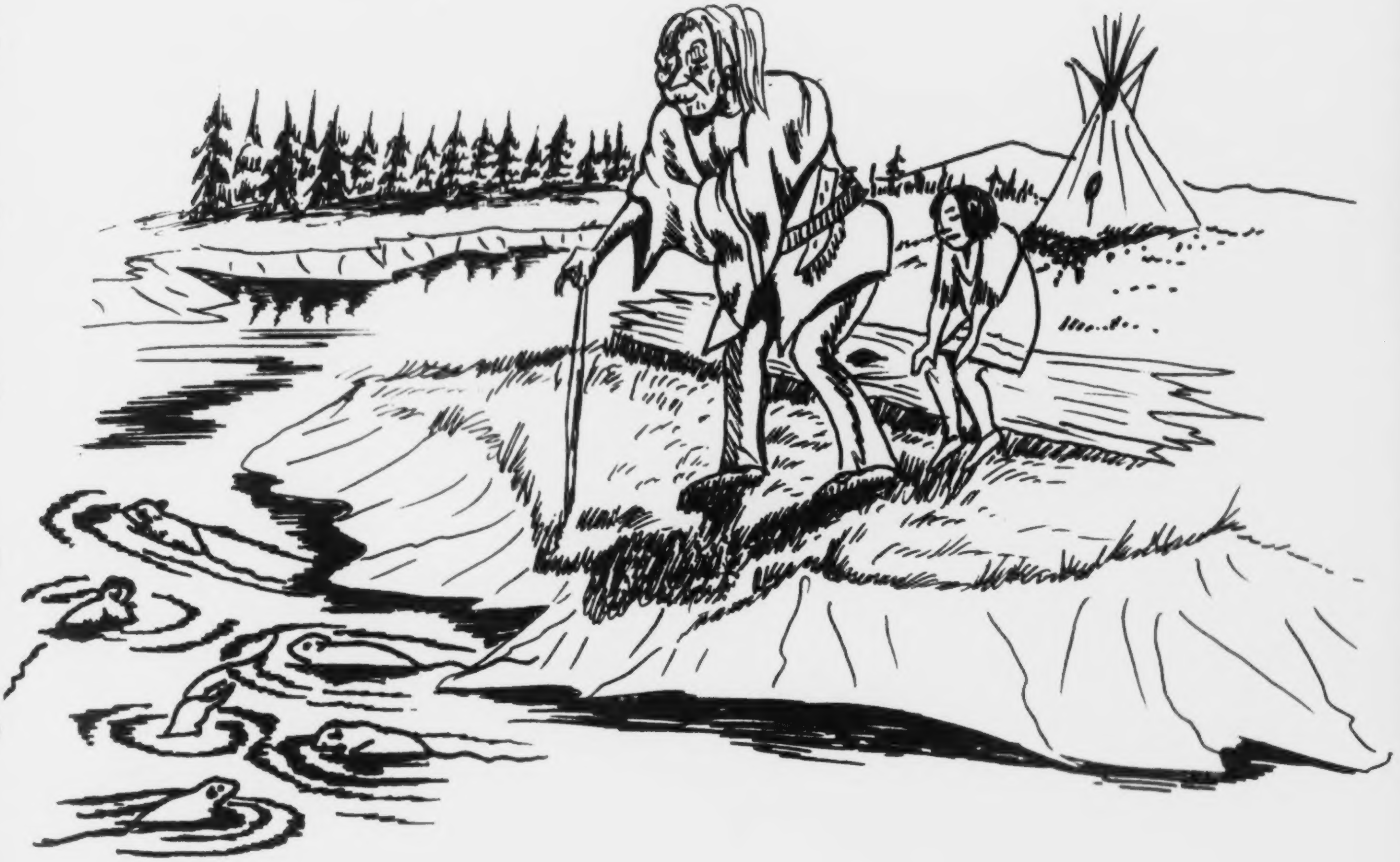
LITTLE MUSKRAT

ONCE LONG AGO, THERE LIVED A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL NAMED MUSKRAT.

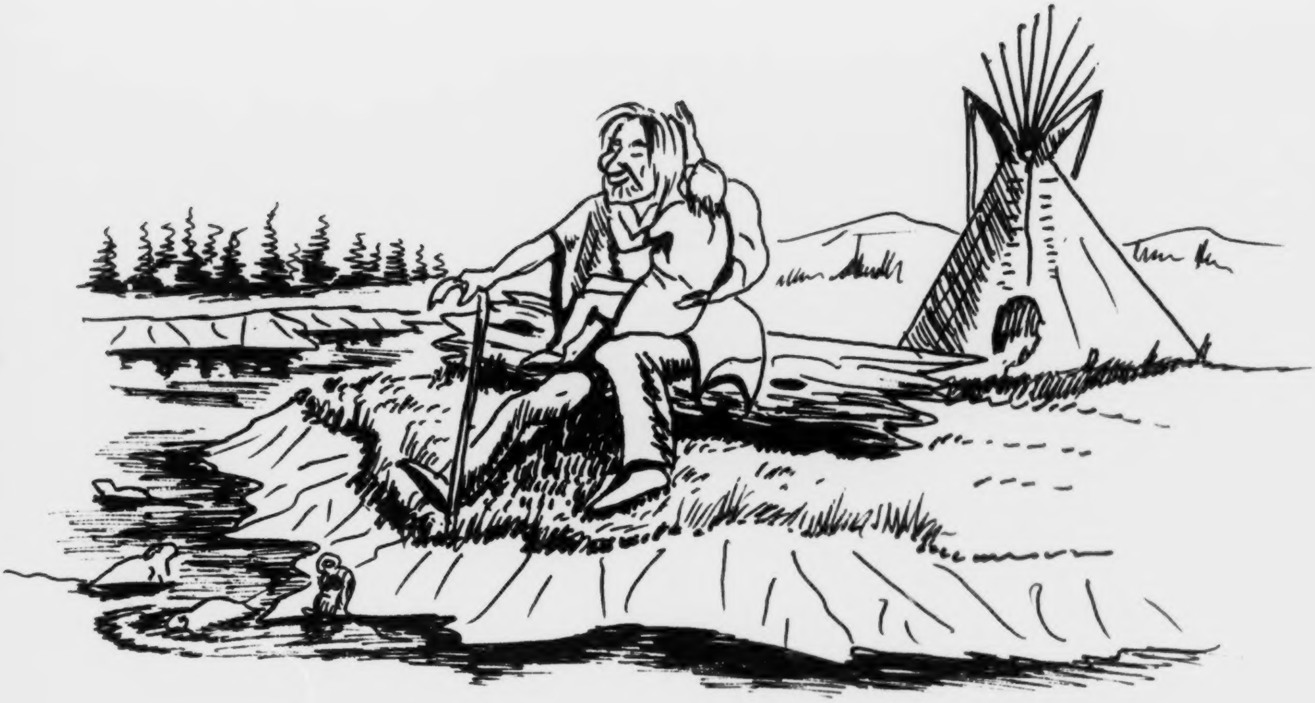


SHE LIVED WITH HER GRANDFATHER TWO DOGS, AND GRANDMOTHER PRETTY LODGE, IN THEIR TIPI.

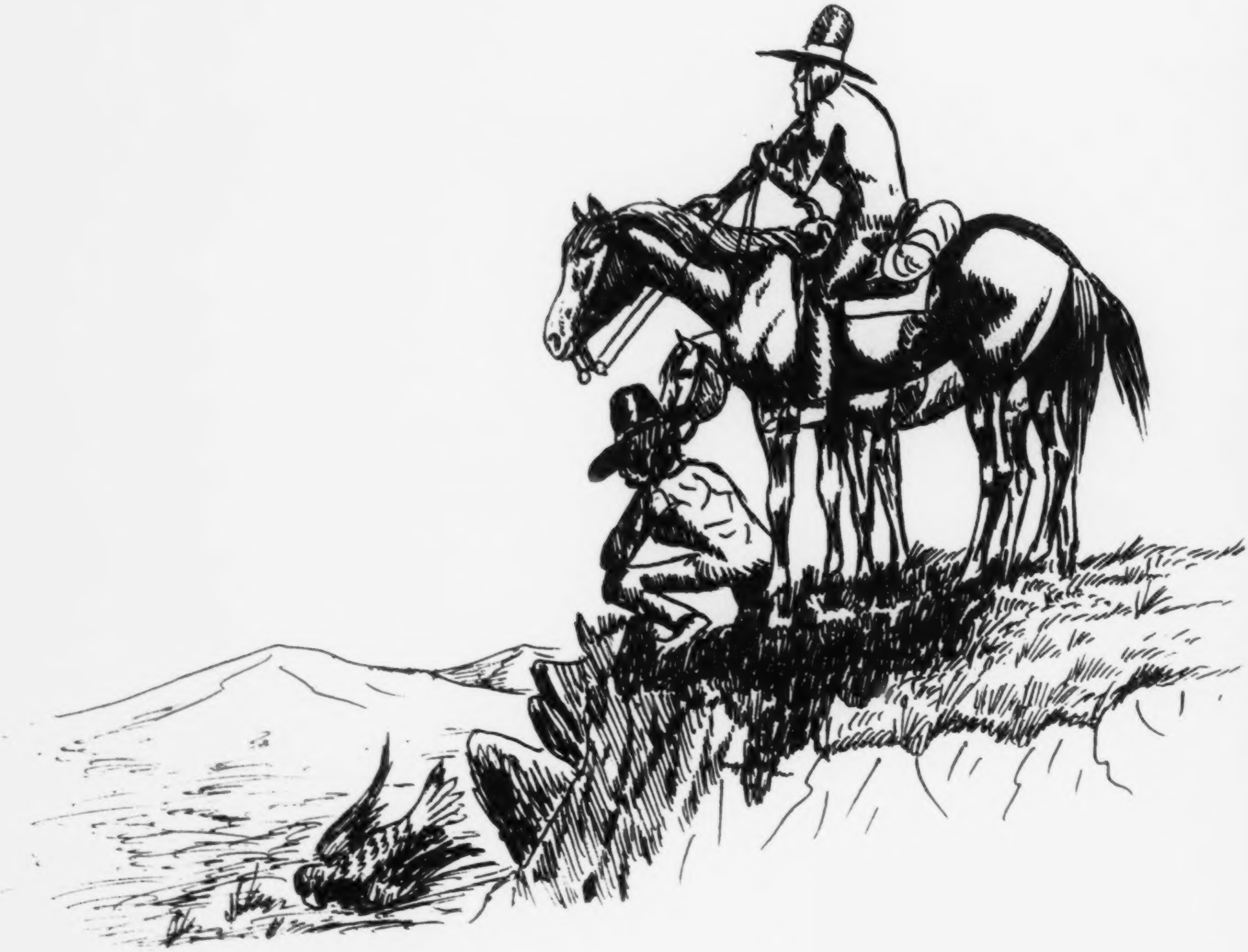
HER UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS LIVED NEAR BY.



One day Grandfather Two Dogs took her down to the river; to watch the muskrats. There were little muskrats, big muskrats, fathers, mothers, and baby muskrats. The muskrats were brown and shiny.



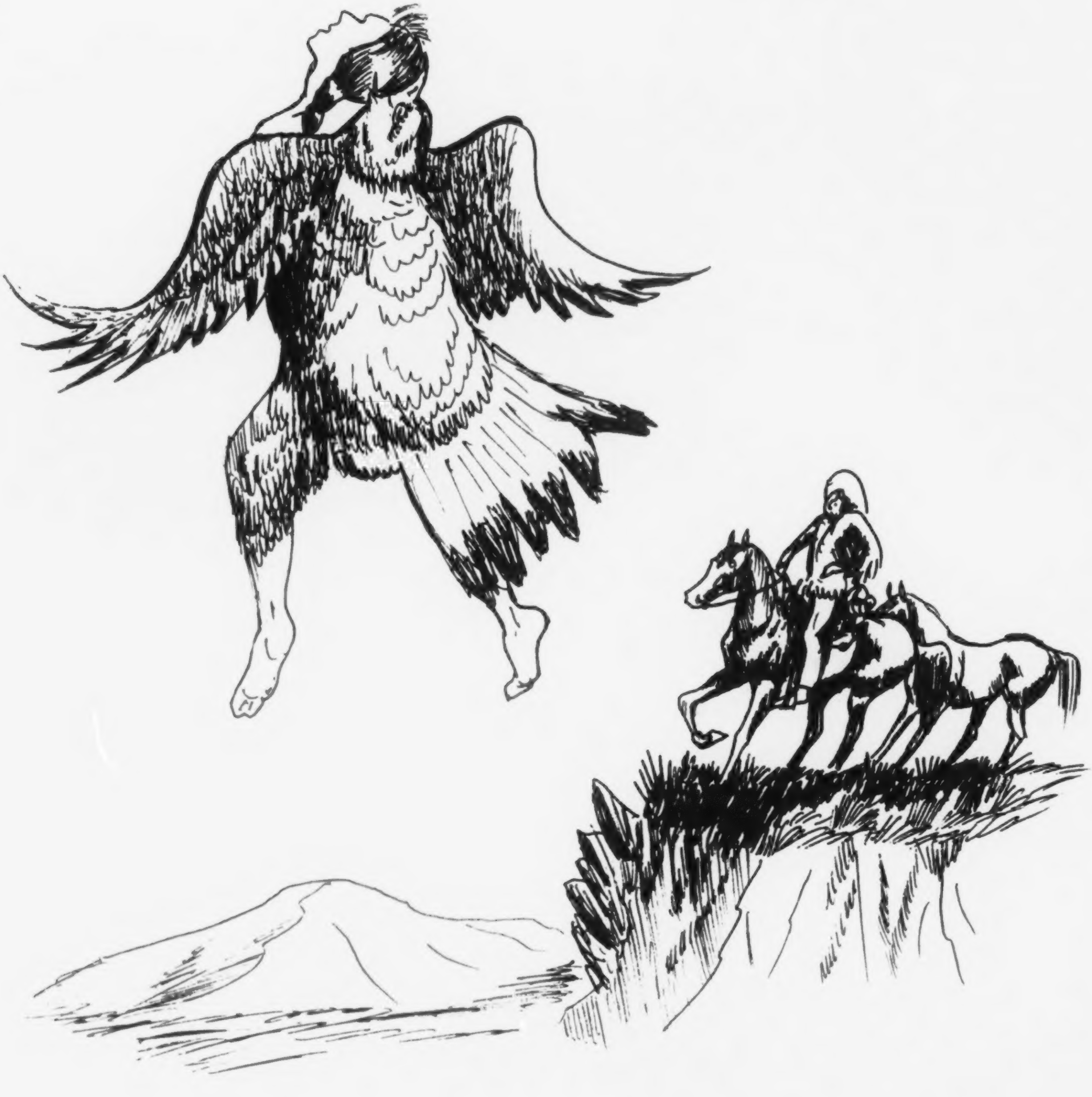
THEY WERE PLAYING AND SWIMMING IN THE RIVER. SLIPPING AND SLIDING INTO THE WATER. LITTLE MUSKRAT SAID, "OH GRANDFATHER, I LIKE THE MUSKRATS AND I LIKE MY NAME."



TWO YOUNG WARRIORS

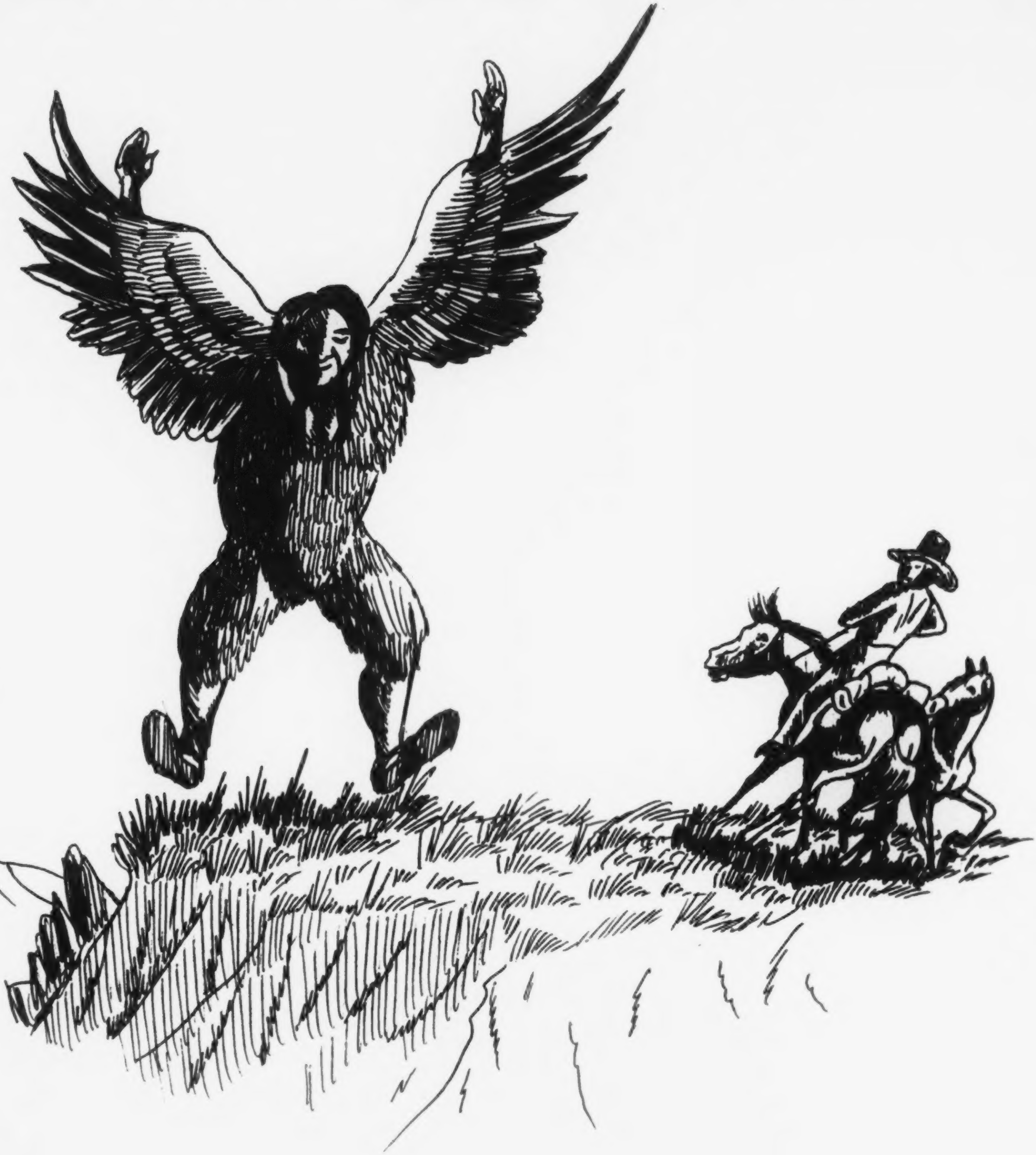
TWO YOUNG MEN WANTED TO GO TRAVELING THE COUNTRY. SO THEY WENT FOR AN ADVENTURE. ONE DAY THEY CAME ON TO A HIGH HILL, LOOKING OVER A BANK. THERE LAYING ON THE GROUND WAS A LARGE DEAD BIRD.

ONE OF THE MEN SAID, I WILL GO DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT IS.



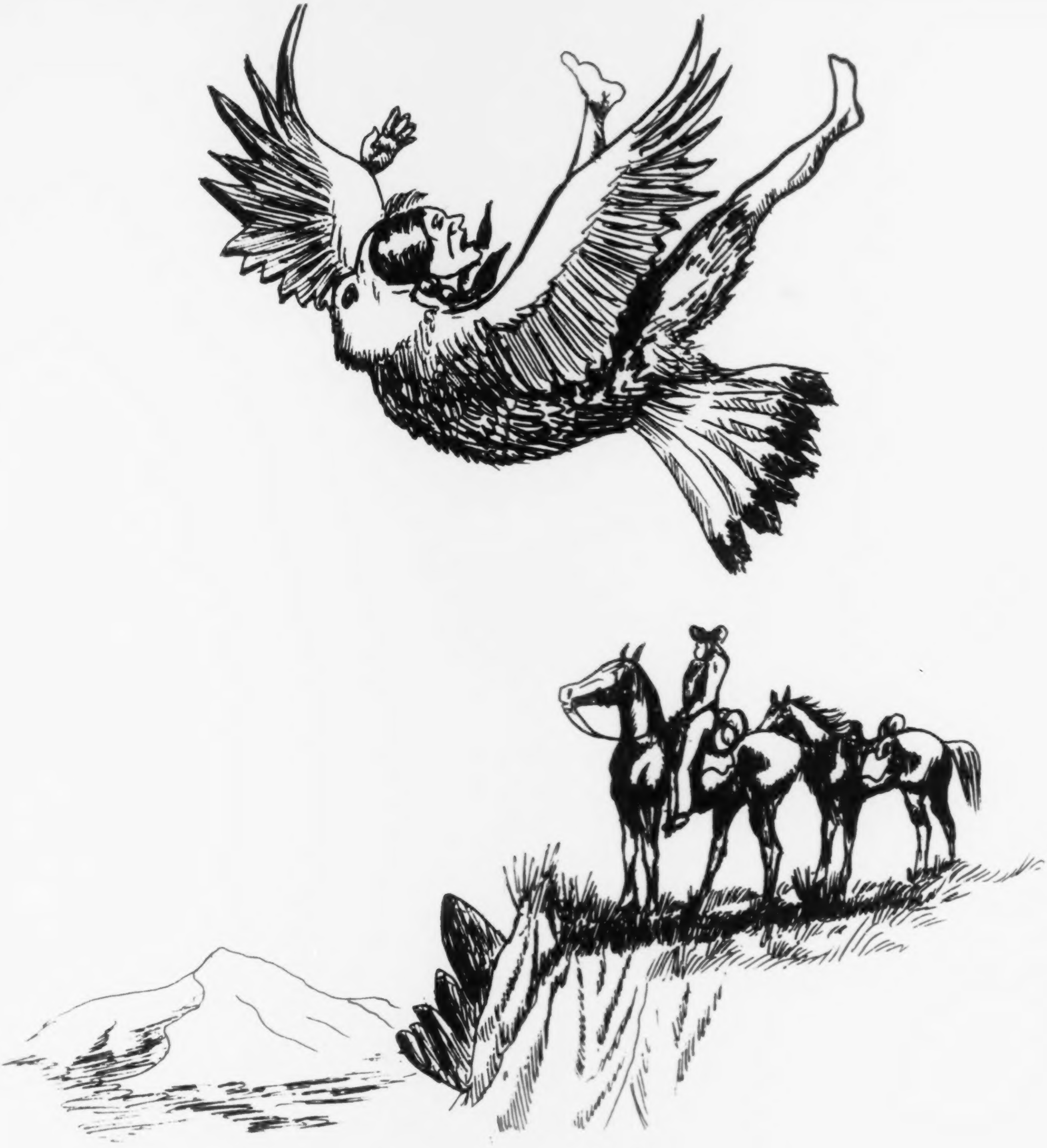
WHEN HE GOT DOWN THERE IT WAS LIKE A BIG BIRD SUIT. SO HE PUT IT ON AND CLIMBED BACK UP THE HILL, AND BEGAN TO FLAP HIS WINGS.

HE STARTED TO FLY, GOING STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY.

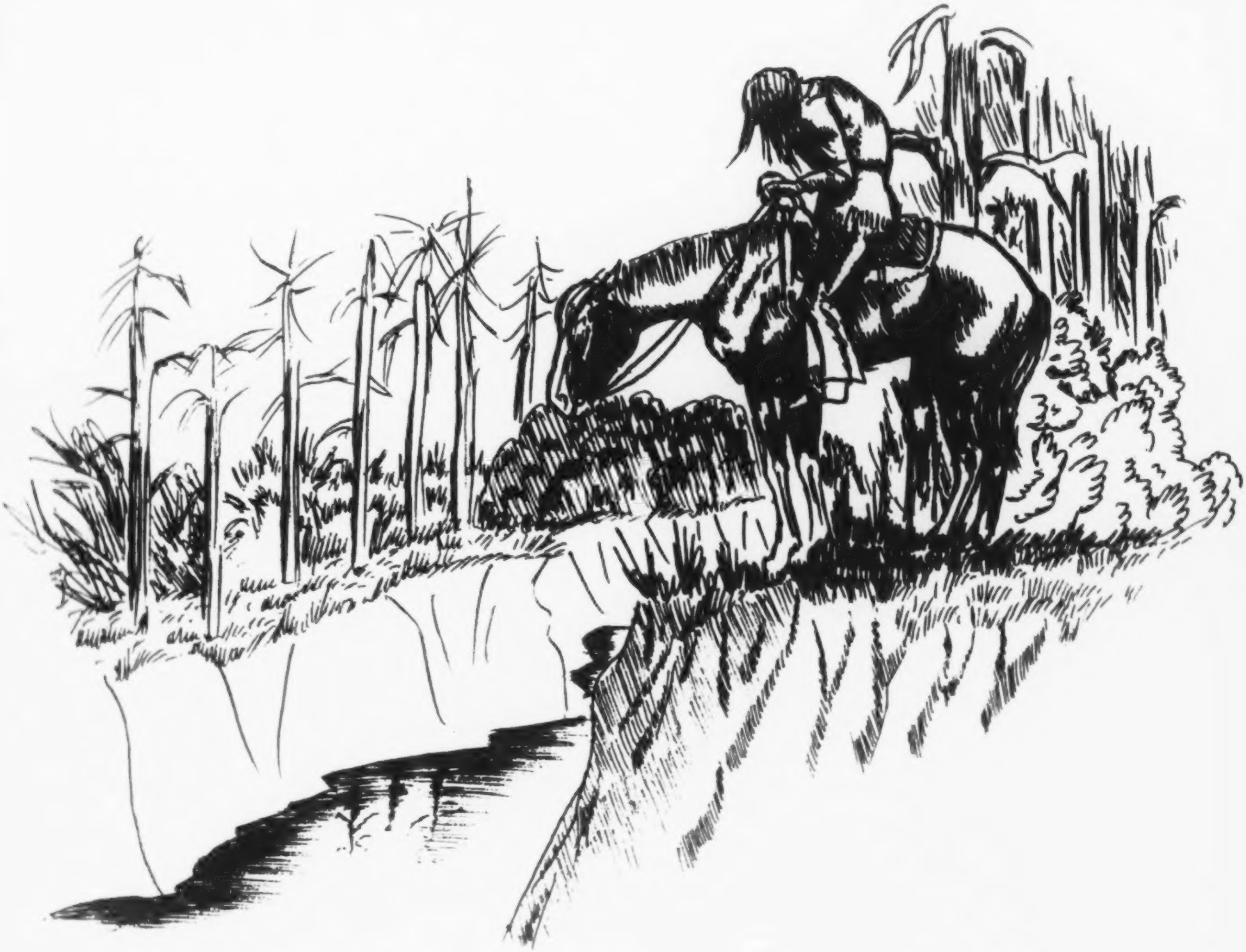


SO HE LIFTED HIS ARMS AND FLAPPED HIS WINGS SLOWLY UNTIL HE REACHED THE GROUND.

HE JERKED OFF HIS SUIT. AND THREW IT AWAY. HE DIDN'T WANT TO FLY ANYMORE, AND THEY WENT HOME.

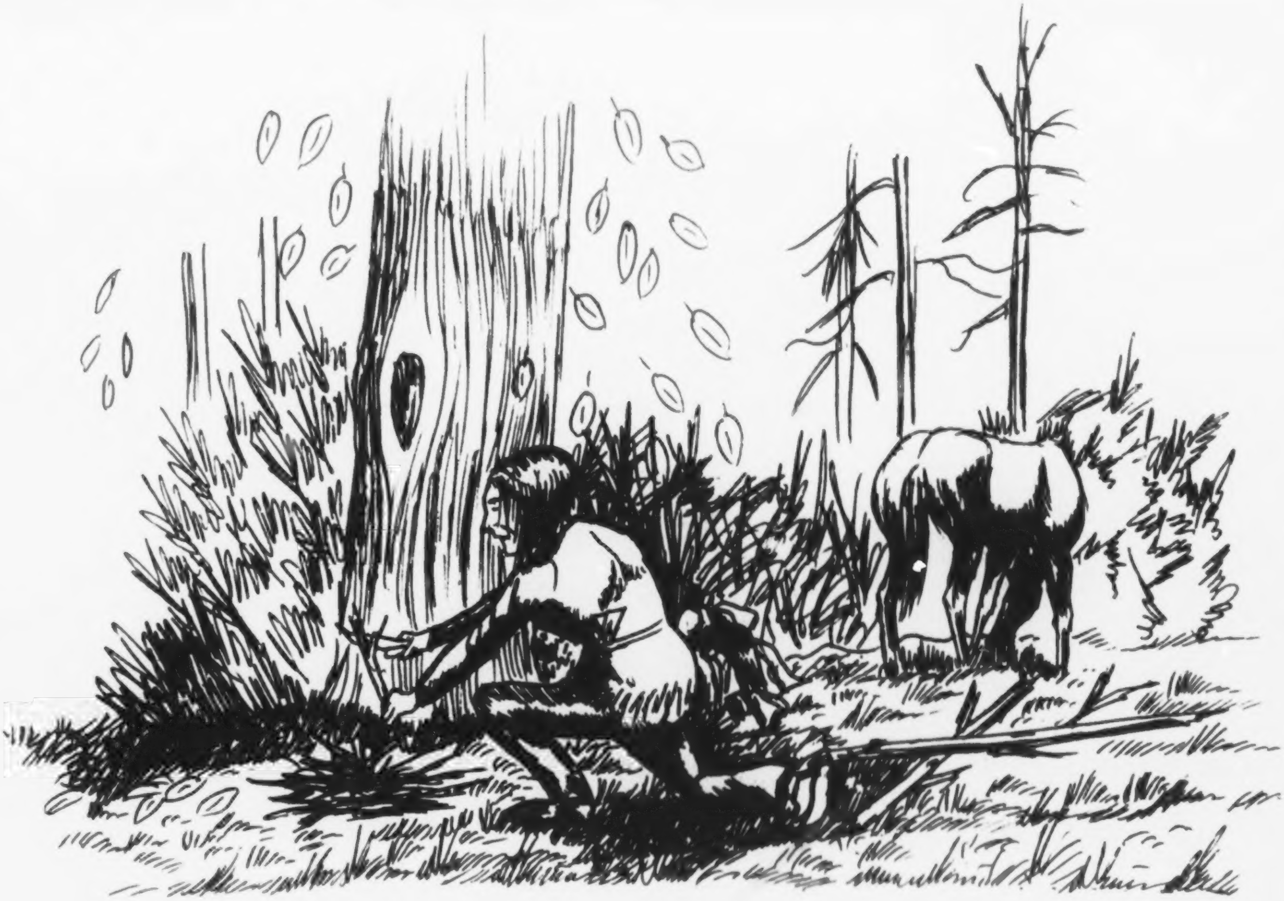


HE STARTED TO YELL. AND WHEN HE PUT HIS ARMS DOWN, HE STARTED TO FALL FAST.

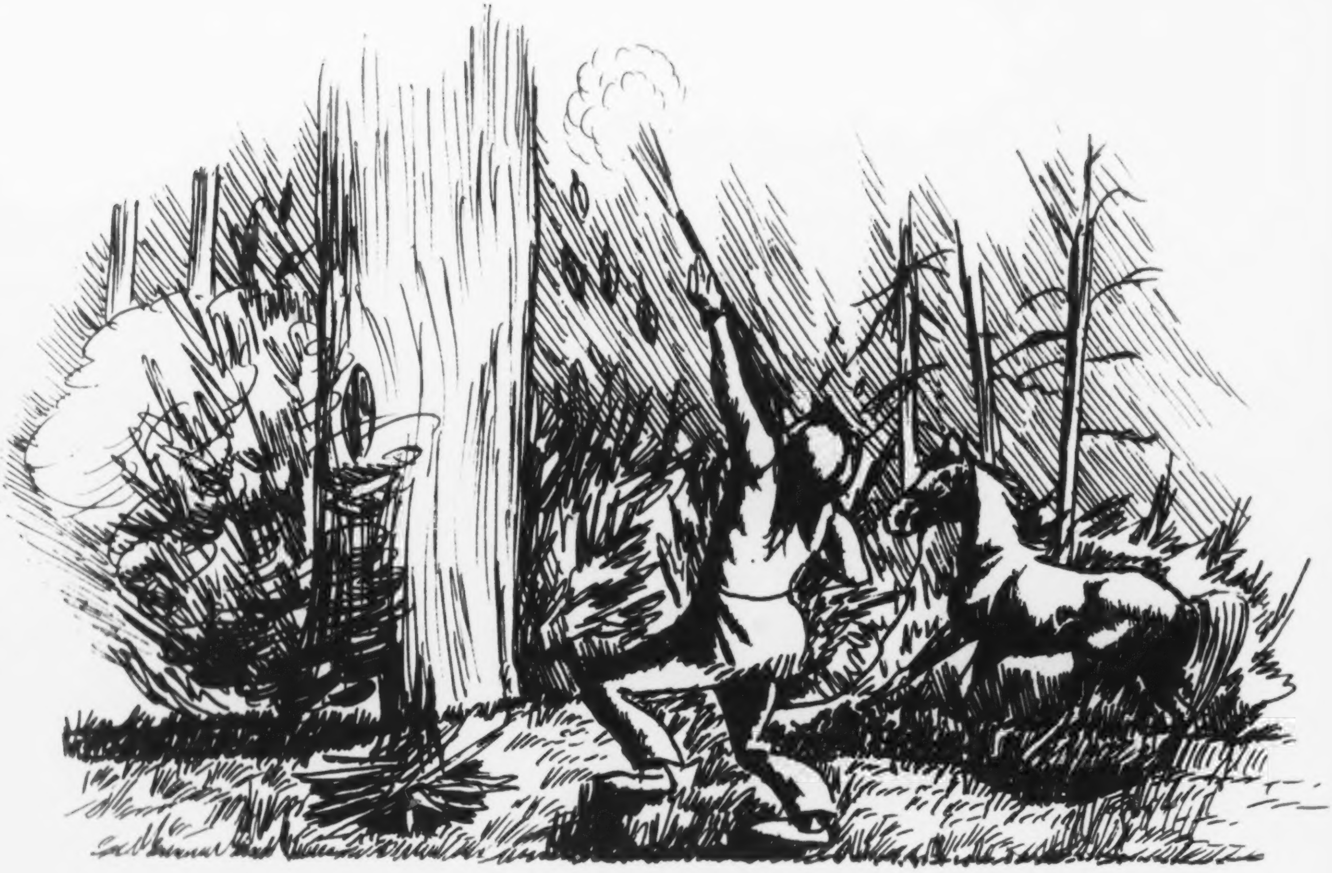


INDIAN MAN PONY

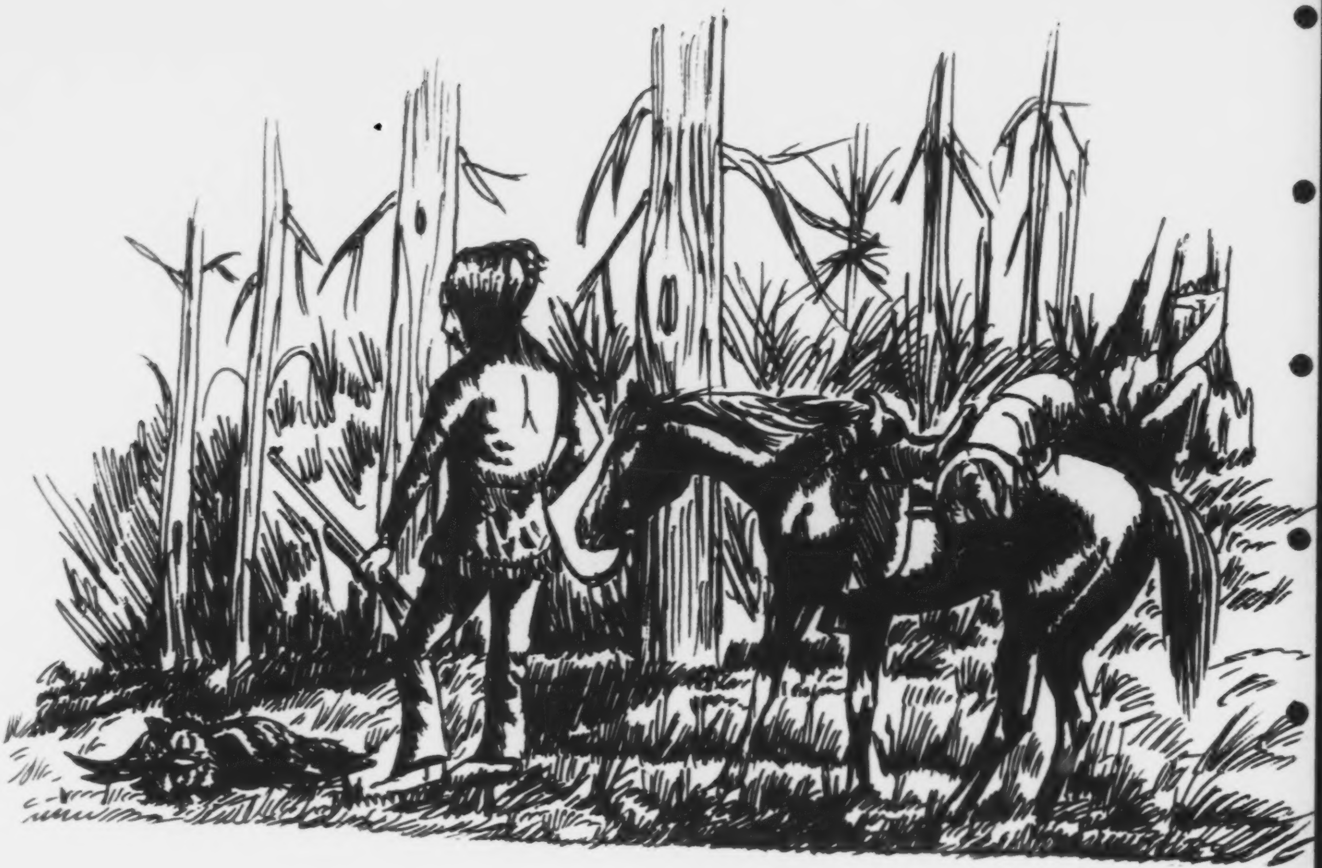
IT WAS IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR. PONY WAS AN ELDERLY INDIAN MAN. HIS SON DROWNED IN THE MILK RIVER. AFTER HE WAS BURIED, HE RODE, WANDERED AND TRAVELED THE COUNTRY HORSEBACK.



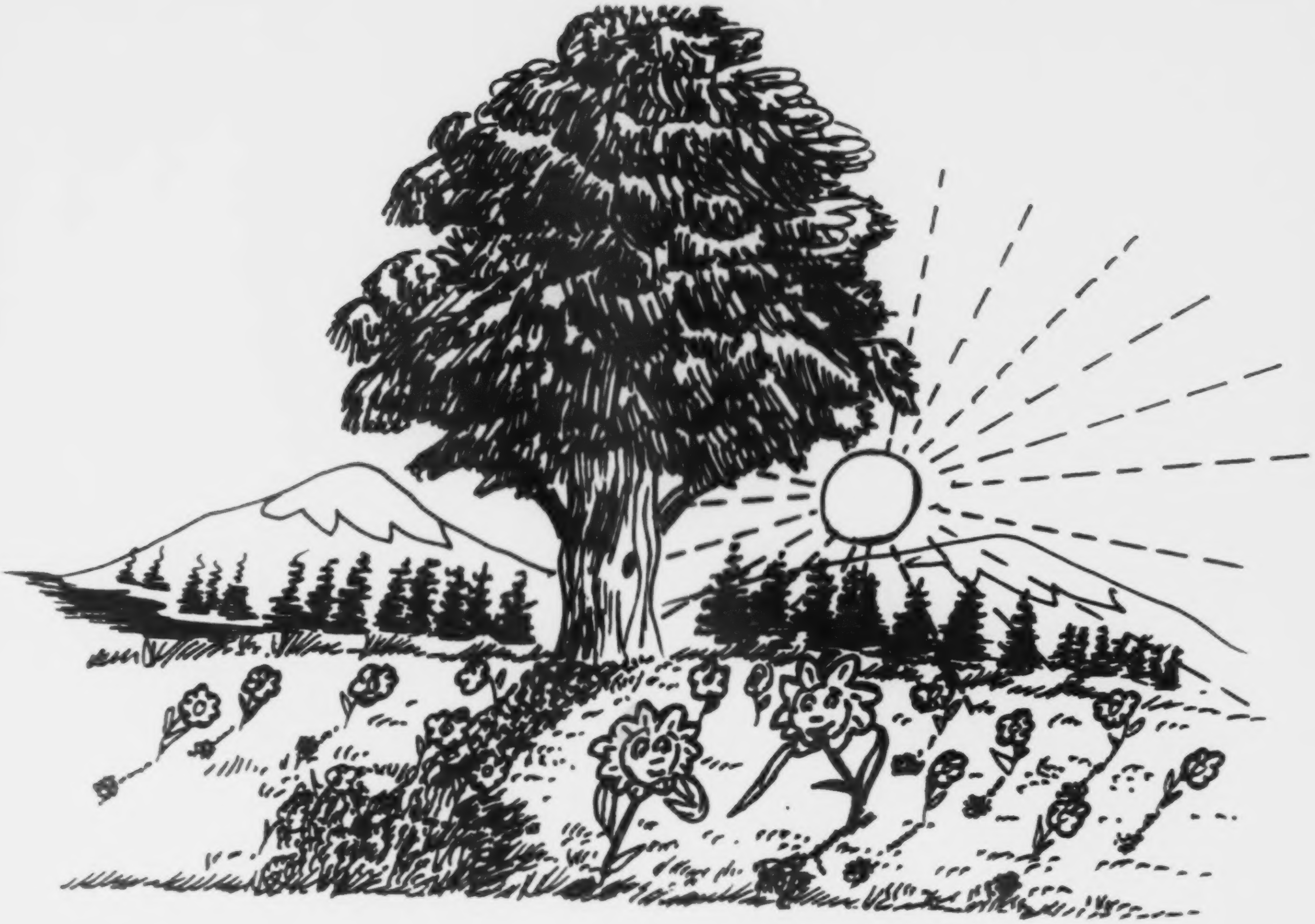
It was the fall of the year, Pony returned to his tribe. He told his story. On his way back, he camped by a big tree. He made a fire.



AS HE WAS LEANING ON THE TREE, HE FELT SOMETHING IN THE TREE. IT THREW BIG LIMBS. HITTING THE FIRE, MAKING SPARKS AND ASHES FLY. IT WOULD THROW AND LAUGH LOUD. PONY GRABBED HIS GUN AND SHOT AT IT. IT FLEW OFF CRYING.

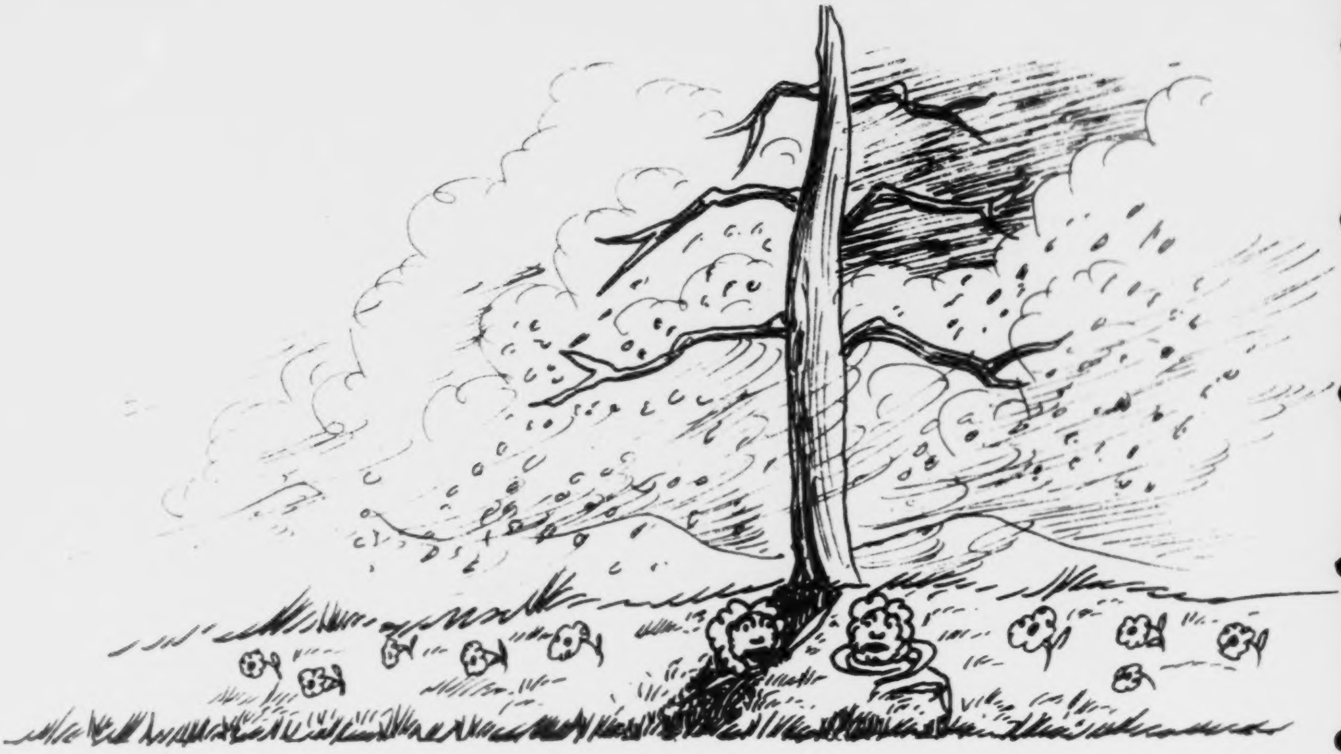


THE NEXT MORNING, HE BROKE CAMP. HE SAW THE SMALL TWIGS, BUT AT NIGHT THE TWIGS LOOKED SO BIG. HE WENT TO SEE WHAT HE HAD SHOT, IT WAS AN OWL. HE SAID, EVEN AFTER ALL HIS TRAVELS HIS HEART STILL ACHED FOR HIS SON.

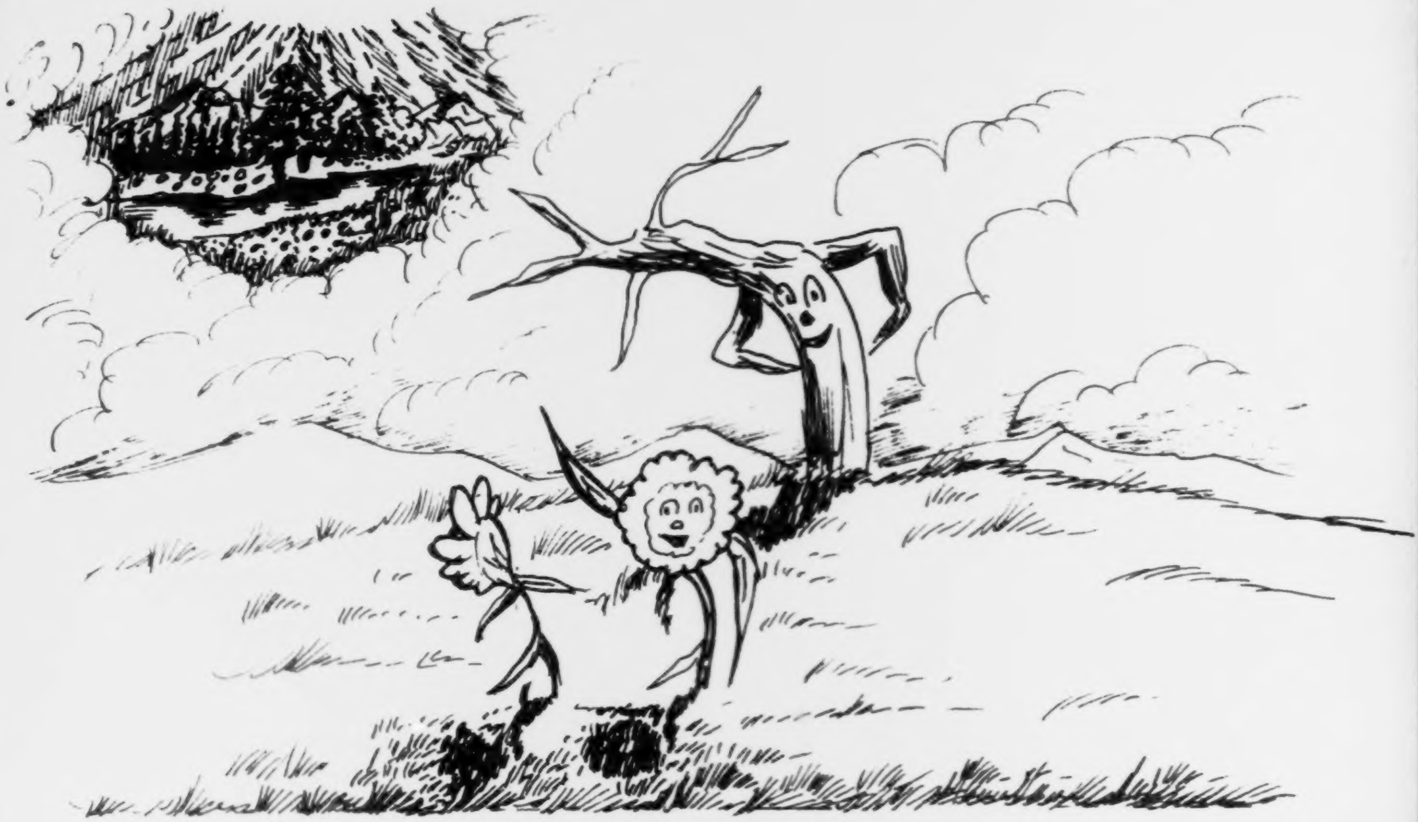


RAINBOWS

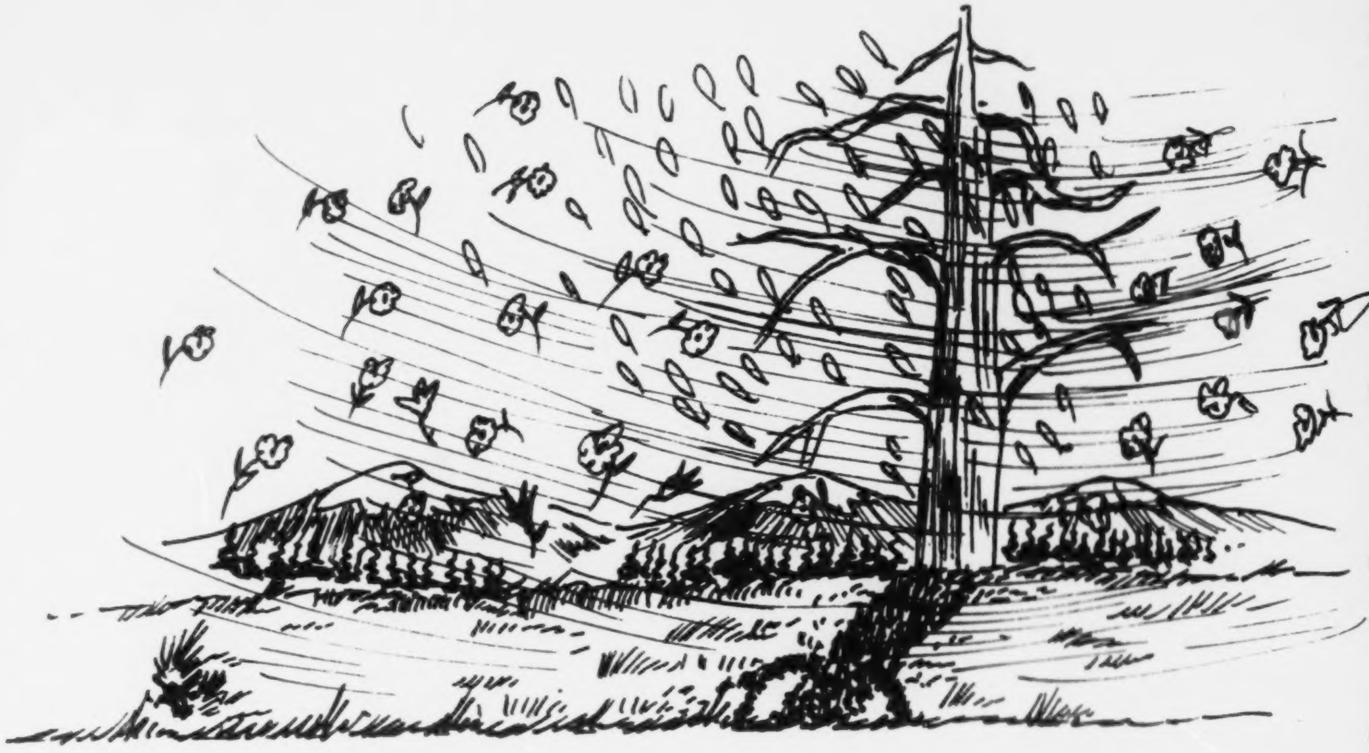
ONE BRIGHT SUMMER DAY WHEN ALL THE FLOWERS WERE OUT, NODDING THEIR HEADS IN THE BREEZE AND PROUDLY SHOWING THEIR MANY BEAUTIFUL COLORS, THE MIGHTY SPIRIT OVERHEARD ONE OF THE OLDER FLOWERS SAYING TO ANOTHER:



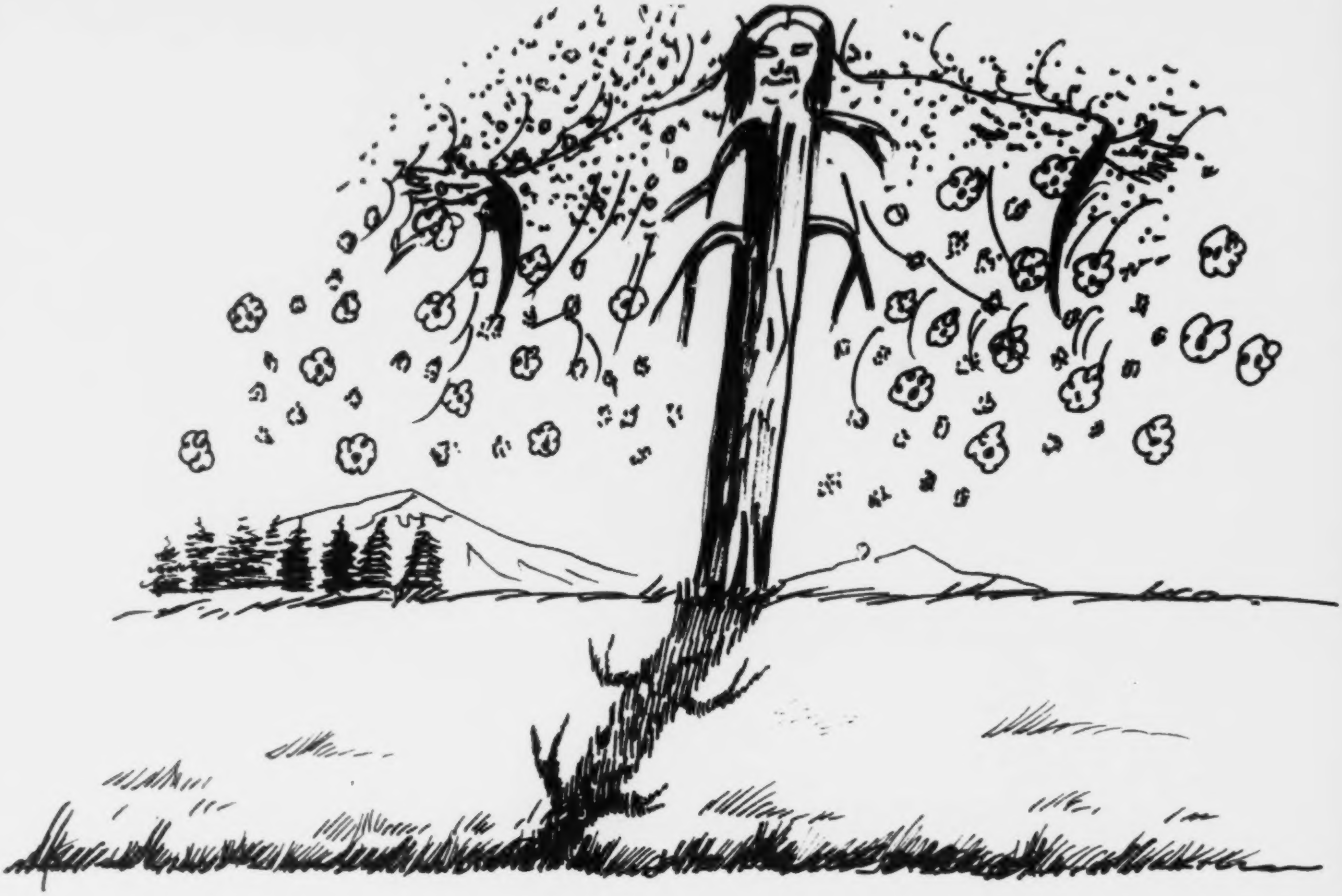
I wonder where we will go when winter comes; When the north wind blows. Bringing the pretty snowflakes that cover us up. It does not seem fair.



WE DO OUR SHARE TO MAKE THE EARTH A BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO LIVE IN. SHOULD WE NOT ALSO GO TO A HAPPY HUNTING GROUND OF OUR OWN?

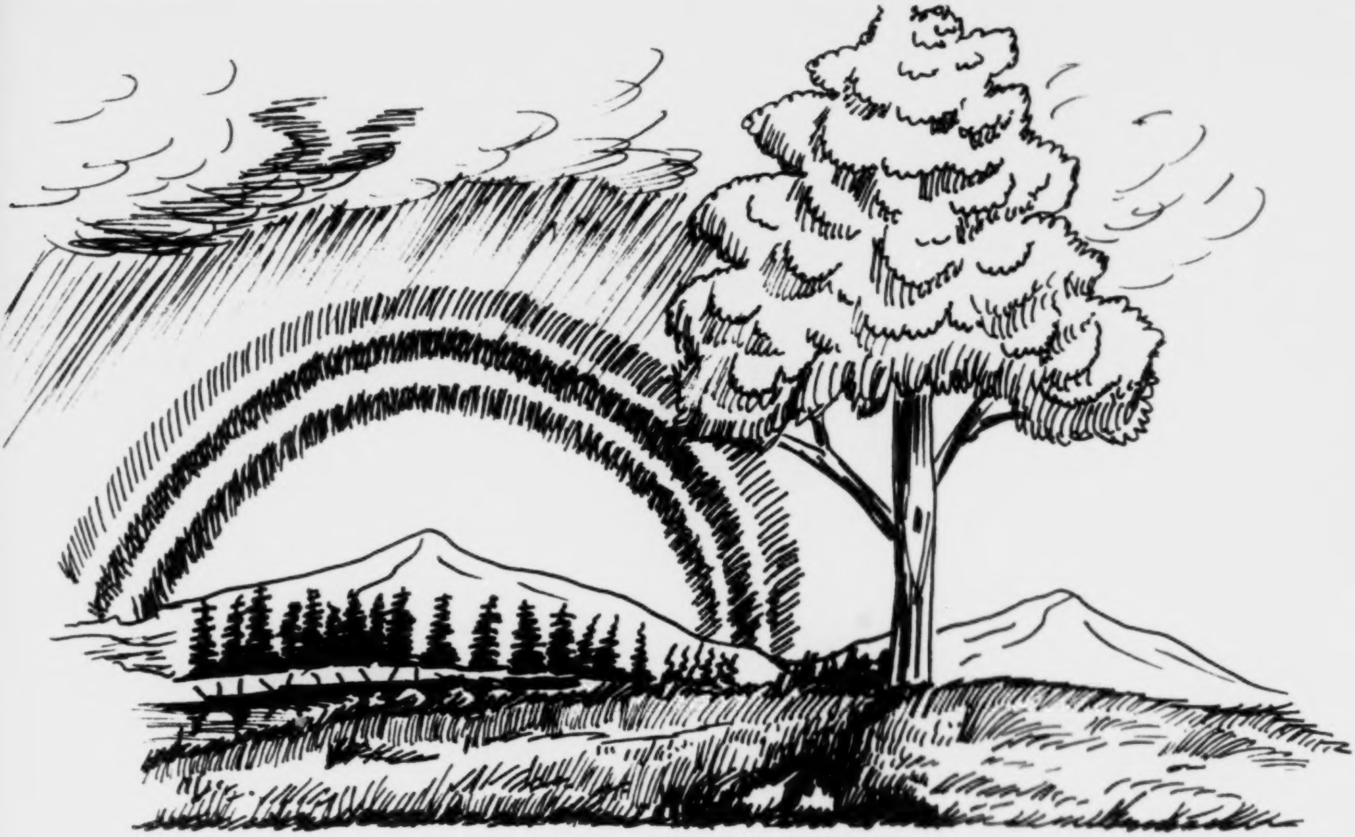


The Mighty Spirit sat and thought about this a long time, and at last decided that the flowers should not die, when the snow came.

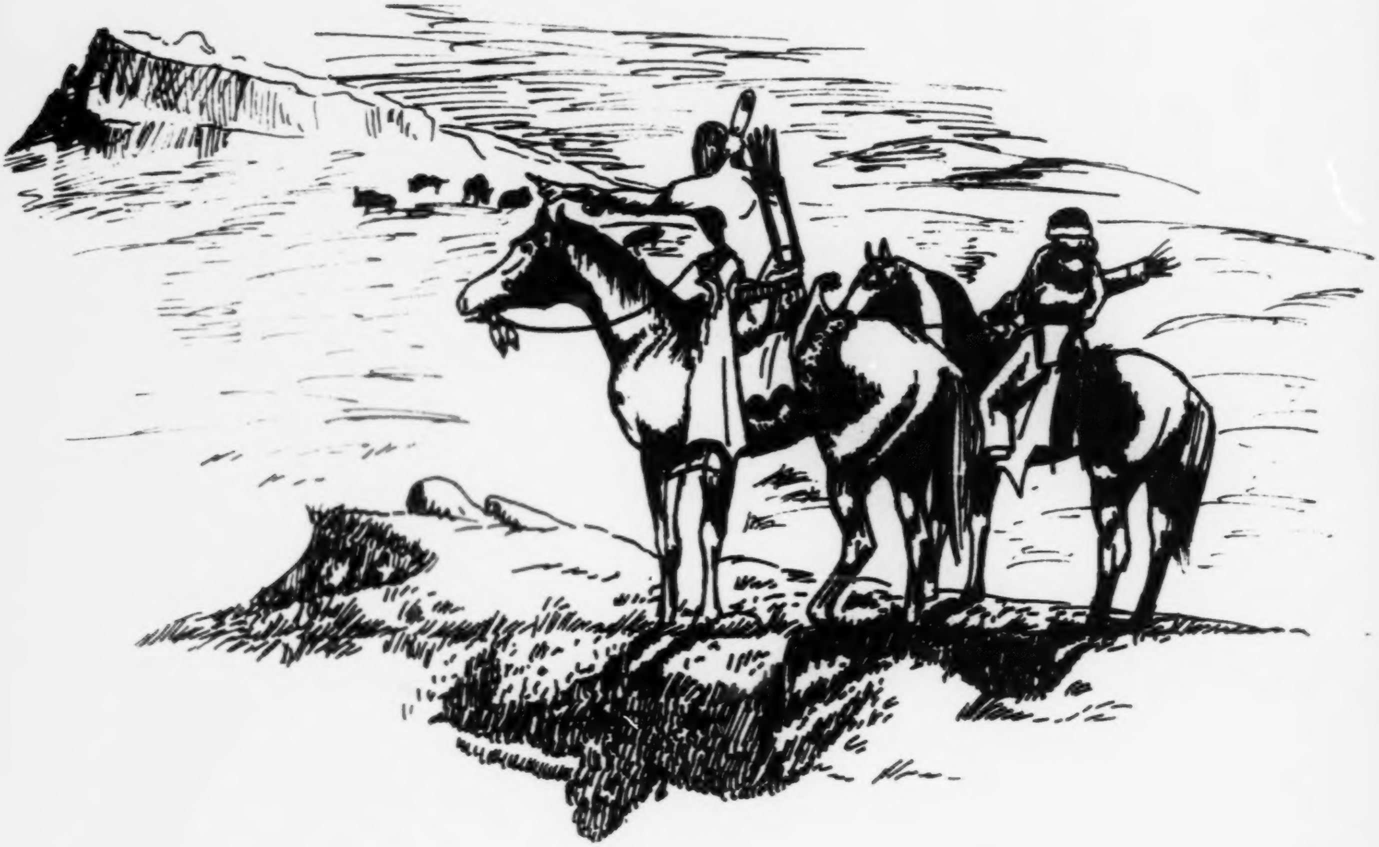


SO EVERY FALL HE GATHERS ALL THE BEAUFITUL FLOWERS IN HIS ARMS AND THE WARM SOUTH WIND BLOWS THEM INTO THE SKY.

WHERE DO THEY GO IN THE SKY?

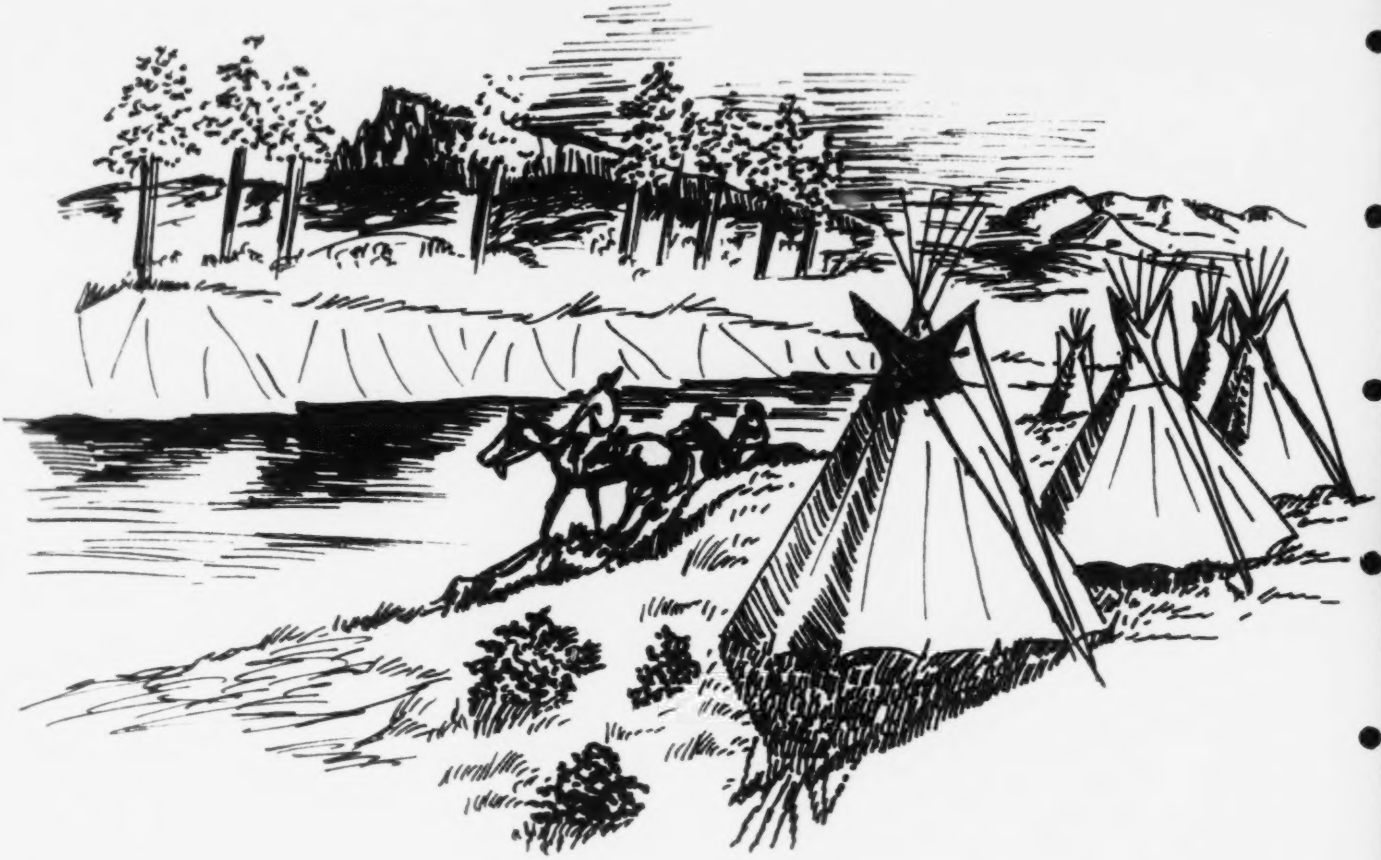


WELL, IF YOU WILL LOOK WAY OUT WHERE THE SKY MEETS THE EARTH AFTER A NICE RAIN SHOWER, YOU WILL SEE ALL THE PRETTY COLORED FLOWERS MAKING A BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW ACROSS THE HEAVENS.

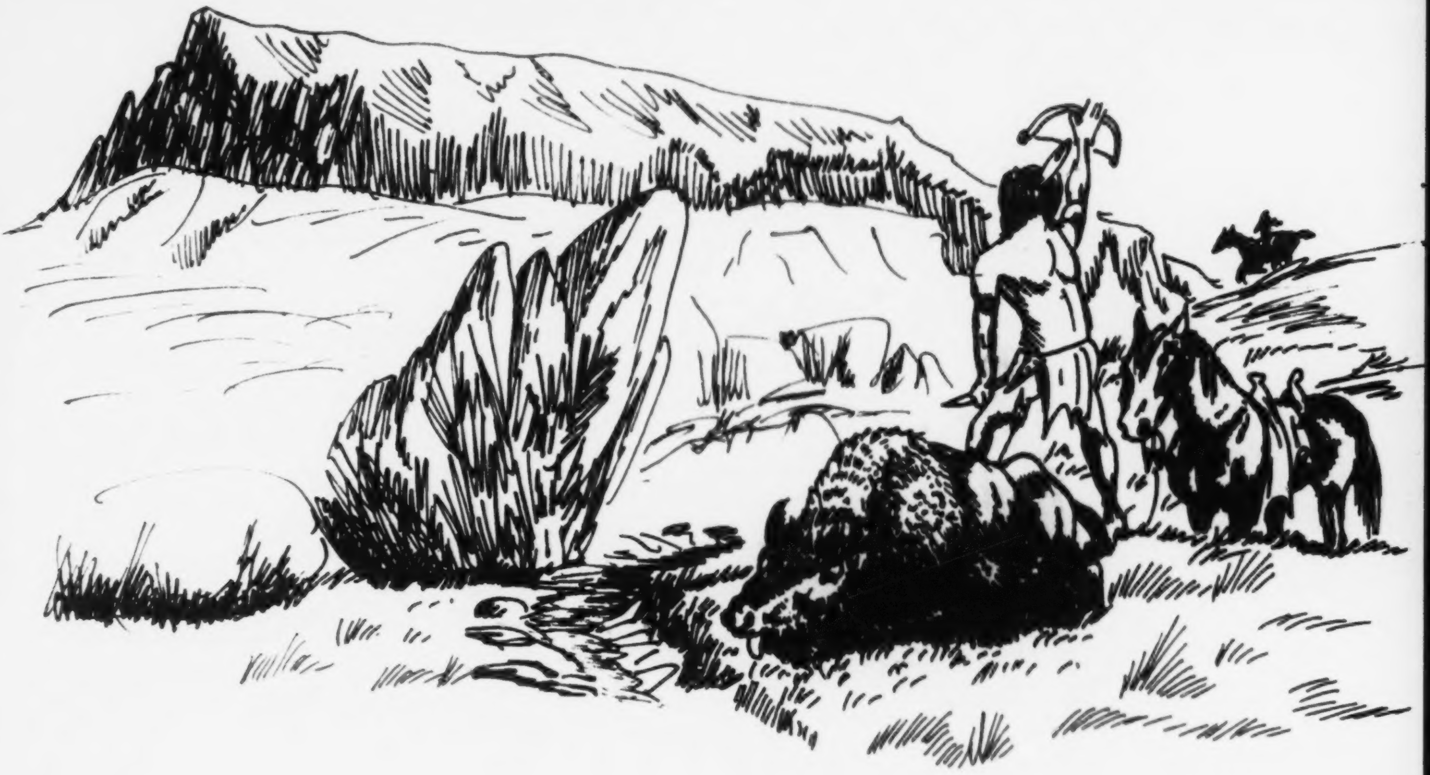


STORY OF RESERVATION SEAL

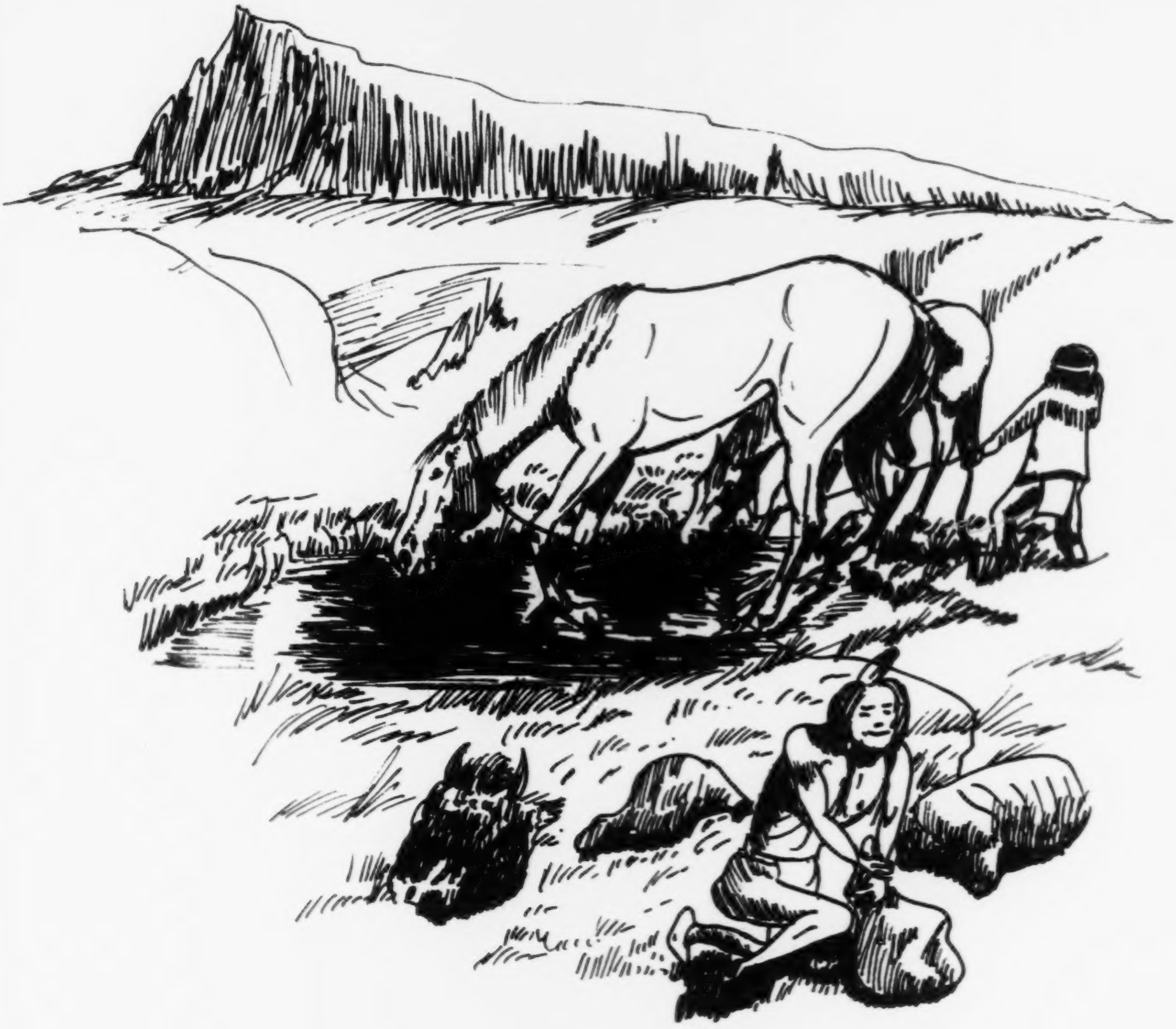
A LONG TIME AGO WHEN AN INDIAN BOY NAMED TOOK THE SHIELD WAS TAKEN ON A BUFFALO HUNT WITH HIS FATHER PRONG HORNS. IT WAS DURING THE SUMMER.



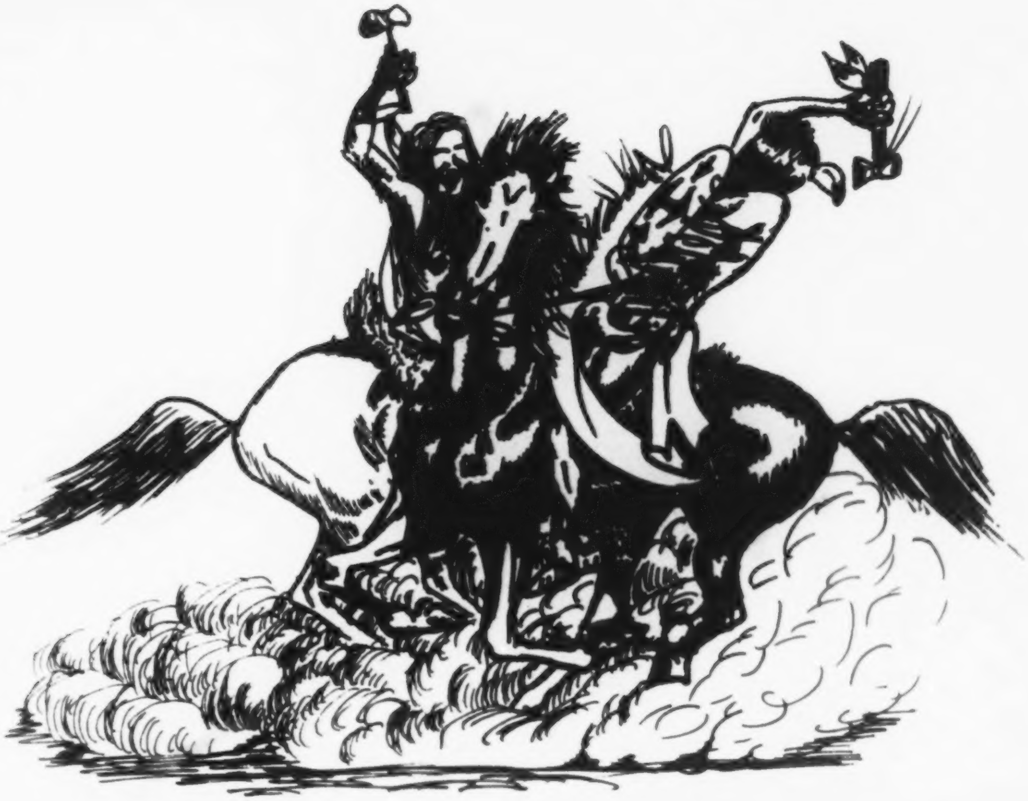
THE MAIN CAMP WAS ACROSS THE MILK RIVER, NORTH. THE BUFFALO WERE SCARCE, SO THEY WENT SOUTH OF THE MILK RIVER TOWARD SNAKE BUTTE.



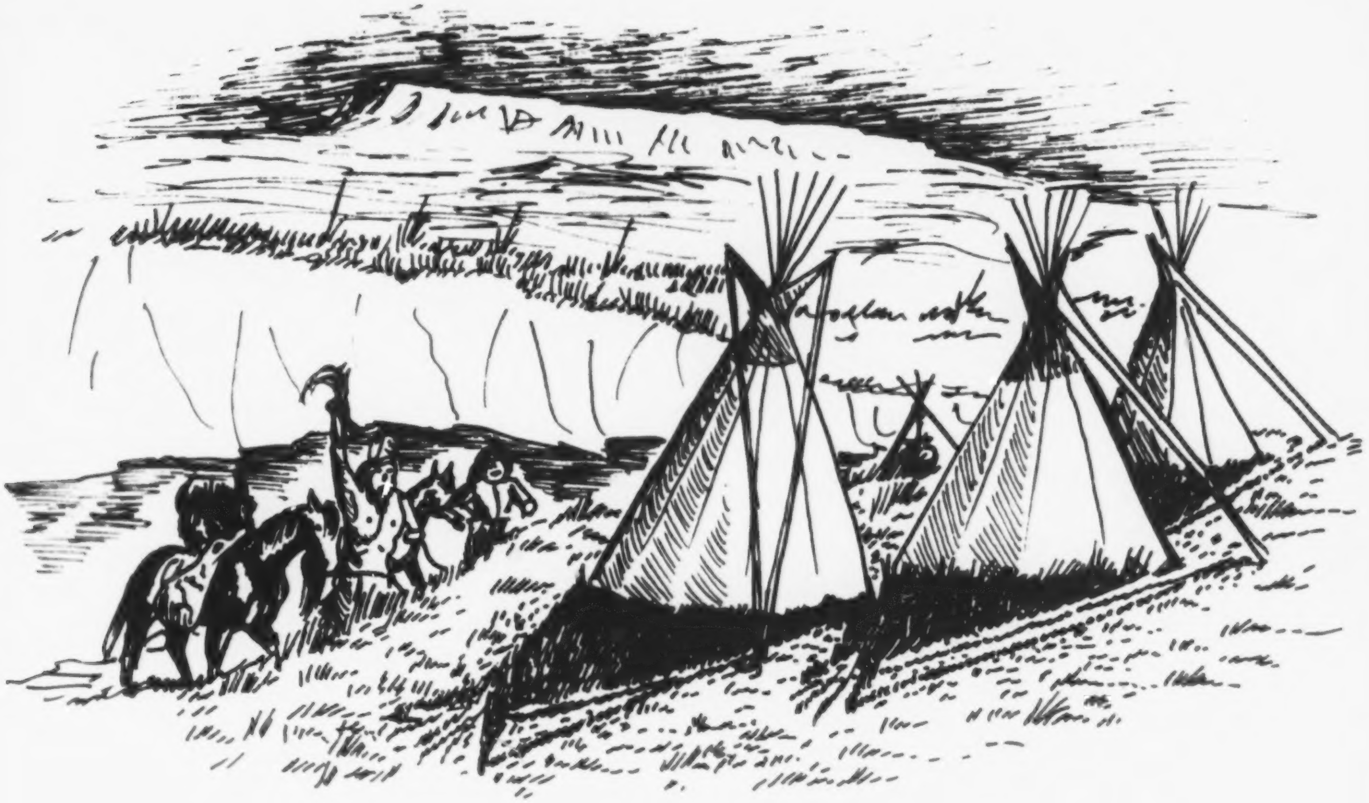
Prong Horn killed a buffalo on the North West side of Snake Butte and butchered it by the Water Spring.



THEY WATERED THEIR HORSES AND THEN MADE CAMP IN THE NEXT COULEE. THE ENTIRE INDIAN NATION KNEW OF THE SPRING AT SNAKE BUTTE. PRONG HORN WAS ONLY WAS ONLY PROTECTING HIMSELF AND HIS SON, AND THEIR BUFFALO MEAT.



AT THIS TIME ALL INDIAN TRIBES IN THIS AREA WERE AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER.



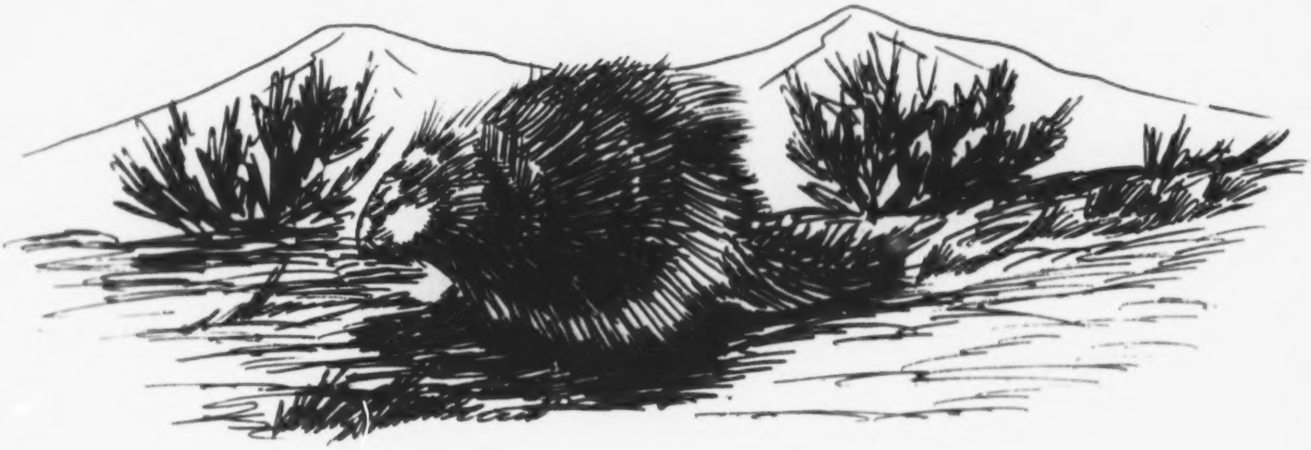
In the morning they broke camp and went back across the Milk River with their meat to the main camp.

ON THE SEAL

Snake Butte--Land mark known to the Indian Nation.

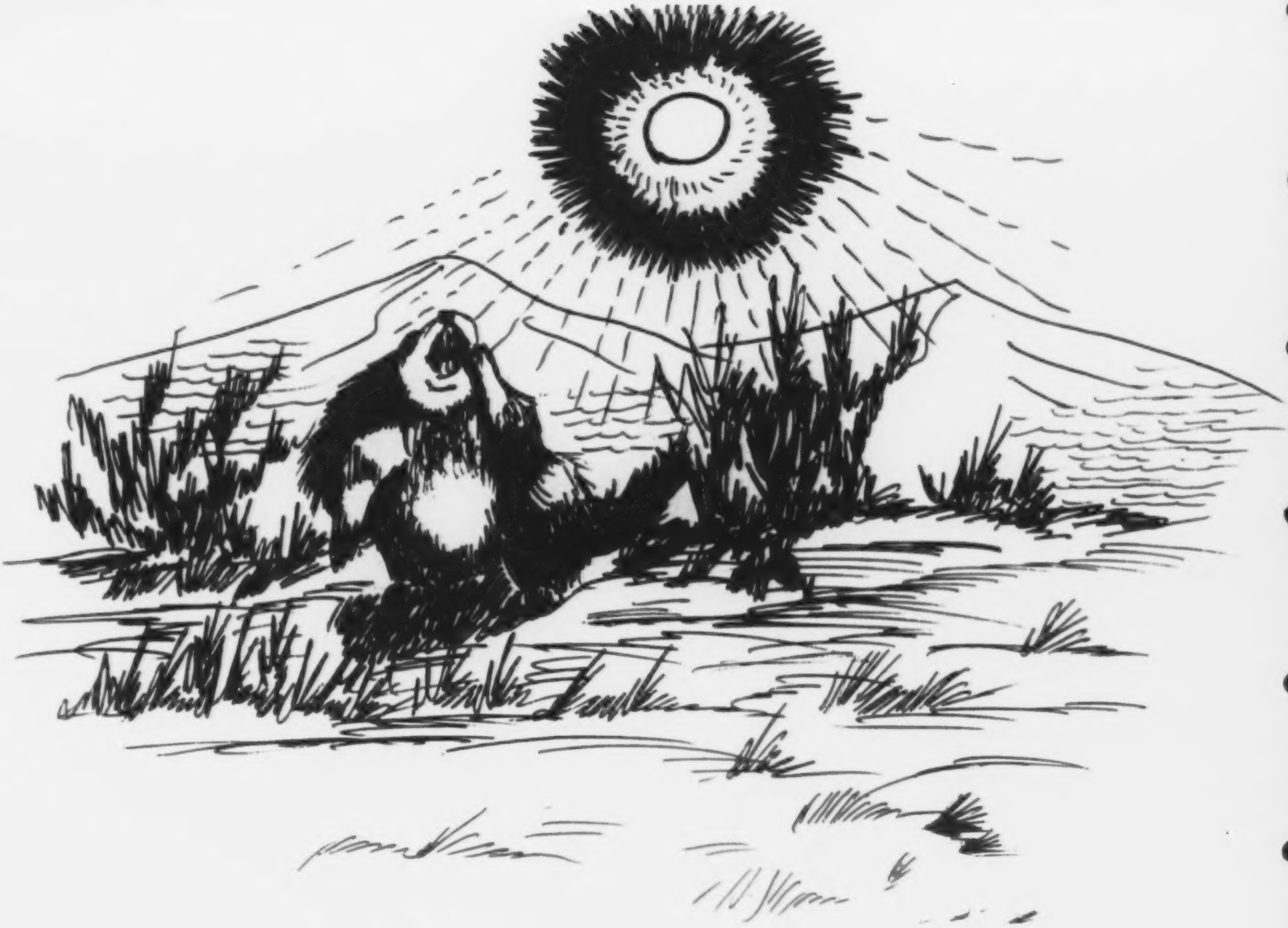
Buffalo Skeleton--Buffalo Country.

Arrow Heads-- Used for Hunting Buffalo.

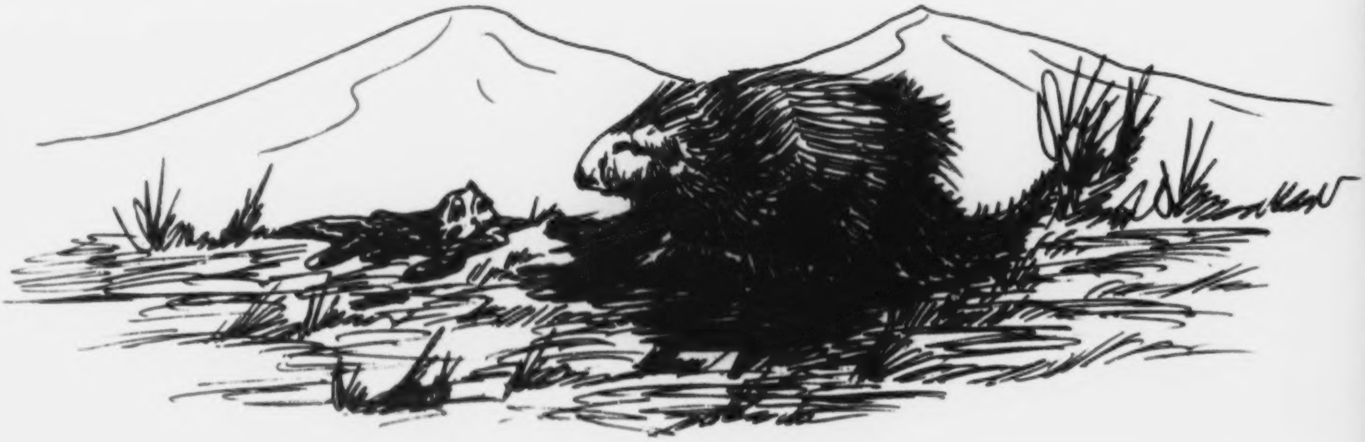


PORKIE AND THE BUFFALO

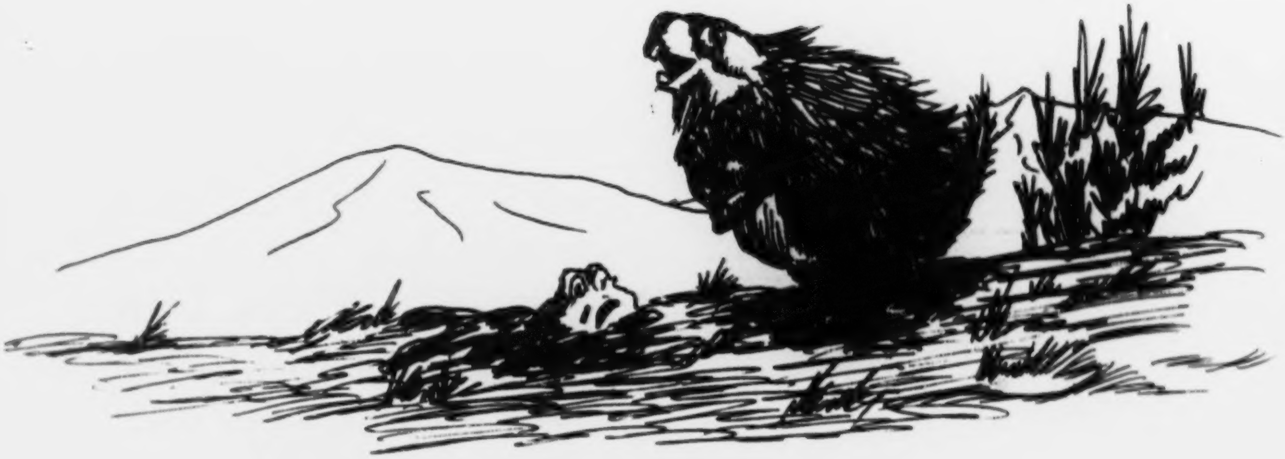
ONCE LONG AGO IN THE OLD DAYS, PORKIE THE PORCUPINE WAS WALKING ON THE PRAIRIE.



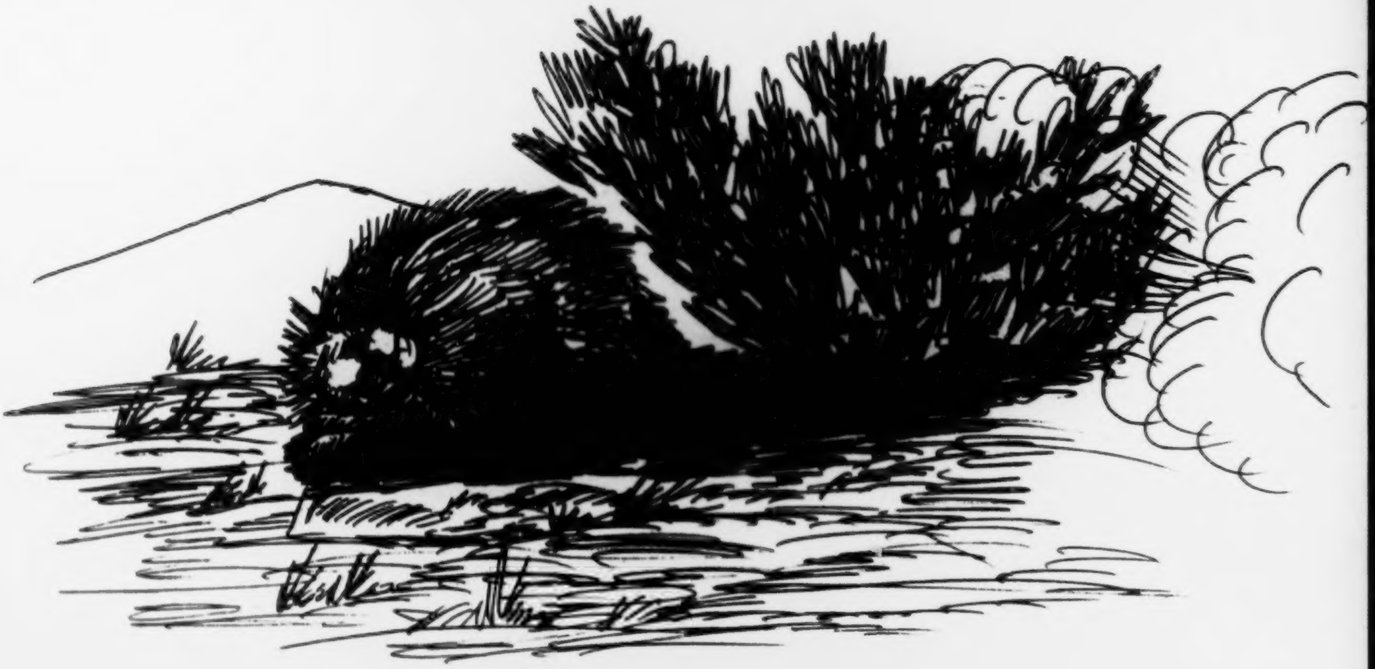
THE SUN WAS VERY HOT. IT MADE HIM SLEEPY.



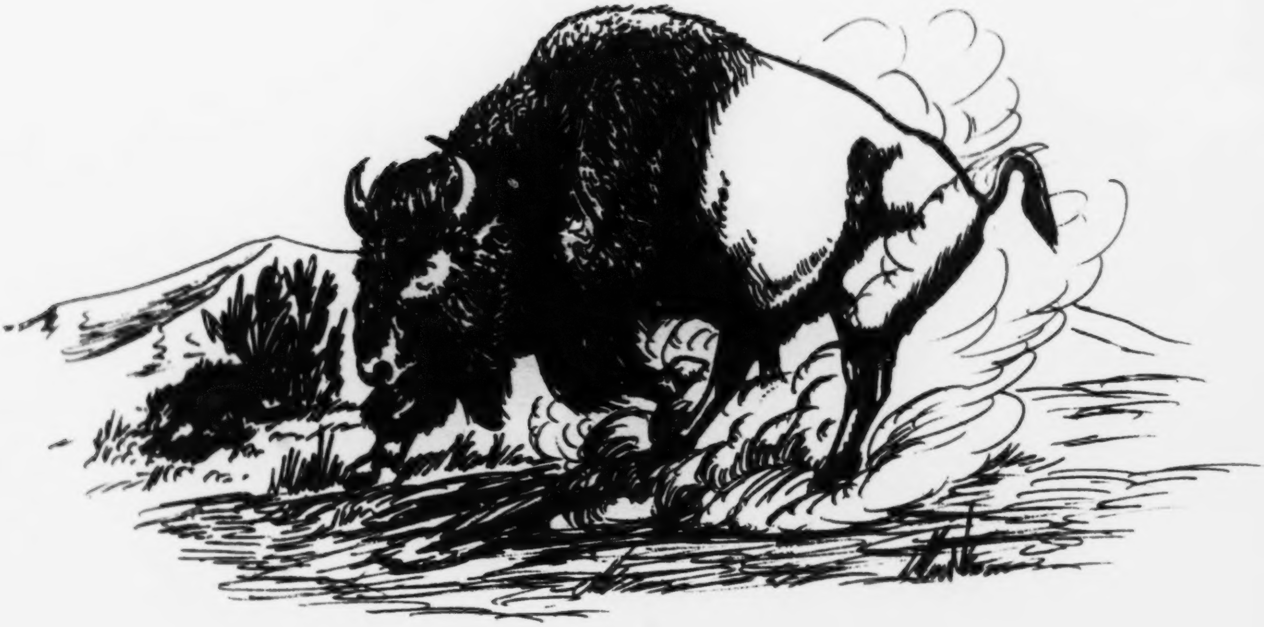
HE WALKED UP TO A BUFFALO CHIP. HELLO, BUFFALO CHIP, HE SAID. WHY ARE YOU LAYING IN THE SUN? WELL, THE BUFFALO CHIP SAID, I'M WAITING TO BE HATCHED.



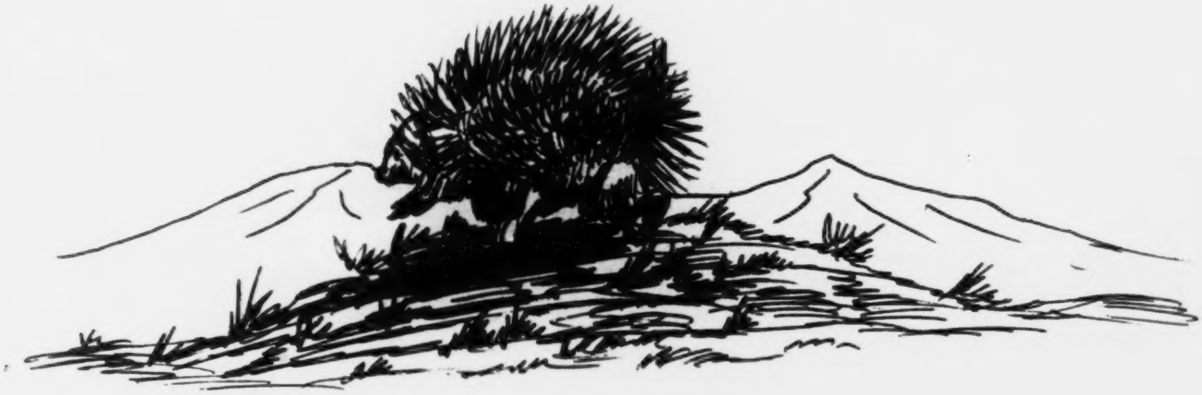
Ha! Ha! Ha! laughed Porkie. Really, Really said the Buffalo chip. Ah! Can I wait and see, can I? laughed Porkie. Sure said the buffalo chip.



IT WAS HOT! SO PORKIE WALKED OVER TO THE SHADE NEAR A SAGE BRUSH AND WENT TO SLEEP. SUDDENLY! HE HEARD A SNORT AND A NOISE LIKE THUNDER.

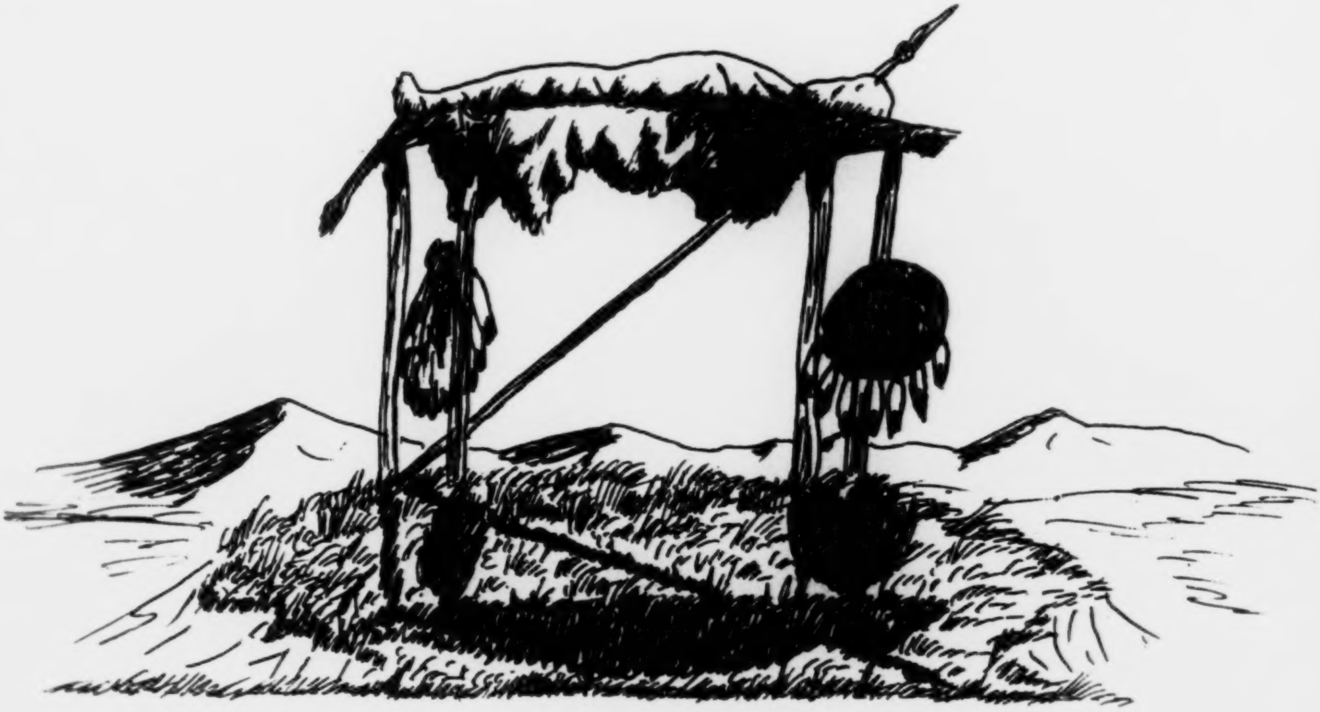


STANDING WHERE THE BUFFALO CHIP WAS, A BIG BUFFALO WITH HORNS, WAS SNOTING AND PAWING THE GROUND.



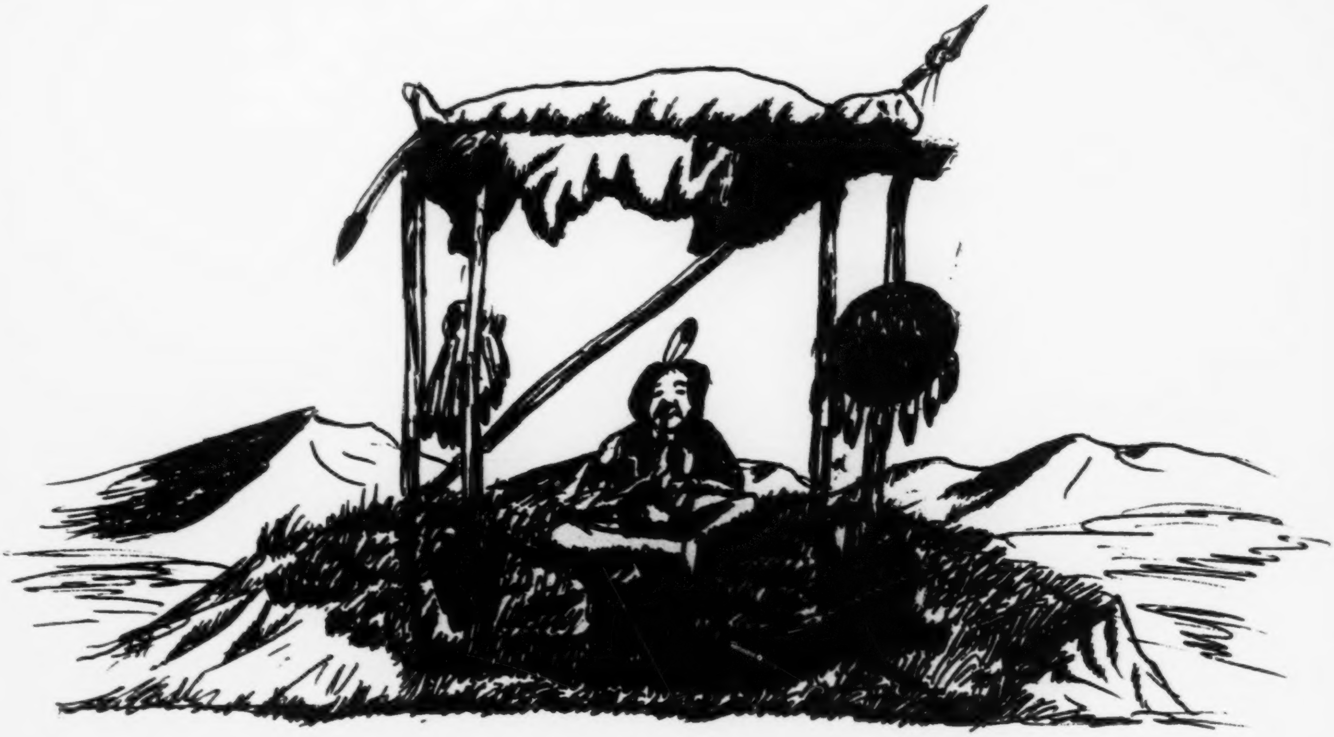
PORKIE WAS SO SCARED, HE NEVER SAW AN ANIMAL SO BIG!

HE RAN OVER THE HILL.

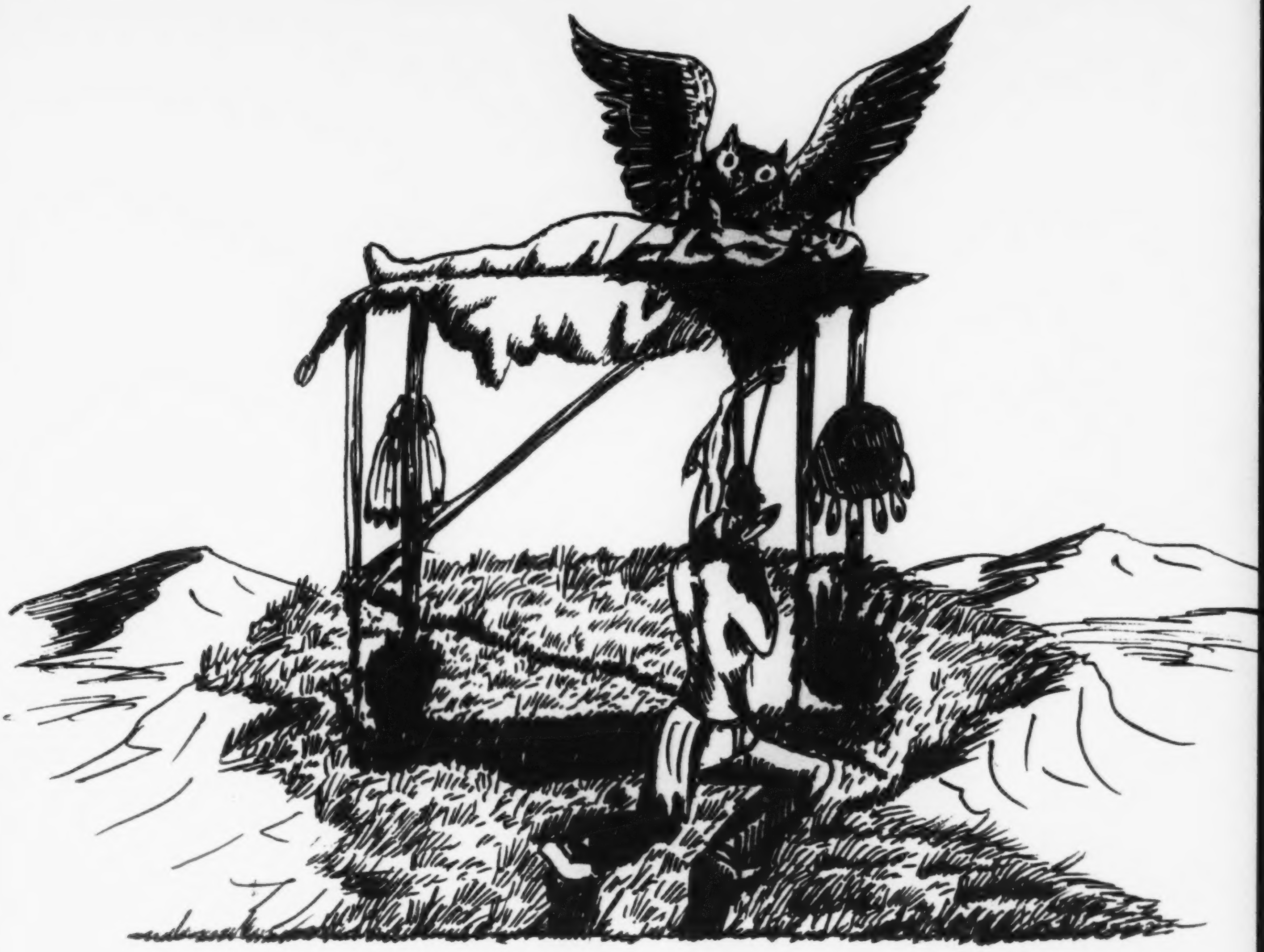


WITCH DOCTOR

LONG AGO IN A BURIAL GROUNDS IN NORTH DAKOTA. WHEN THE INDIAN NATION USE TO BURY THEIR DEAD ON A SCAFFOLD. SOMETHING OR SOMEONE WAS CUTTING OUT THE TOUNGUES OF THE DEAD.

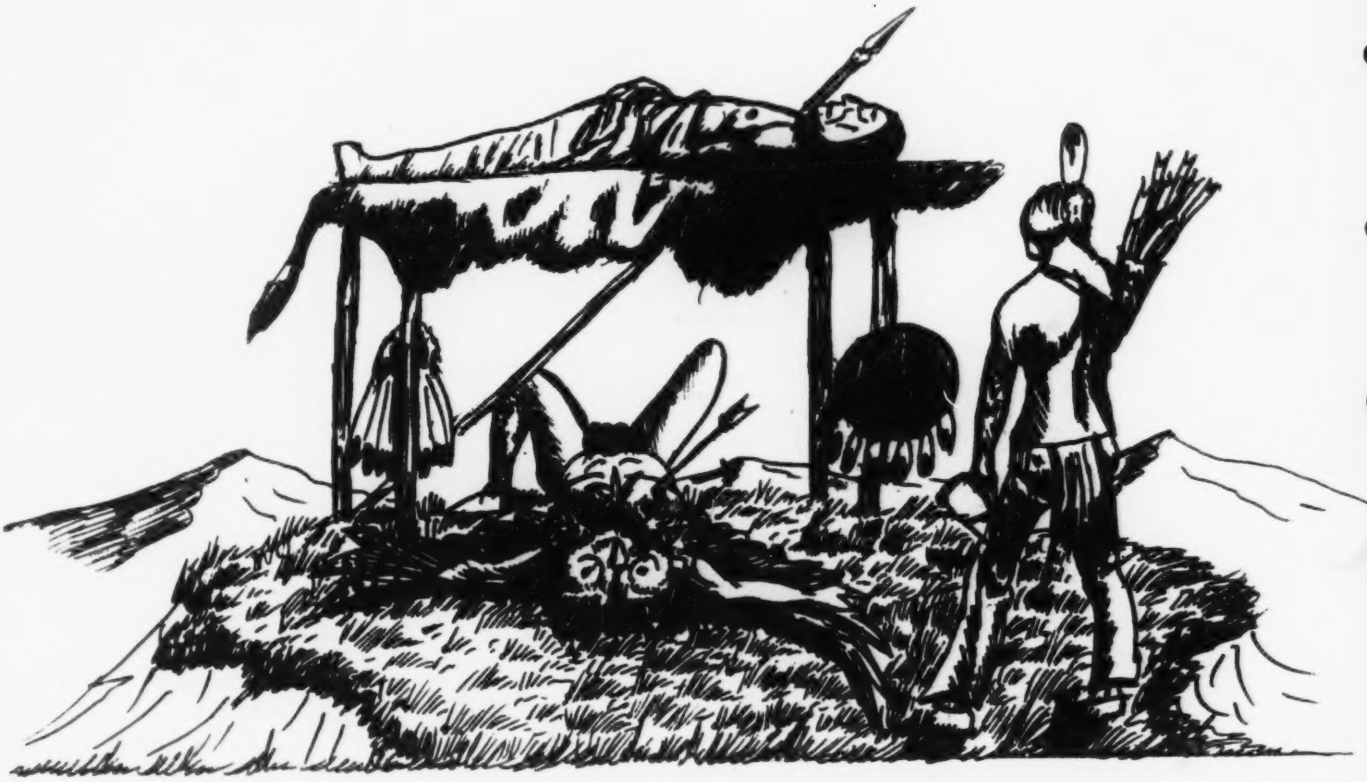


A YOUNG WARRIOR SAID, "I WILL FIND THIS MYSTERY OUT." SO WHEN THEY BURIED HIS FRIEND, HE SAT UNDER THE SCAFFOLD AND WAITED.



ALL OF A SUDDEN HE HEARD COYOTES HOWLING AND A NOISE LIKE PEOPLE TALKING.

SOMETHING LANDED ON THE SCAFFOLD. IT STARTED TO UNCOVER THE BODY.



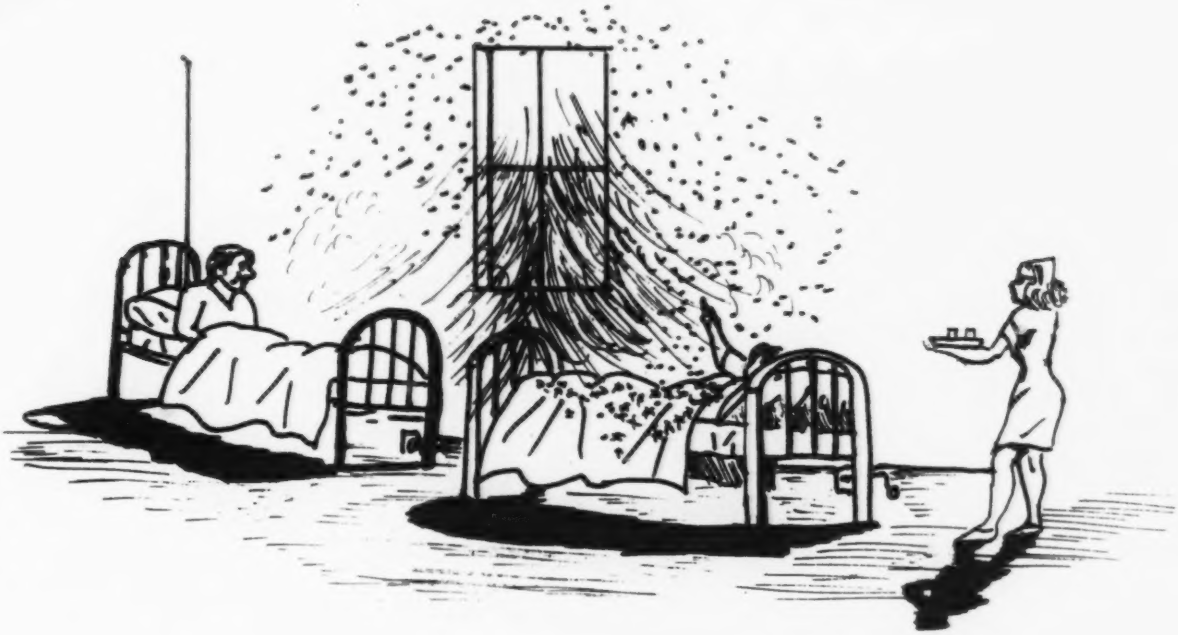
SO THE WARRIOR SHOT IT WITH HIS BOW AND ARROW. AND WHEN IT FELL TO THE GROUND IT WAS AN OWL.

AS HE WATCHED IT, THE OWL TURNED INTO A MAN. HE HAD A NECKLACE OF OWL CLAWS WITH MEDICINE BETWEEN EACH CLAWS. HE HAD THE POWER TO TURN INTO AN OWL WHENEVER HE WANTED TO.

Early Visions

June 22, 1981

Andrew Lamebull



I was in this wreck on the other side of Harlem. I hit two pickups. Raised hell with my pickup. Someone was with me, but I'm not sure who it was. Who ever it was ran away.

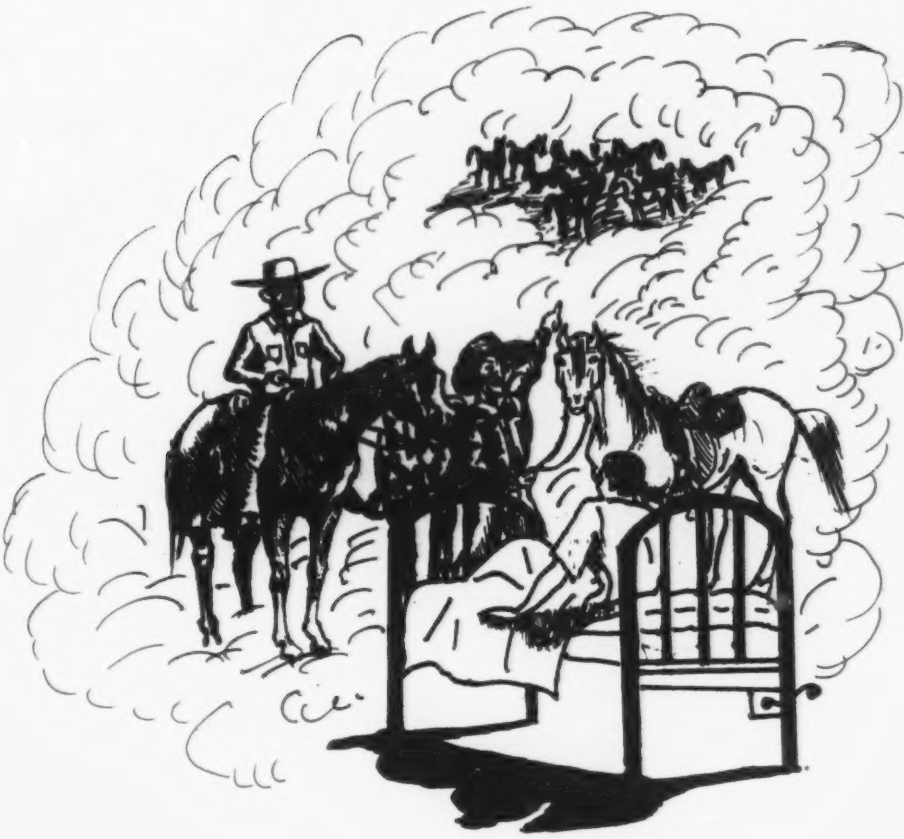
I woke up in jail the next morning and, all I had was a dollar. I didn't spend that much because I wasn't there too long. The bar, you know? Yeah, all I had was a dollar that morning. I had quite alot of money. I didn't spend all of it in just that little while, not if I was there just three hours.

When I woke up the next morning I was just suffering. My grandson Jimmy Stiffarm came and got me. Jimmy took me right to the hospital. And they took me right to Havre. If I would have eaten that morning I would have died.

I was damn near kicking. I wasn't delirious, I know everything, you know? Jim was sitting there and I kept hitting in the air and kept a hitting, you know? Them little black bugs crawled up the window, I didn't know what they were. They asked me, "What you doing?" I told them, "Hitting little black bugs; look, they're crawling all over me." There isn't anything they'd tell me. I'd say, "Sure."

Max Doney was in the next bed. Max Doney asked me, " What you doing?" " I'm hitting these damn little bugs. Gee! they're bothering me." "Oh! there isn't anything bothering you."

Alittle while later, snow came in. Gee! there was alot of snow coming in. From the window, you know? I told Max, "Gee Wizz! That snow's going to cover you up, Max." "Oh! There isn't any snow, you better go to sleep."

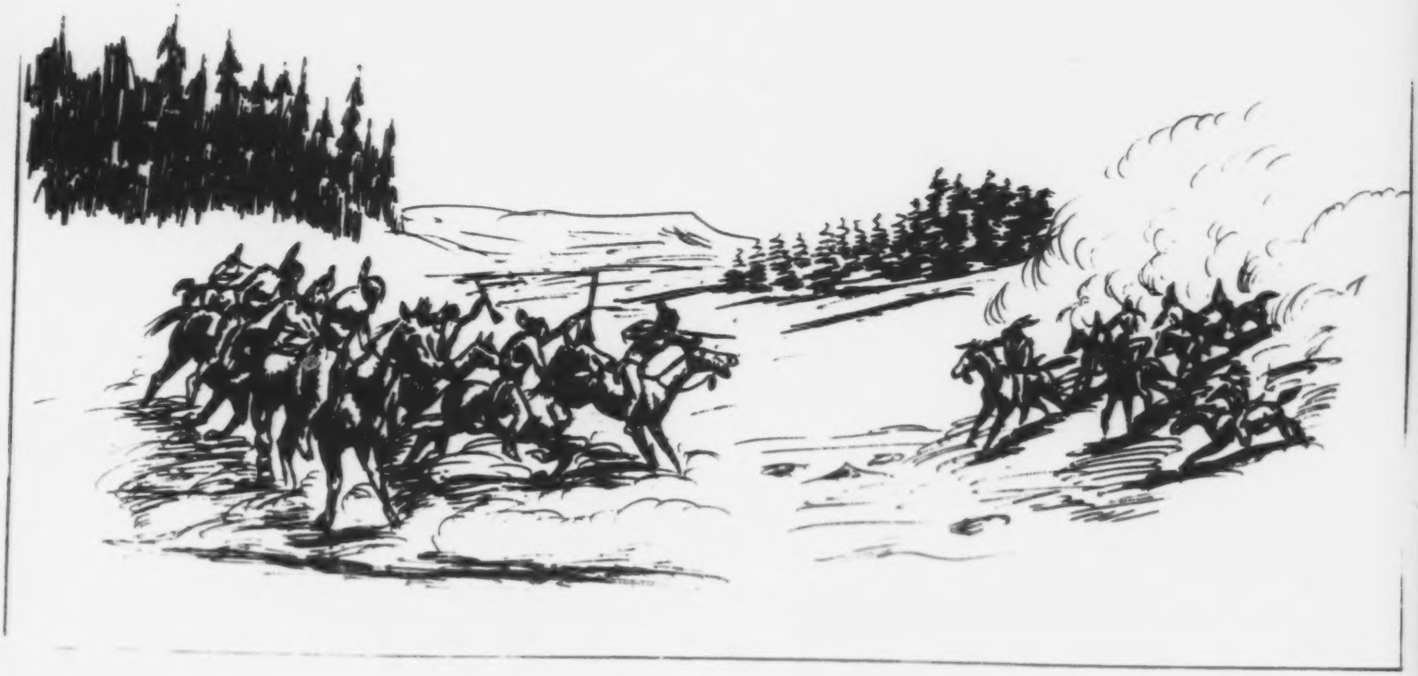


I seen George. George Fox at the window. He said, " Well, partner, I came after you." Ah Shucks! I ain't going nowhere. Well, I seen Jim Kipp over there, Tom Bell and Kipp says, " Come on, Andy. Come over and help us, we're chasing horses." "Sure alot of horses over here," he said,"Come over and help us." There was a white horse, it had a saddle on. Kipp was holding that horse. I wouldn't go. I just laid there looking at them. He said there's sure alot of horses where we're at, he said; Kipp. Old Tom didn't say a word, sitting there on his horse. I guess that was just my imagination. I don't know. But I seen these guys. I know they came to the window. Hear one said, " I came after you partner. You better get ready." I told them, "I don't want to go nowhere." Yeah! I was all right after that. I was all right.

RED WHIP

Told by ANDREW LAMEBULL

June 24, 1981



This is a true story.

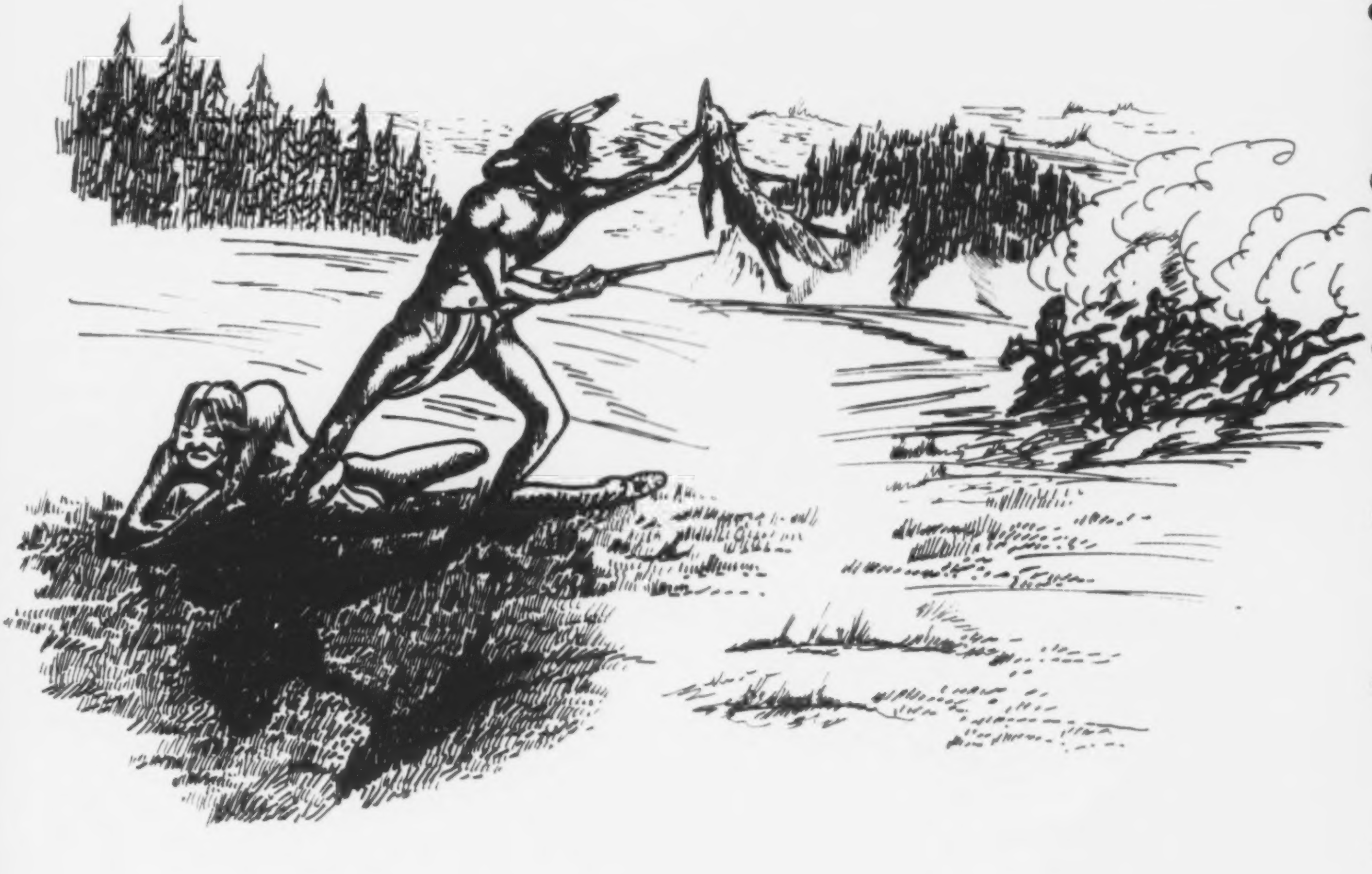
Red Whip was a real War Chief. This took place just as the reservation line is going towards the D.Y. on a ridge that comes from the mountains. The ridge goes all the way down about fifteen miles.

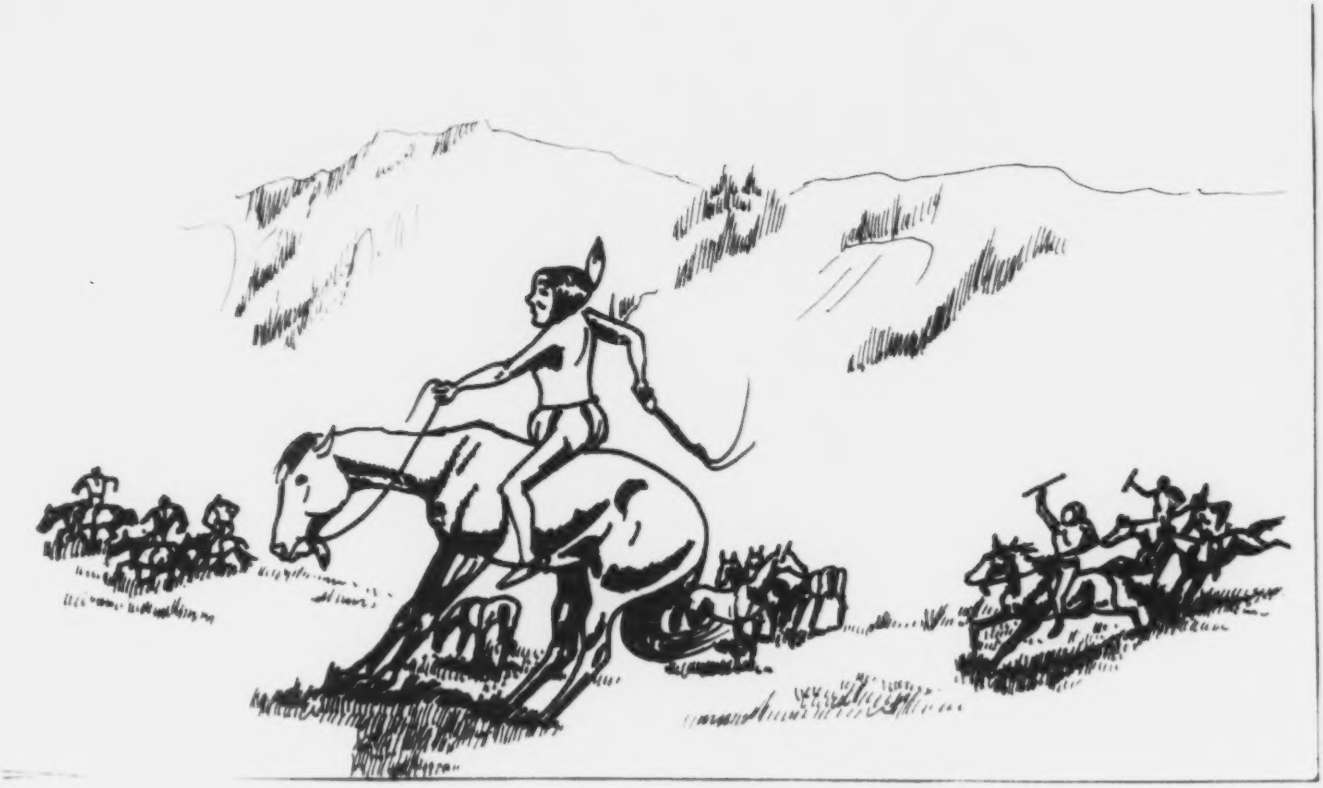
There was a war party of Gros Ventres and Crow Indians. Their enemy was the Sioux. The Sioux was on a war party.

They ran into one another and started to fight, and shoot at each other. The Sioux against the Gros Ventre and Crows. They killed each other.

Some of the Crows and Gros Ventres got away and only Red Whip and a friend of his stood ground. The enemy kept shooting at Red Whip and his partner. His partner got shot but didn't die right away. Red Whip wouldn't leave his friend, he kept running back to him.

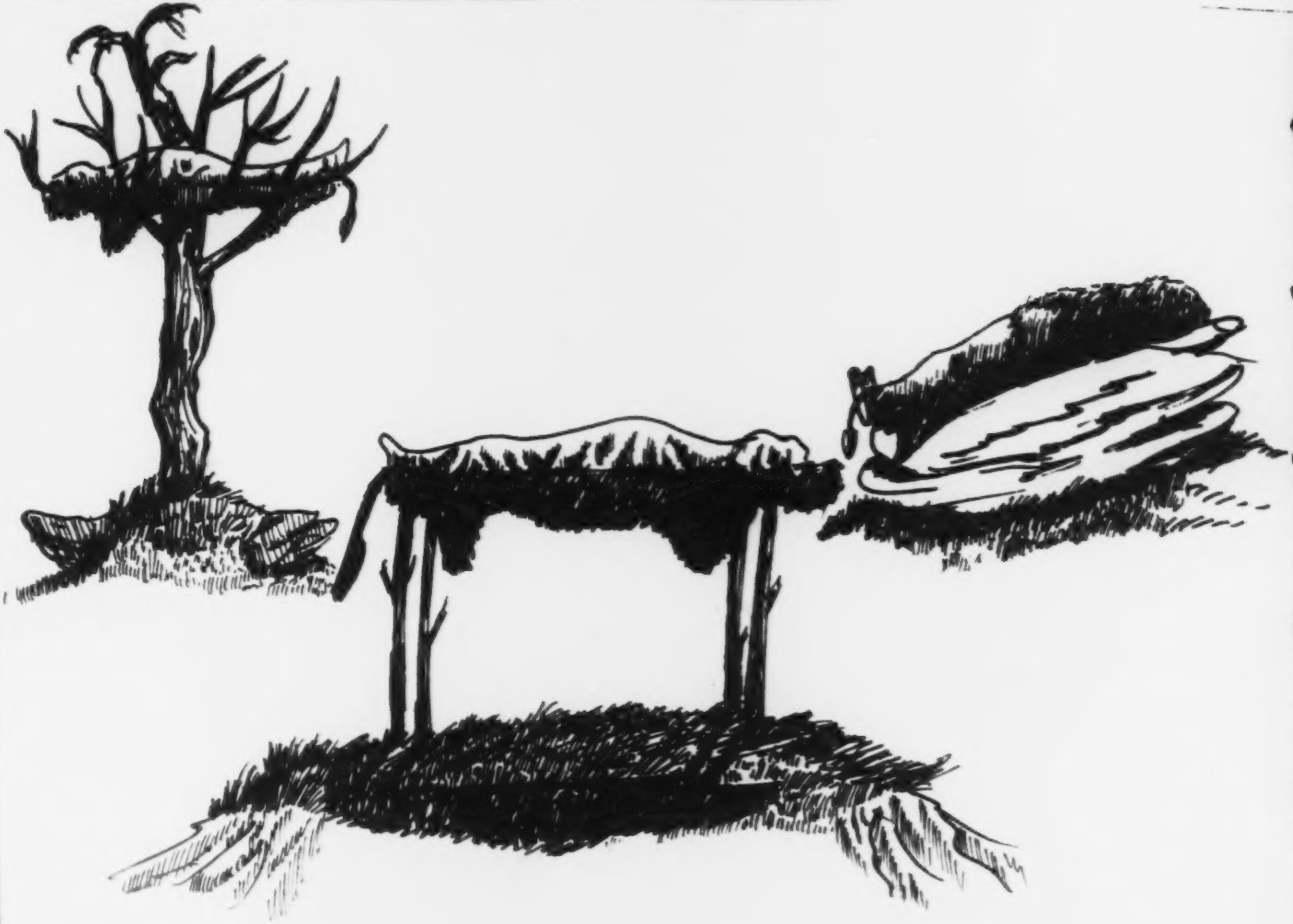
All Red Whip had for medicine and power was this Red Fox hide. He'd wave it at his enemies and the bullets just couldn't hit him, no matter how many men shot at him.





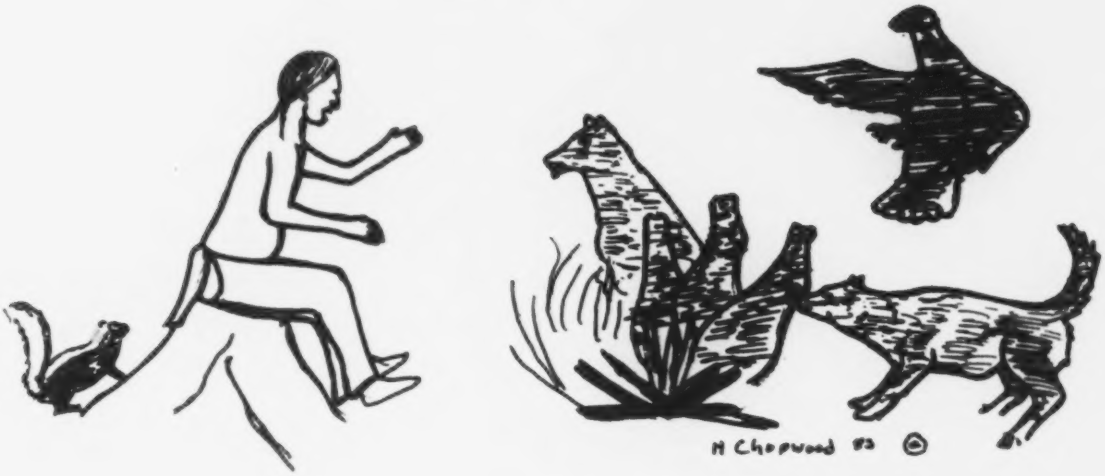
Finally his friend told him to just leave him, they can come finish me off and take my scalp. So Red Whip kissed his friend and left. The Sioux was still shooting at him until he was out of sight.

All the others that got away was waiting for them. Red Whip told them about his friend being shot and didn't want to leave him, but begged him to go. There was nothing he could do.



Later on they all went back to check on his friend after all the enemies were gone. Red Whip's friend was dead but, the Sioux didn't scalp him because, I guess, the Sioux said the man was too good looking of a man to take his scalp. So Red Whip and the others piled up rocks at the place where this all took place.

Anyone can see it. It's right on the reservation line.



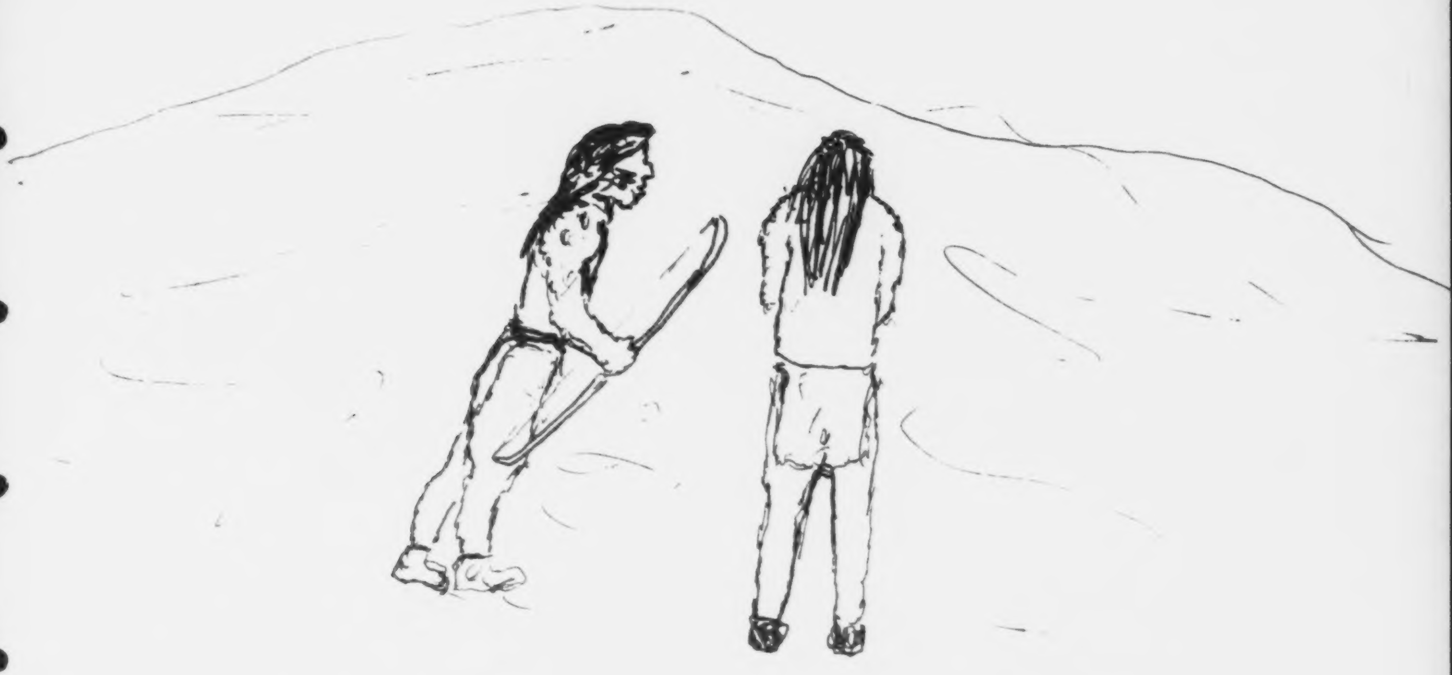
IKTOMNI AND THE ROCK

IKTOMNI INVITED ALL THE MEAT EATING ANIMALS TO EAT A FEAST WITH HIM. WHEN THEY ALL ARRIVED HE REFUSED TO SHARE HIS FOOD WITH THEM. HE WANTED THEM TO JUST WATCH HIM EAT.

IKTOMNI SAT DOWN ON A ROCK TO FEAST. WHEN HE TRIED TO GET UP FOR MORE FOOD HE COULDN'T. HE TRIED AND TRIED, HE DID EVERYTHING HE COULD, BUT THE ROCK STUCK ITSELF TO HIM HARD. SO, THE ANIMALS ATE THEIR FILL. WHEN ALL WERE FINISHED THE ROCK LET HIM GO.

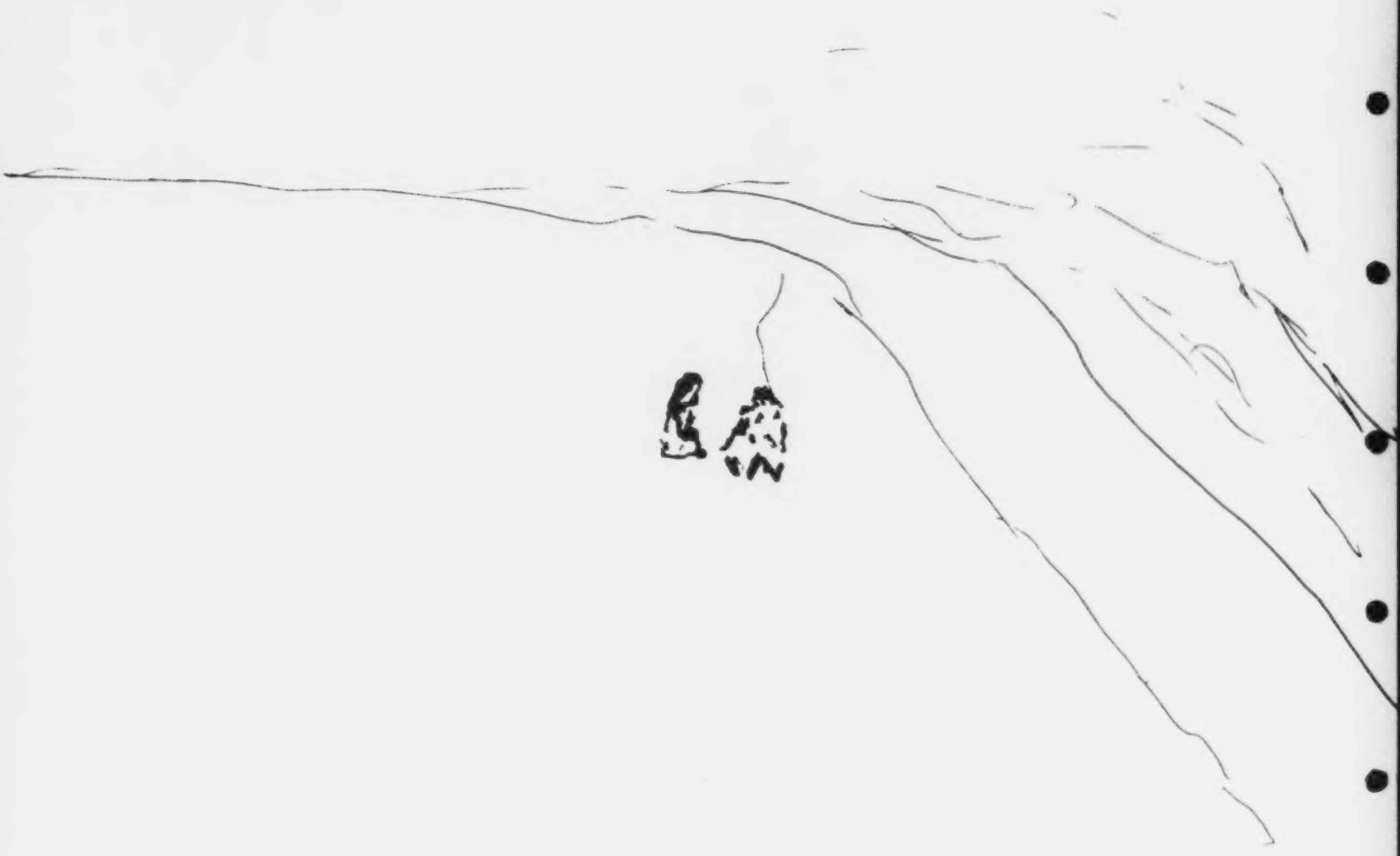
IKTOMNI REALLY FELT BAD, HE GATHERED ALL THE FAT LEFT BY THE ANIMALS. WHEN A SPARK SHOT OUT FROM THE FIRE AND BURNT HIM, HE DROPPED ALL HIS FAT INTO THE FIRE, AND SAT DOWN HUNGARY.

MORAL: NEVER BE STINGY TO YOUR FRIENDS.

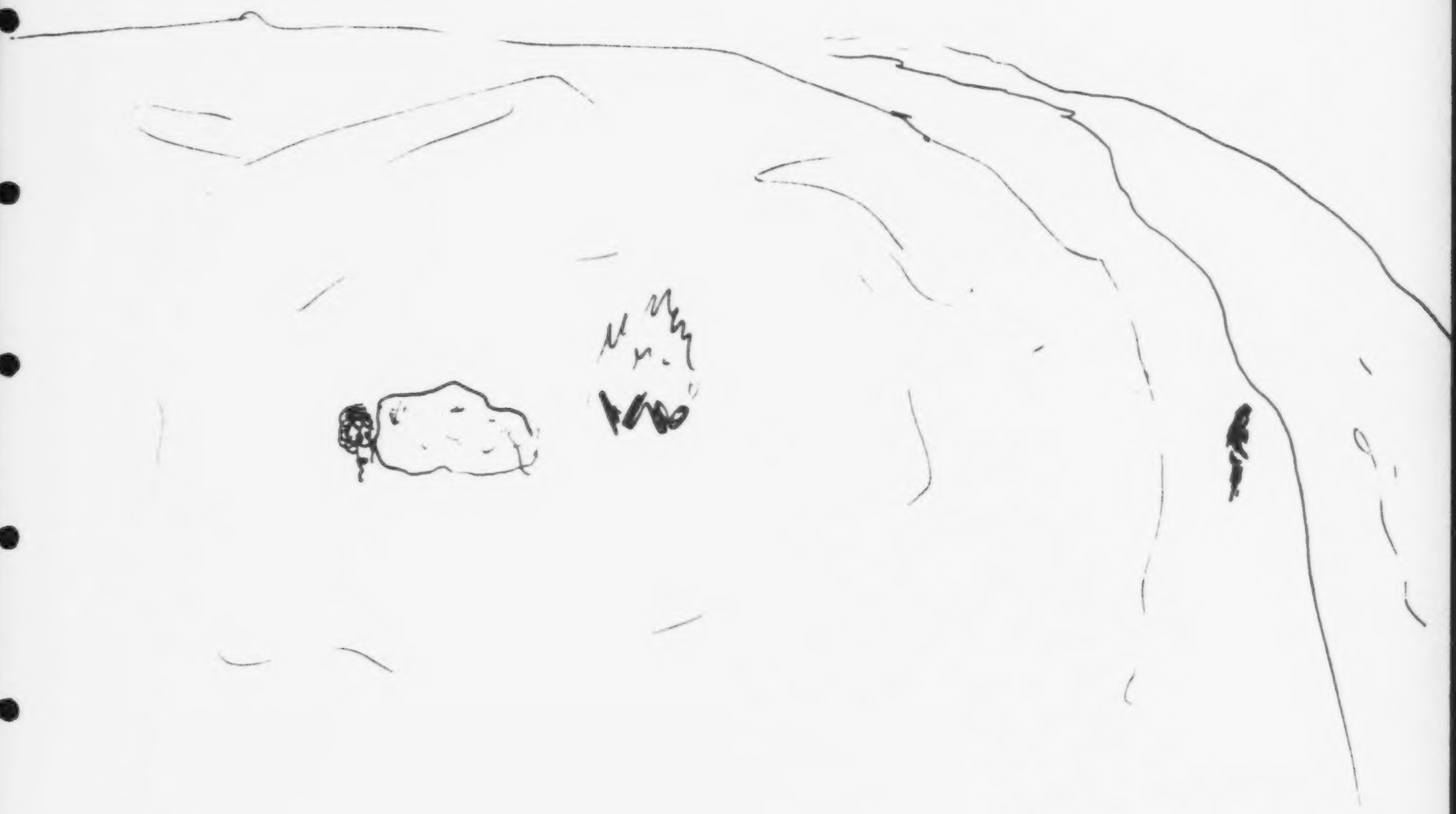


INDIAN SERPENT

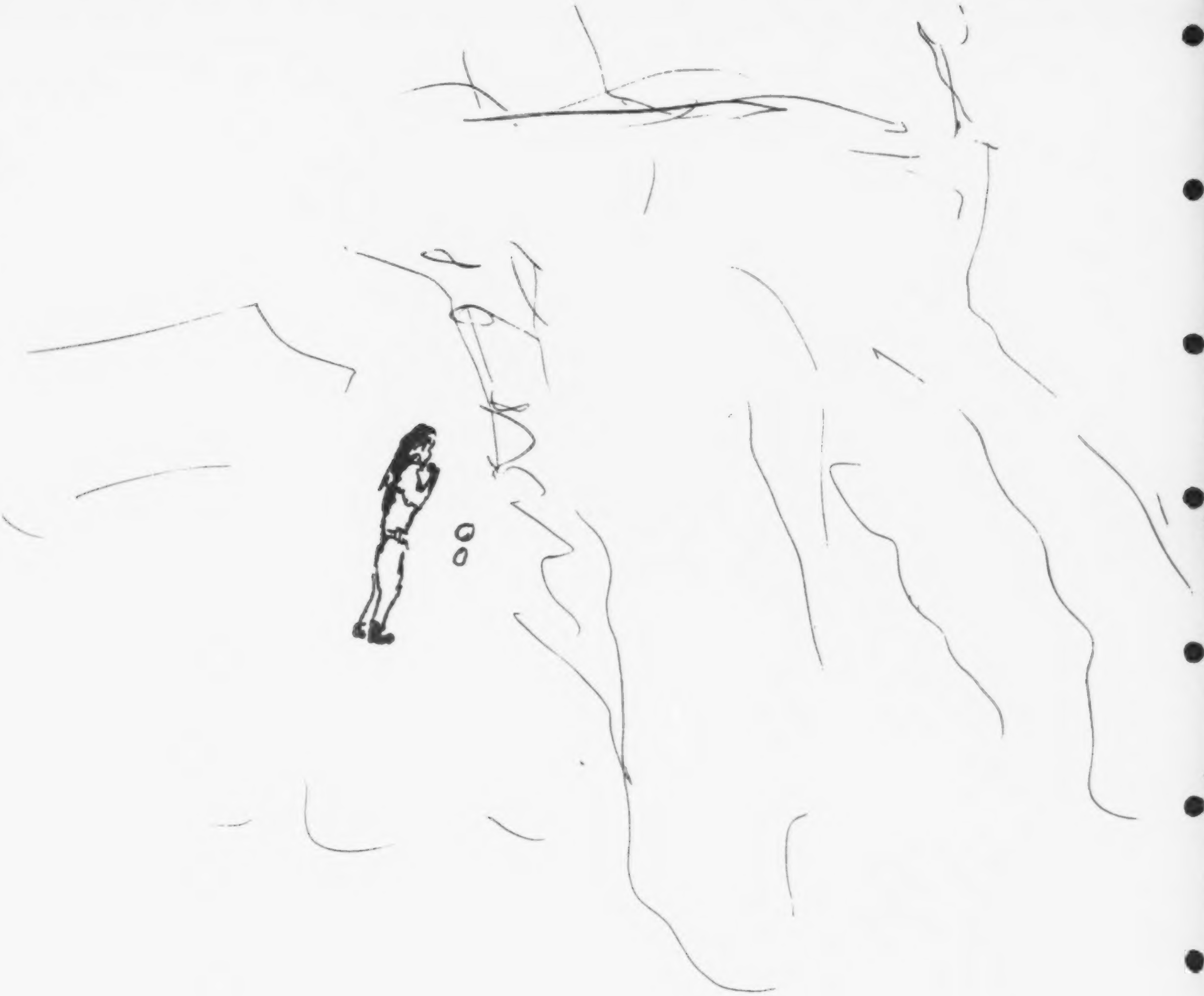
THE INDIAN CAMP DID NOT HAVE ANY FOOD. SO THE CHIEF SENT TWO OF HIS WARRIORS TO FIND GAME. THEY WALKED FOR MANY DAYS AND STILL DIDN'T FIND ANY GAME.



THEY CAME TO A BIG RIVER. AFTER FILLING THEIR WATER BAGS, THEY PREPARED FOR CAMP. THE YOUNGER WARRIOR KEPT SAYING, I AM SO HUNGARY! JUST WAIT REPLIED THE OTHER WARRIOR, WE WILL FIND GAME TOMARROW.

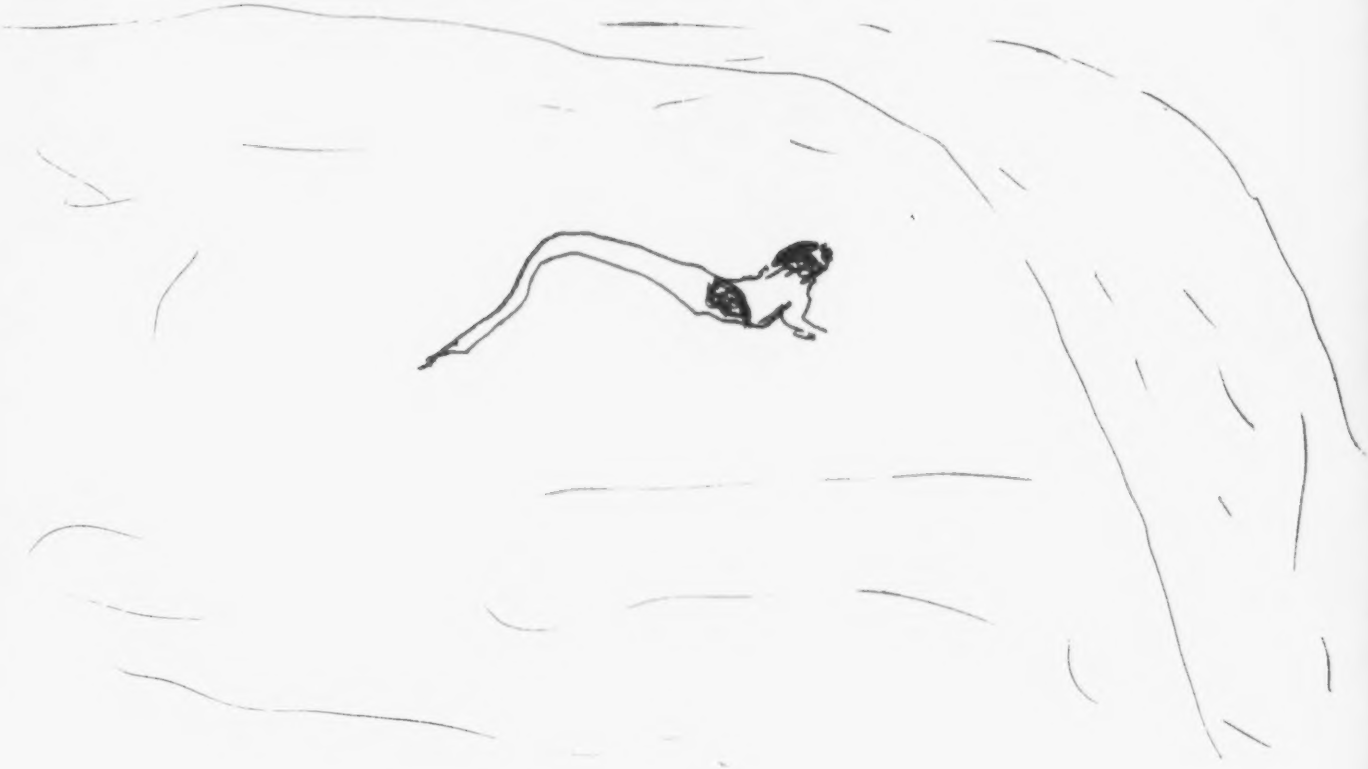


GO TO SLEEP, EVERYTHING WILL BE DIFFERENT TOMARROW. THE YOUNG WARRIOR SAID," I WILL WALK DOWN TO THE RIVER." THE OLDER ONE SAID, "I AM GOING TO SLEEP."



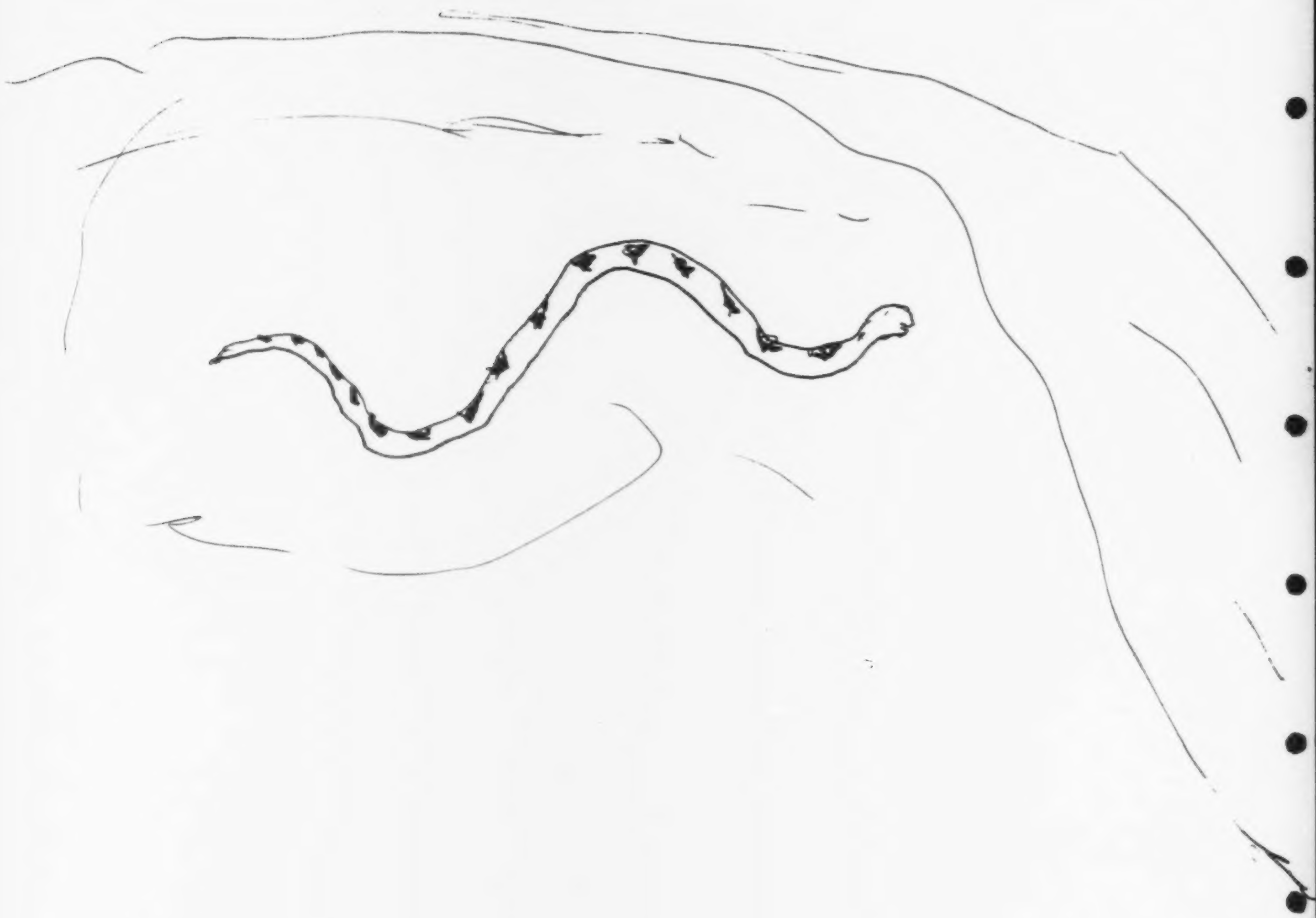
While the young warrior was down the river, he found some eggs by the river edge. I will eat them he said.

So he did and walked back to camp. The older warrior woke up and said, what did you see? I found eggs and ate them. No! you shouldn't of. But it is done.

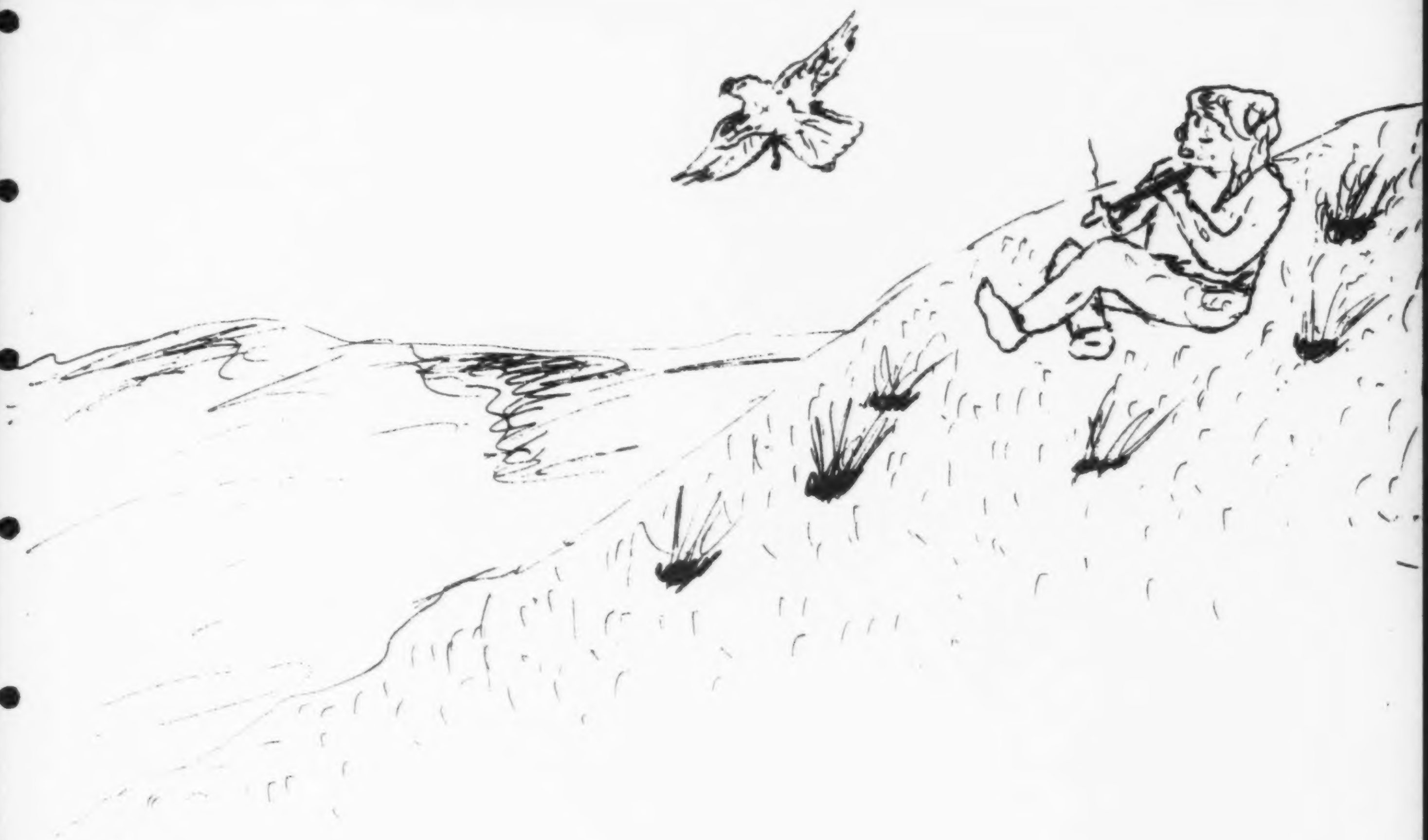


MORNING CAME, COLD AND MISTY. BROTHER THE YOUNGER WARRIOR SAID, " I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE MY LEGS? "SO THE OLDER WARRIOR LOOKED IN ASTONISHMENT, YOU ARE TURNING INTO A SNAKE.

OH! DON'T LEAVE ME. STAY A WHILE HE ASKED. THE WARRIOR STAYED TWO DAYS WITH HIM.

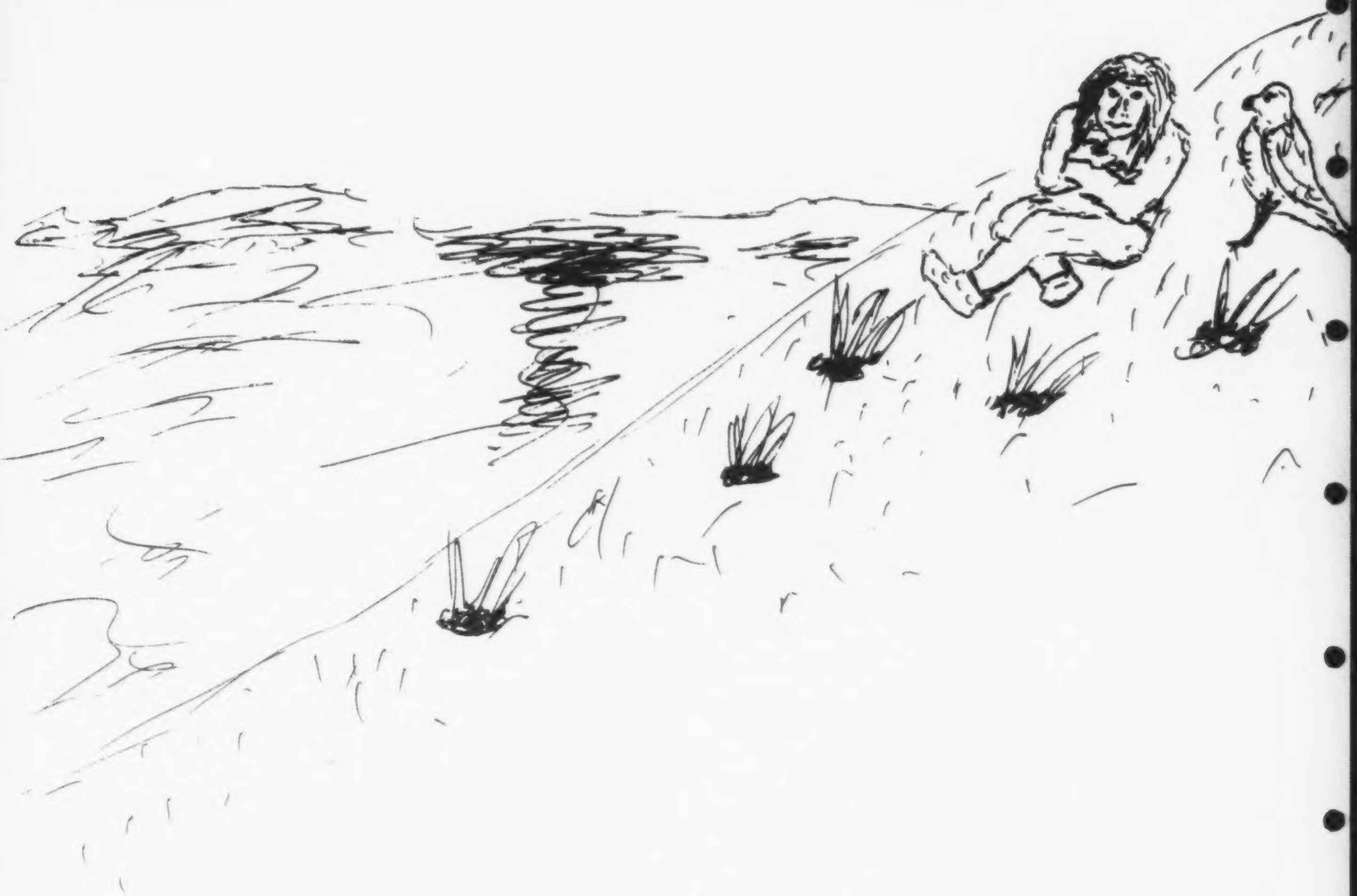


He had turned to a big Serpent. He said, go tell my people, I have done something I shouldn't have done. Tell them when they come to the big river to leave me food and I will help them across the river and there is plenty of game across there and he slid into the river.

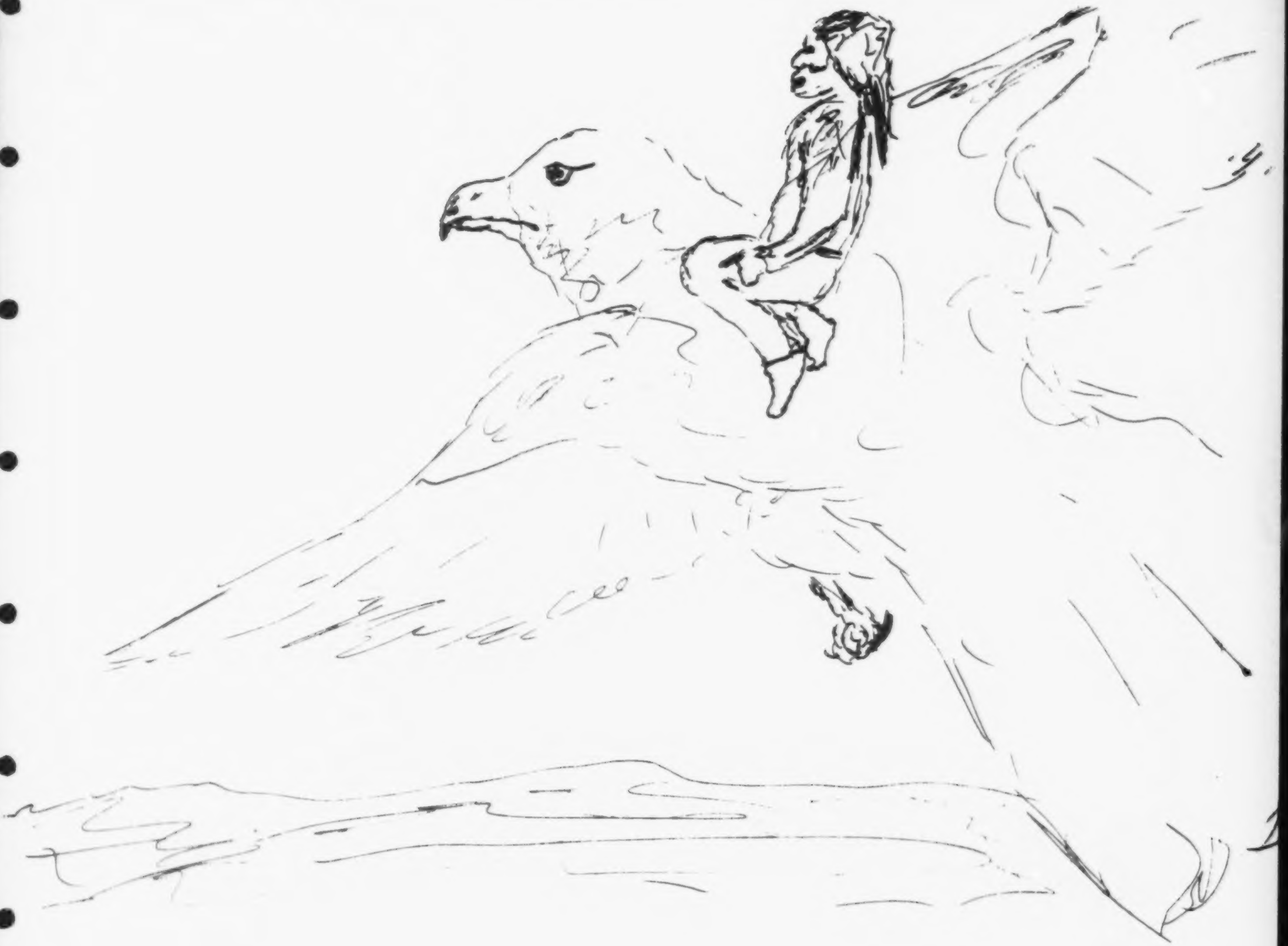


INKTOMNI AND THE BUZZARD

ONE DAY INKTOMNI (OLD MAN) WAS SITTING ON A HILL SMOKING HIS PIPE. A BUZZARD WAS FLYING LOW OVER INKTOMNI AND TIPPING HIS WINGS AT HIM. INKTOMNI IS SMART AND TRICKY, AND SOMETIMES FOOLISH. HE KEPT REPEATING TO HIMSELF, "BUZZARD, GIVE ME A RIDE."

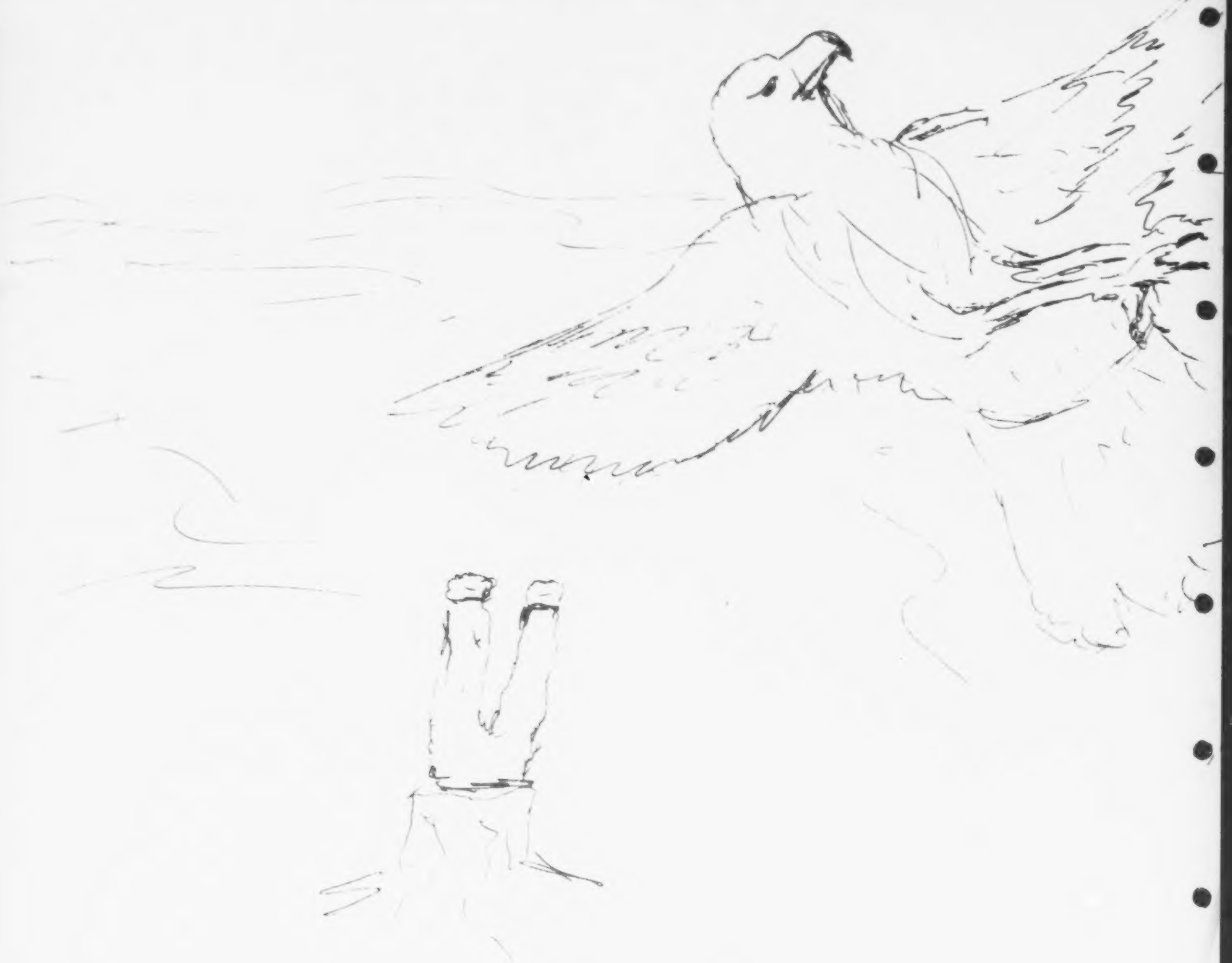


THE BUZZARD FINALLY LANDED BY INKTOMNI'S SIDE AND SAID, "GET ON MY BACK AND I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE." SO INKTOMNI GOT ON THE BUZZARDS BACK.

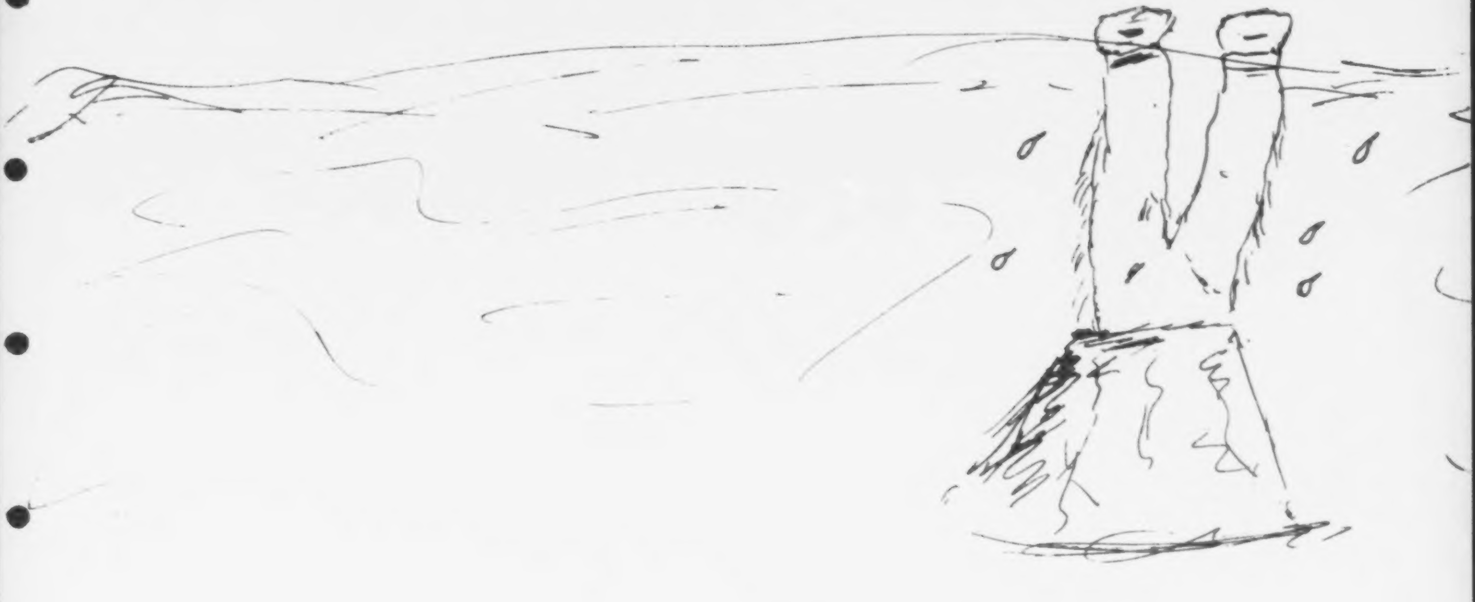


As the Buzzard was flying around, Inktomni noticed the bald head of the Buzzard. With sign language he said, (You are no good). Thinking the Buzzard could not see him. However the Buzzard was watching his shadow on the ground.

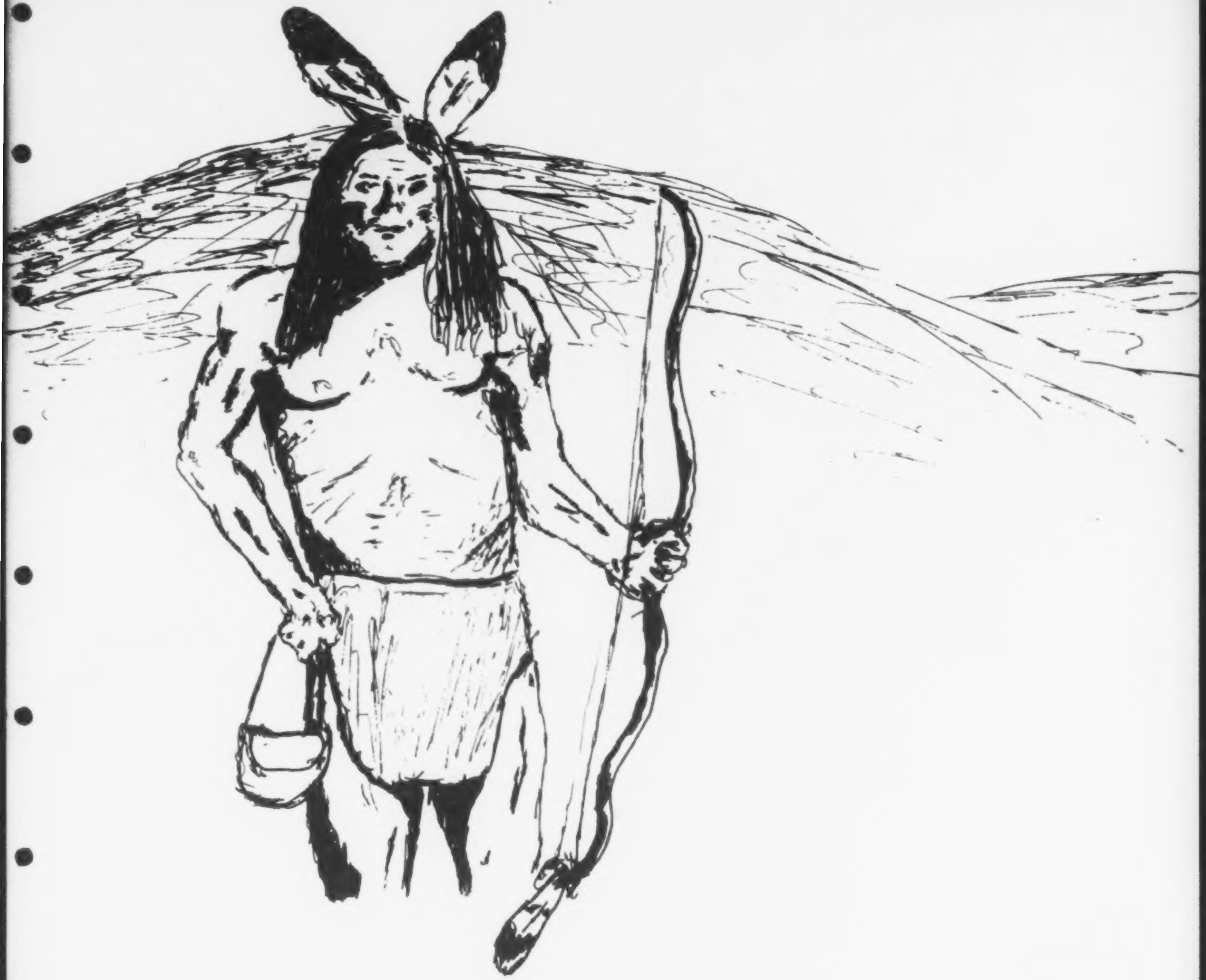
So the Buzzard decided to get even with Inktomni.



HE FLEW LOW OVER A DEEP STUMP OF A HOLLOW TREE, AND SUDDENLY HE TURNED OVER AND FLEW UPSIDE DOWN. DOWN FELL INKTOMNI INTO THE HOLLOW TREE.

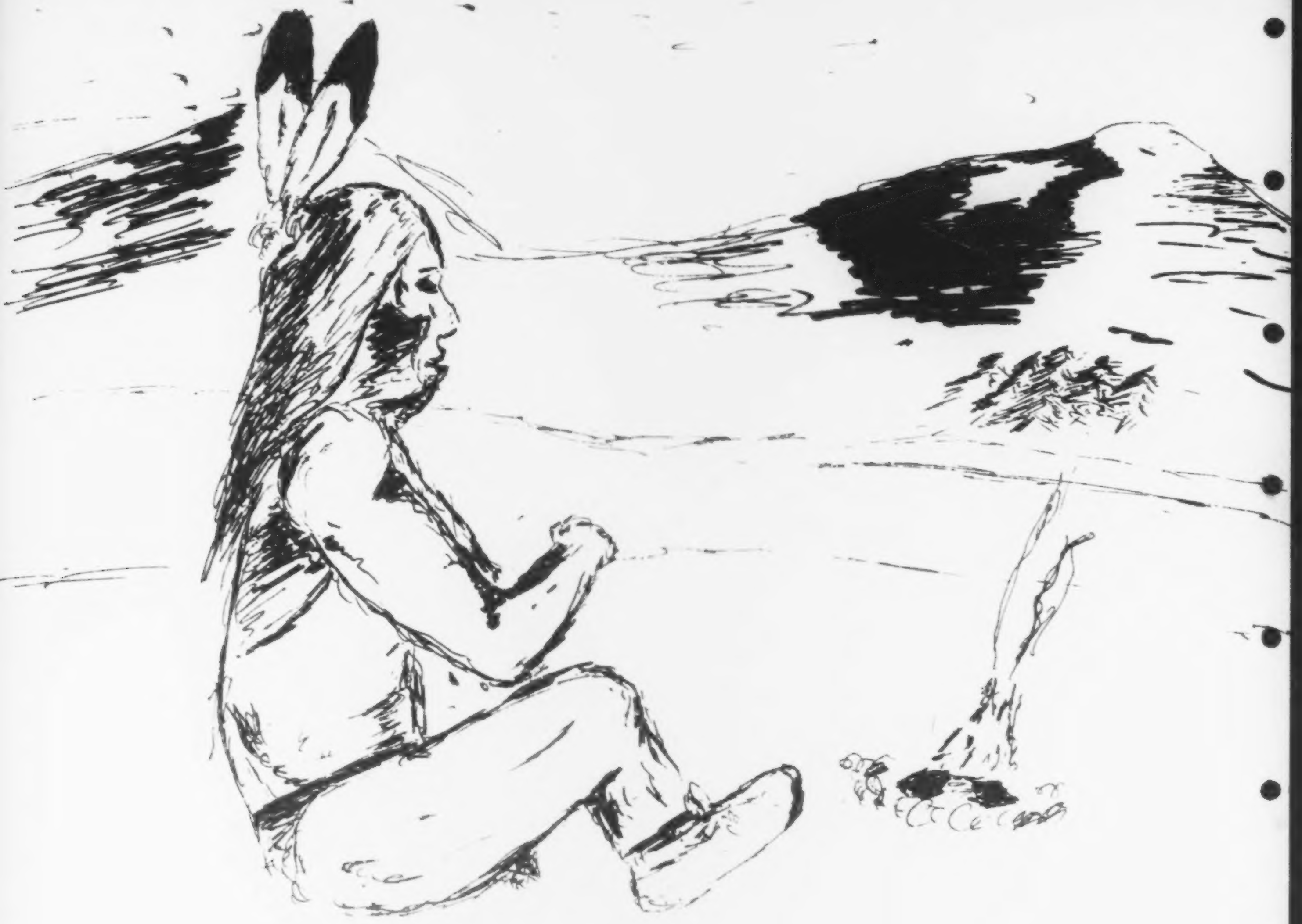


THEN CAME A BIG RAIN STORM, WHICH SOAKED UP THE ROTTEN, HOLLOW TREE. THE TREE SWELLED UP. INKTOMNI PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT. I AM PITTYFUL AND FOOLISH. I AM VERY HUMBLE. AFTER FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF, HE FELT SO SMALL, HE WAS ABLE TO CRAWL OUT.

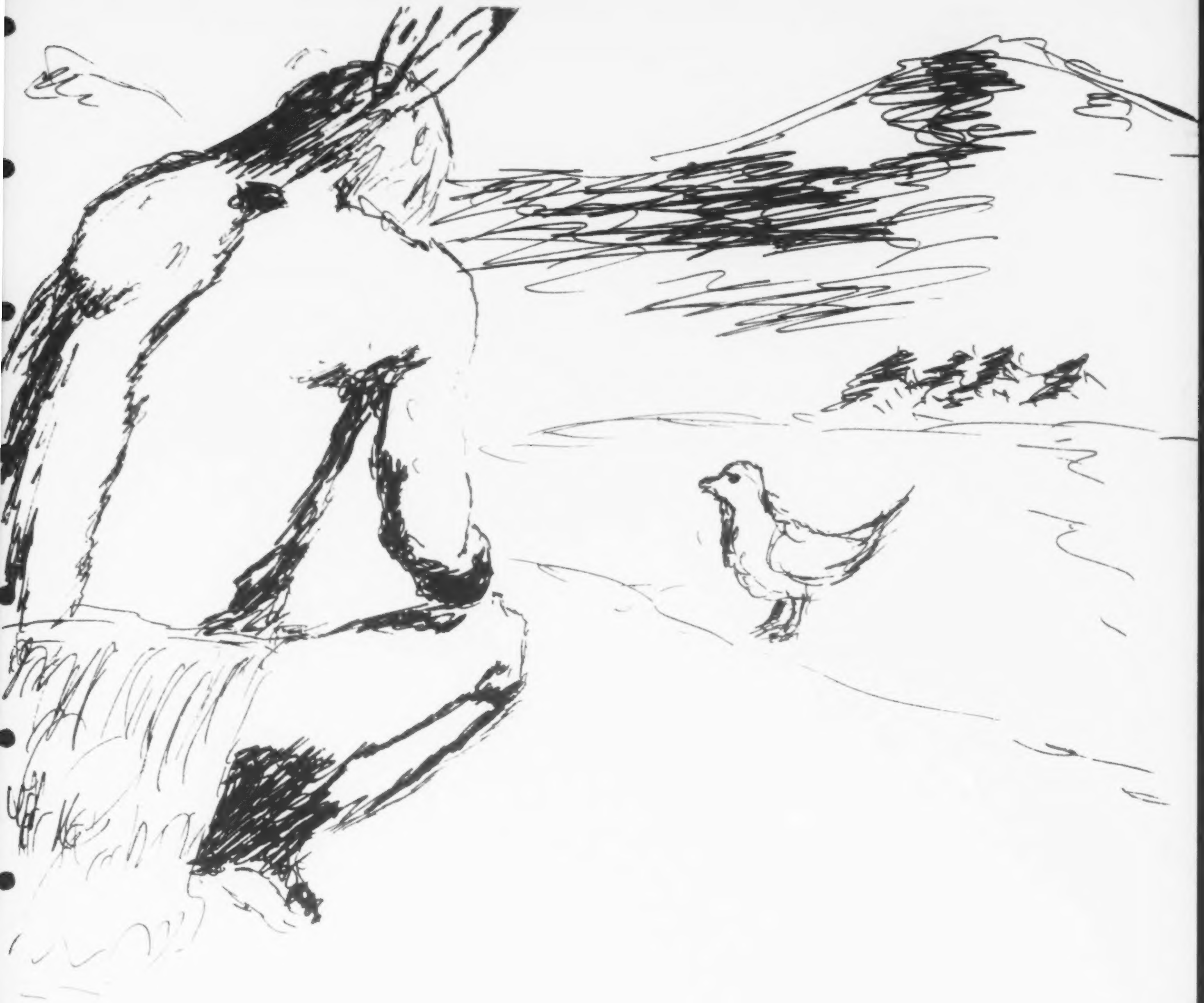


HOW DUCKS GOT THEIR COLORS

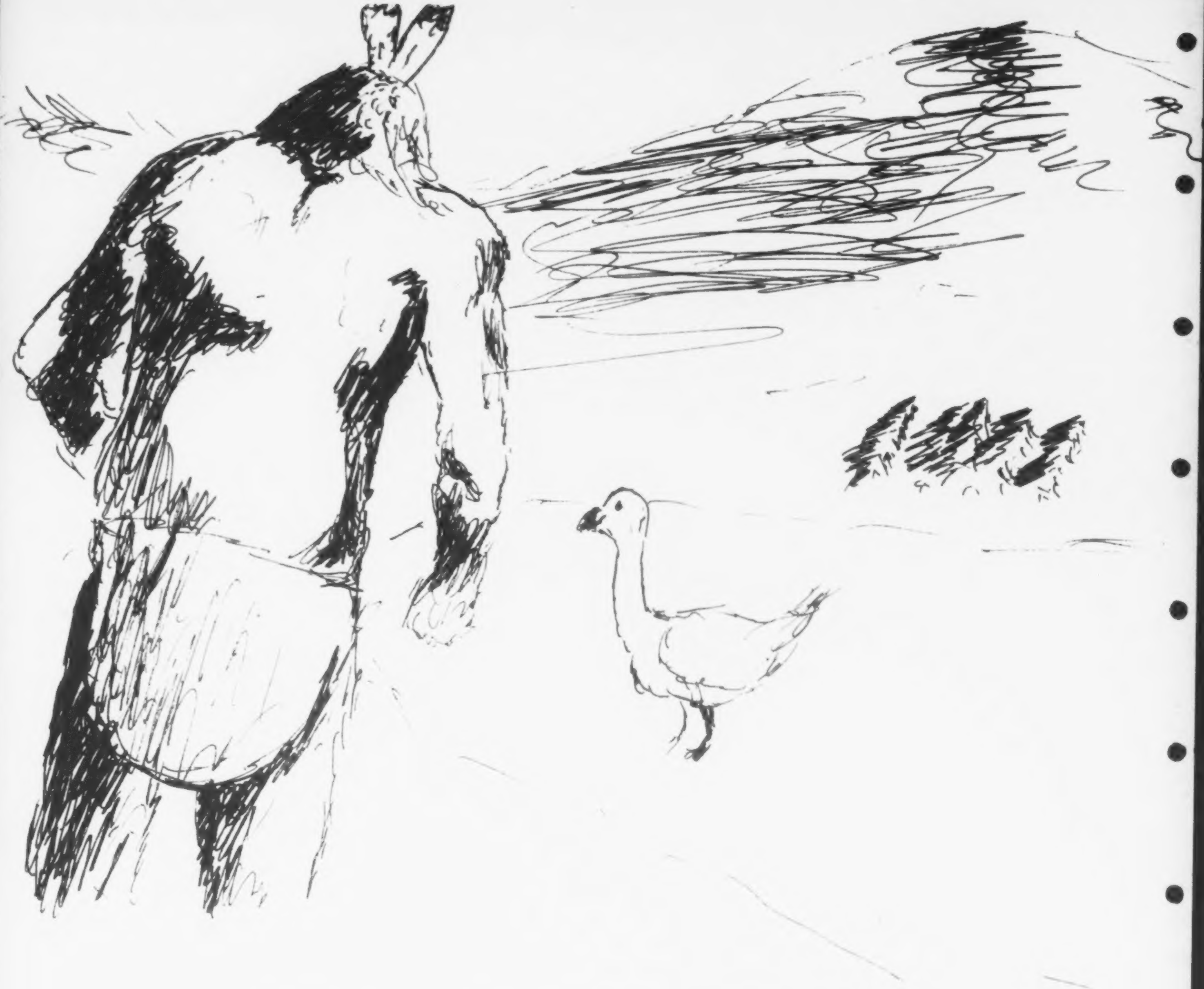
A YOUNG WARRIOR, WHO WAS VERY FOND OF BRIGHT COLORS, LOVED THE BEAUTIFUL COLORS OF INDIAN SUMMER. NOW AND THEN HE WOULD TAKE FROM HIS POUCH SOME CLAY AND OIL TO PAINT THE COLORS.



AS THE SHADOWS GREW LONG, HE KNEW THAT IT WOULD SOON BE TIME FOR THE NIGHT FIRE. SO HE MADE A FIRE NEAR THE LAKE. AS HE LOOKED AT THE RED SUN WHICH WAS ABOUT TO GO DOWN UNDER THE COLORED SKY, HE SAW WATER FOWL IN THE LAKE. HE CALLED TO THEM. HE INVITED THEM TO HIS LODGE.

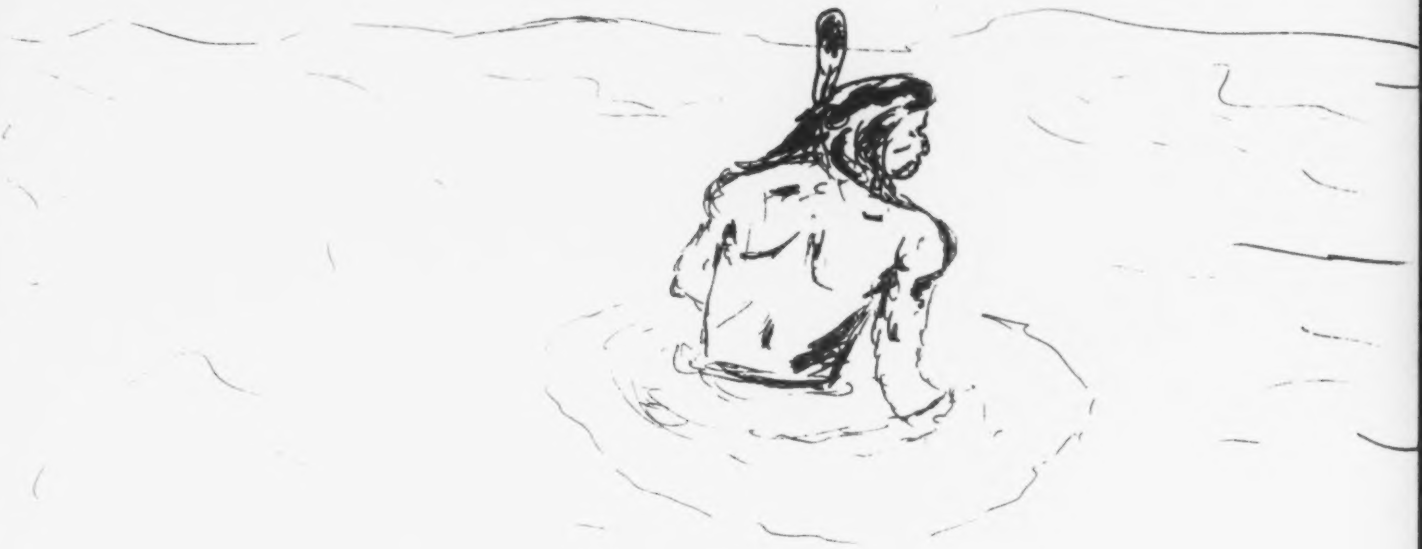


HE SAW A LARGE AND SMALL DUCKS, GRAY GEESE, AND LOONS. WHEN THE YOUNG WARRIORS TOLD THEM THAT HE HAD BEEN STUDYING AND MIXING COLORS. A GRAY DUCK BECAME INTERESTED. " YOU ARE OUR FRIEND," SAID THE DUCK. " WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO PAINT US WITH SOME OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL COLORS?" I WILL, ANSWERED THE WARRIOR. NOW CHOOSE YOUR COLORS. THE LARGE GRAY DUCK DECIDED THAT HE WANTED A PRETTY GREEN HEAD WITH A WHITE STRIP AROUND HIS NECK, A BROWN BREAST AND YELLOW LEGS. DUCKS WITH THESE COLORS ARE CALLED MALLARDS.



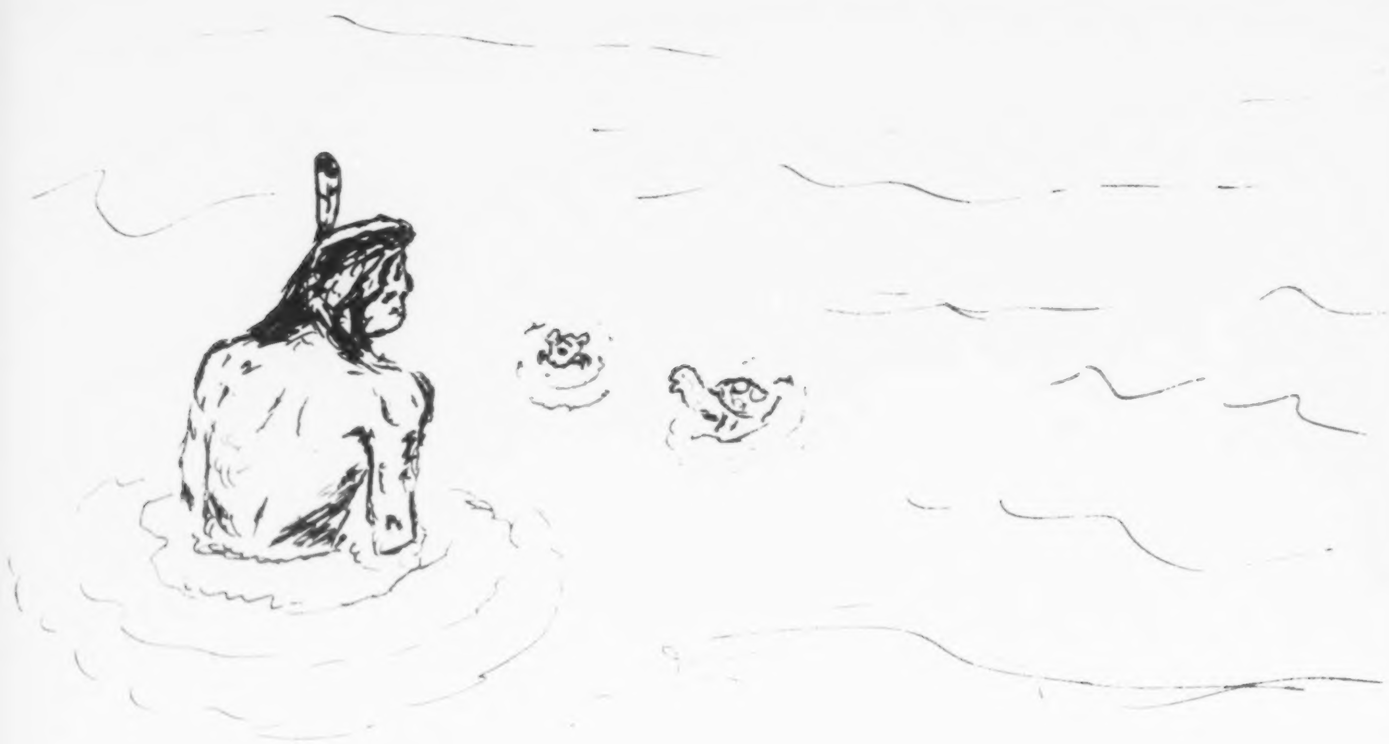
THE MALLARD SAID, " I HOPE YOU WILL NOT PAINT MY MATE THE SAME COLORS I HAVE." SO SHE WAS PAINTED MOSTLY BROWN.

THEN THE TEAL HAD HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY PAINTED AS HE DESIRED. BY THIS TIME THE PAINTS WERE ALMOST GONE. SO THERE WERE NO BRIGHT COLORS LEFT FOR THE GOOSE AND THE LOON.

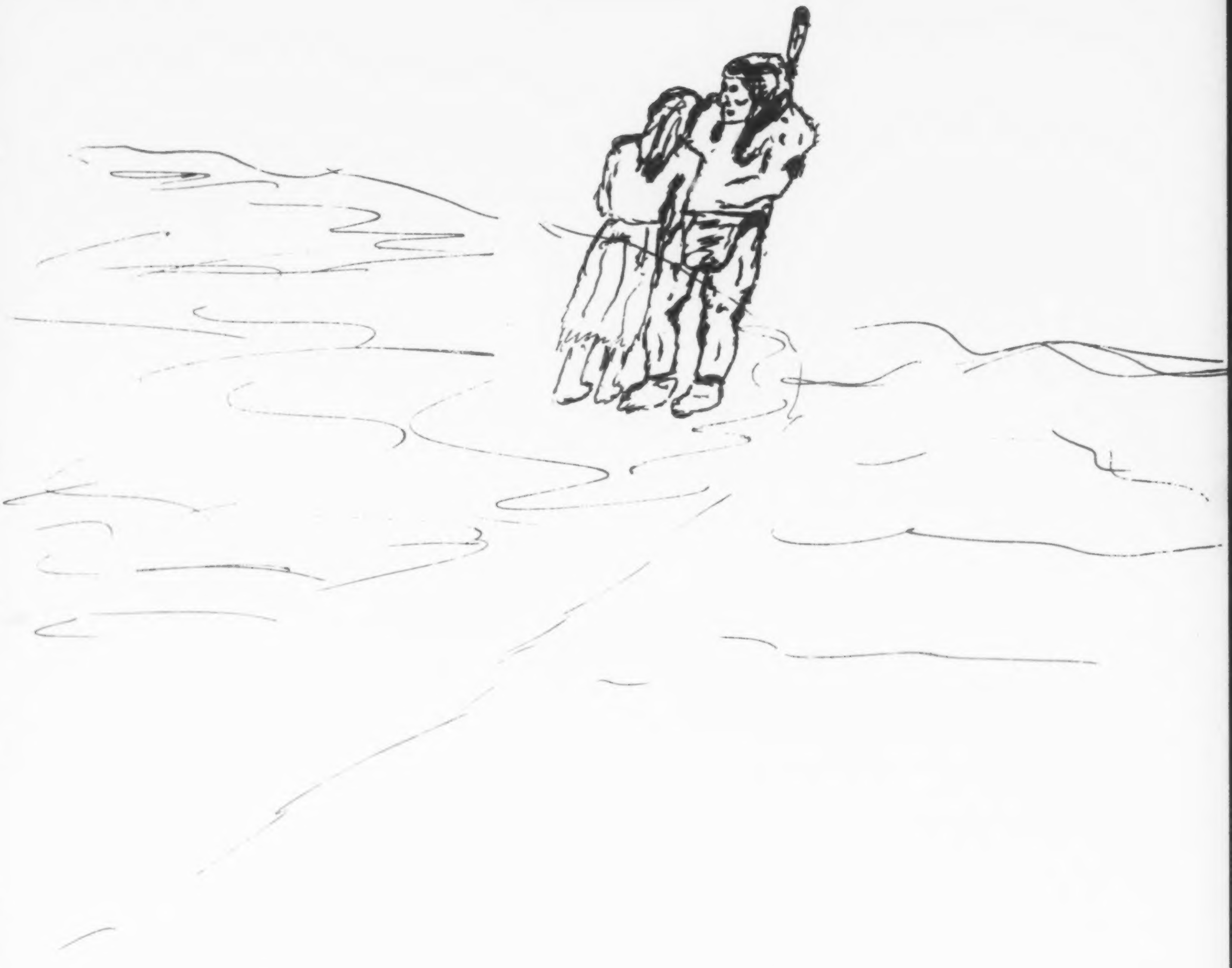


A MAN BY HIMSELF

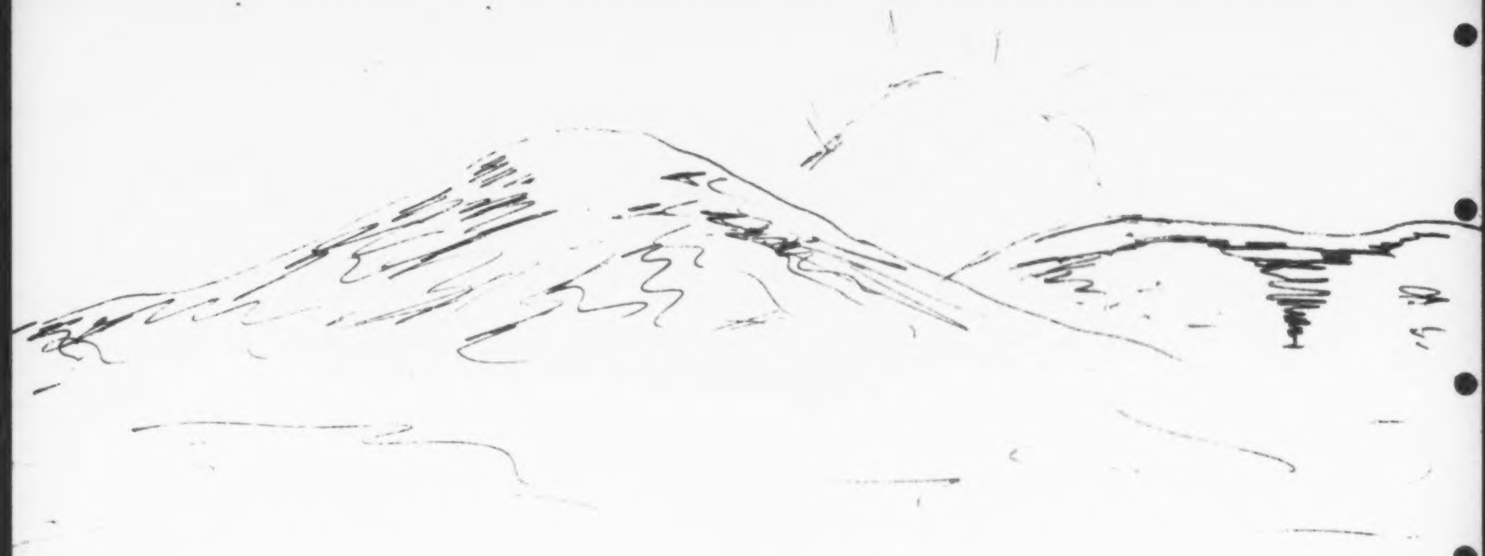
ONCE LONG AGO THERE WAS A MAN THAT WAS BY HIMSELF. EVERY WHERE HE LOOKED THERE WAS WATER.



ONE DAY HE TOLD THE MUSKRAT AND THE TURTLE TO DIVE INTO THE WATER AND BRING HIM SOME MUD. SO THE MUSKRAT AND TURTLE DOVE INTO THE WATER AND THEY WERE GONE FOR A LONG TIME. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE MUSKRAT AND TURTLE CAME UP WITH SOME MUD.

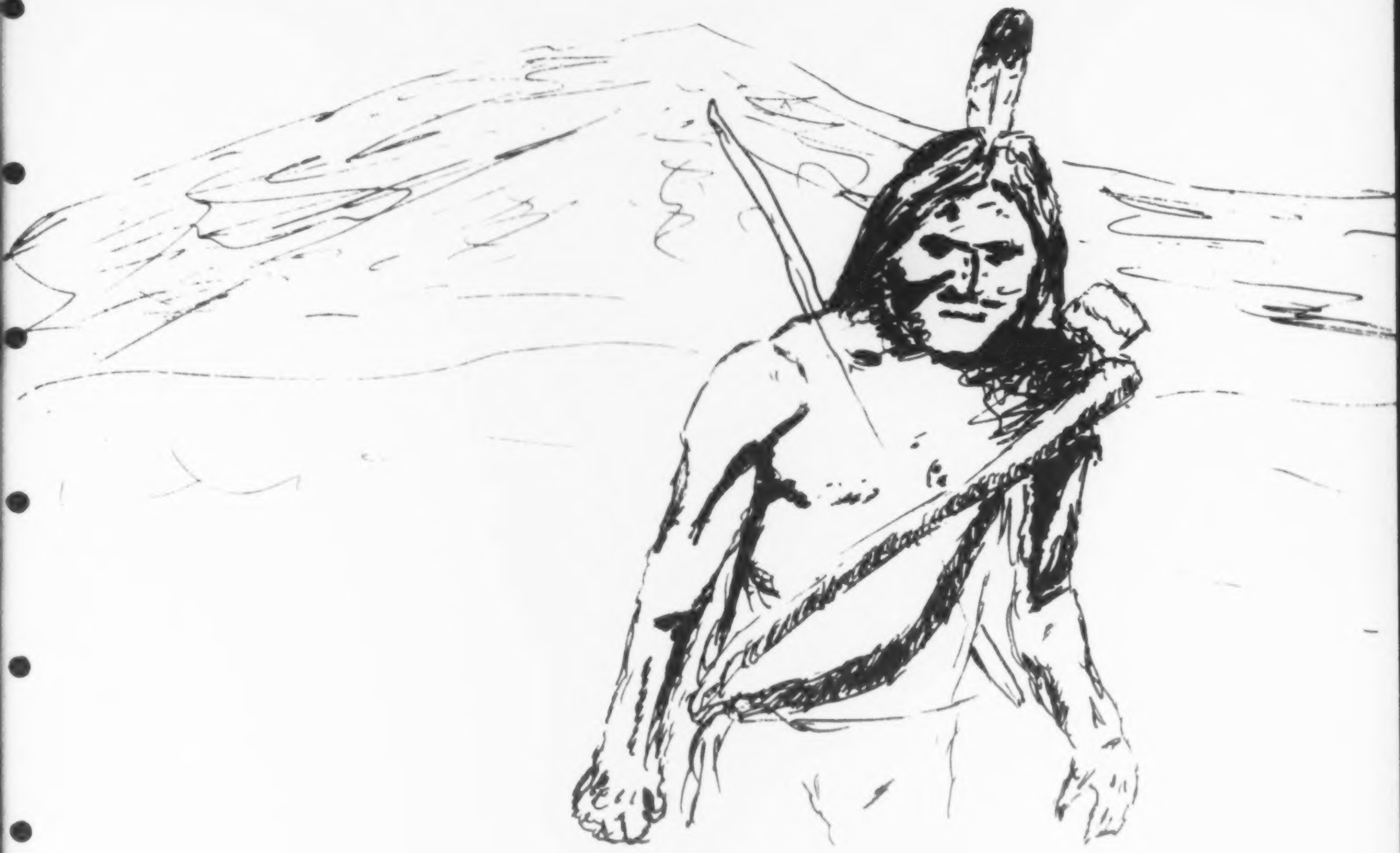


THE MAN TOOK THE MUD AND MADE A WOMAN. THEN HE TOOK SOME MORE OF THE MUD. AND HE MADE INTO LAND. SO THAT IS WHY THAT TODAY WE HAVE LAND AND WATER. THEN HE SAID, "LET THERE BE LIGHT ALL THE TIME." THE WOMAN SAID NO; "LET THERE BE DAY AND NIGHT." SHE SAID, THERE WILL BE A SUN TO MAKE THINGS GROW BY IT'S HEAT AND LIGHT.



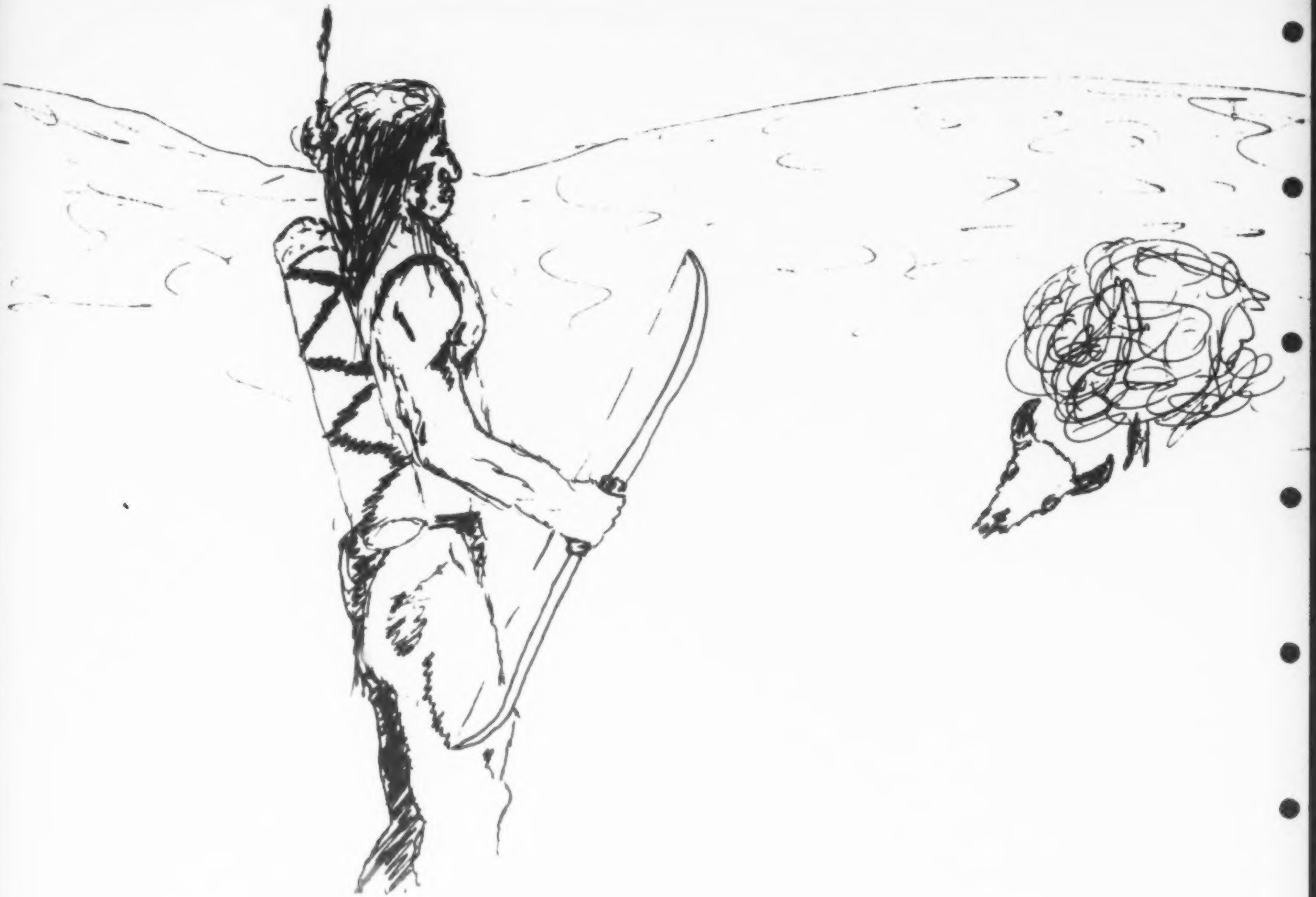
At night there will be a moon to make light at night, but for seven days the moon will not shine bright. It will be the dark side of the moon. Then for seven days, it will shine but not for long, and then it will shine bright for ten days and for seven days it will shine part of the night, but it will be toward morning. This was the beginning of day and night, and of the sun and moon.

The Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans call this man Napi. The Crees call him Wasakichak. The Gros Ventres call him Nee Ot. And the Assiniboine call him Inktomni.

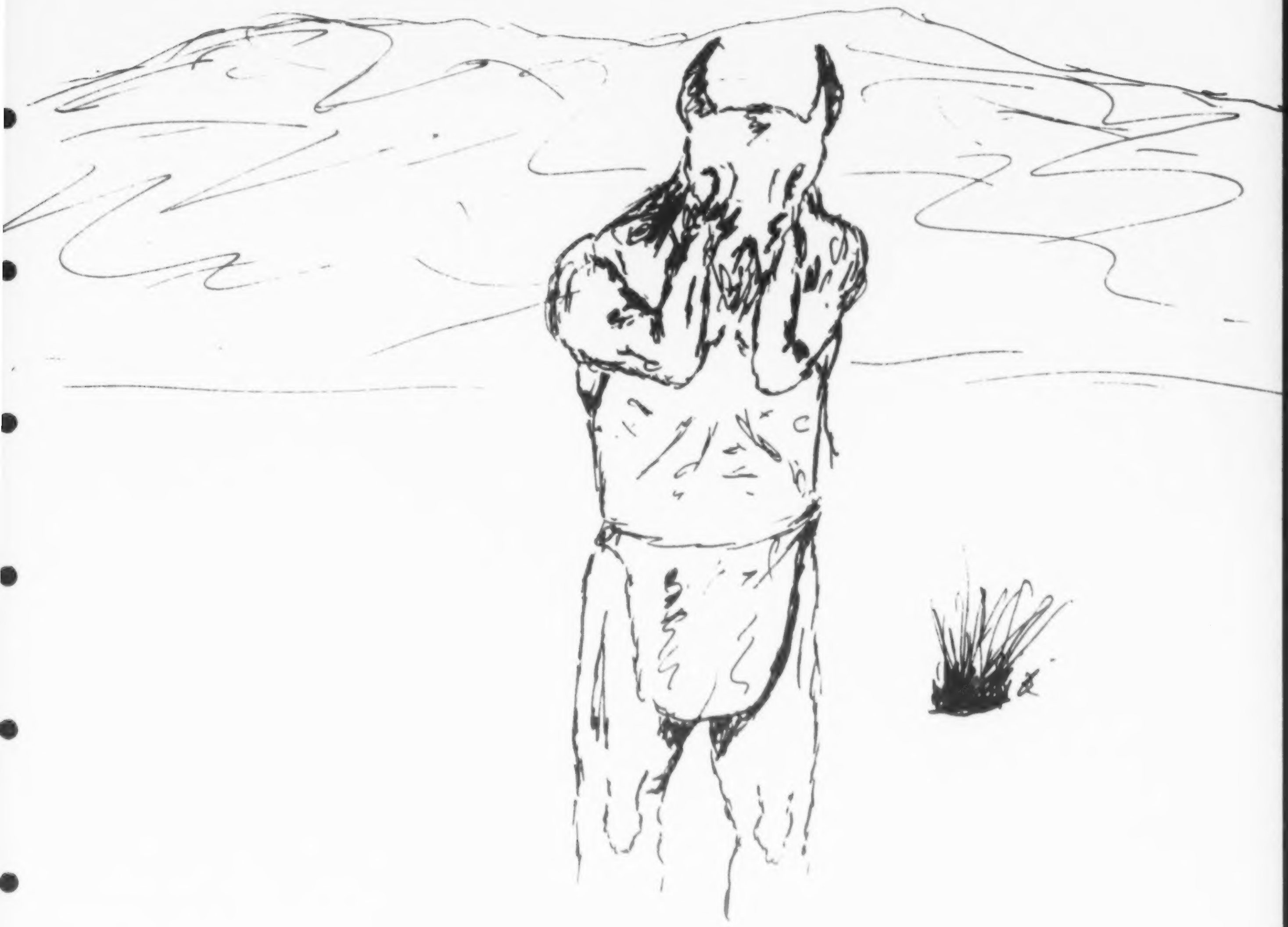


INKTOMI AND THE BUFFALO SKULL

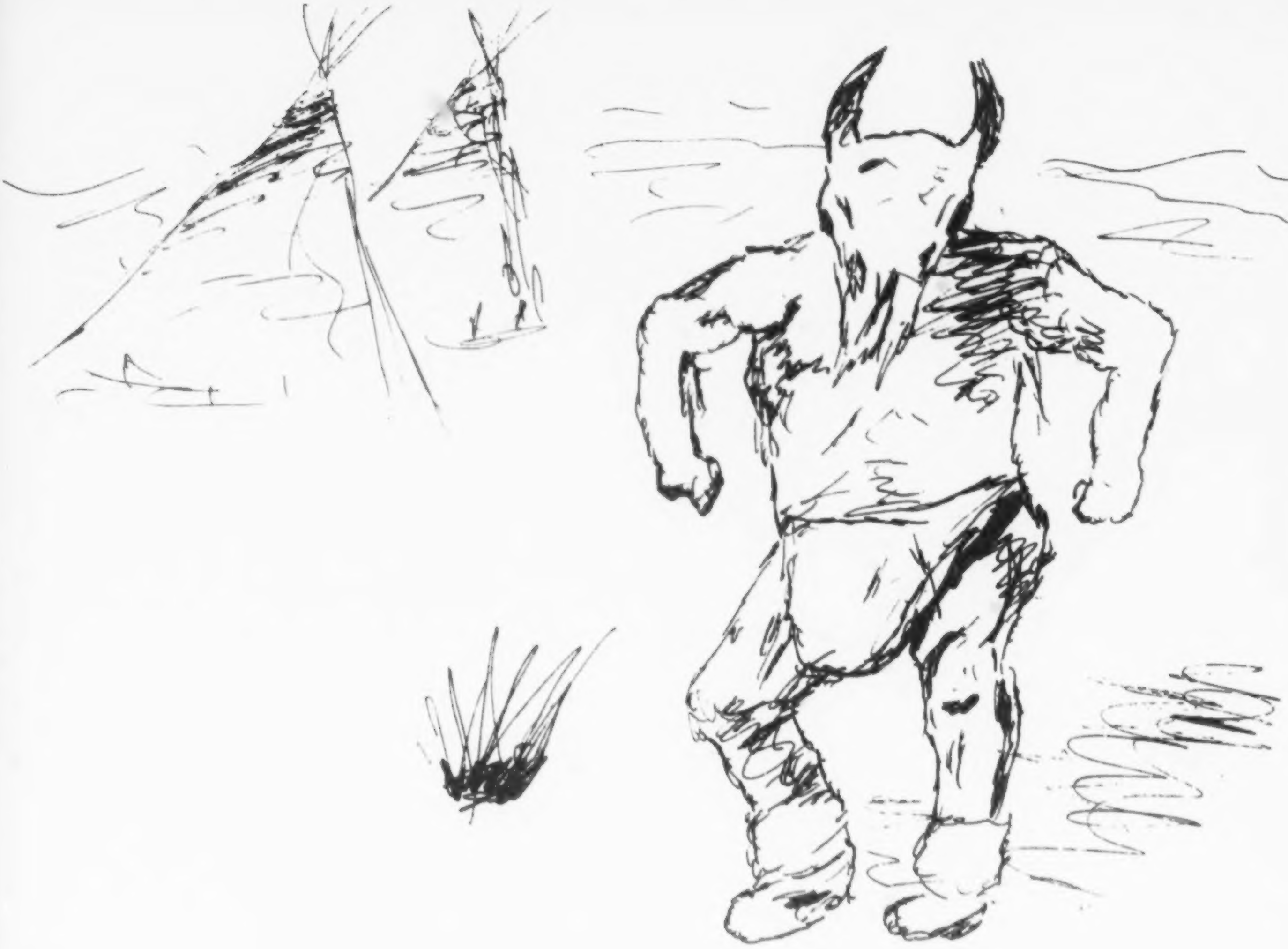
INKTOMNI WAS WALKING ALONG ONE DAY, WHEN HE HEARD SUNDANCE SINGING. HE SEARCHED FOR WHERE THE SINGING WAS COMING FROM, BUT HE COULDN'T FIND THE PLACE.



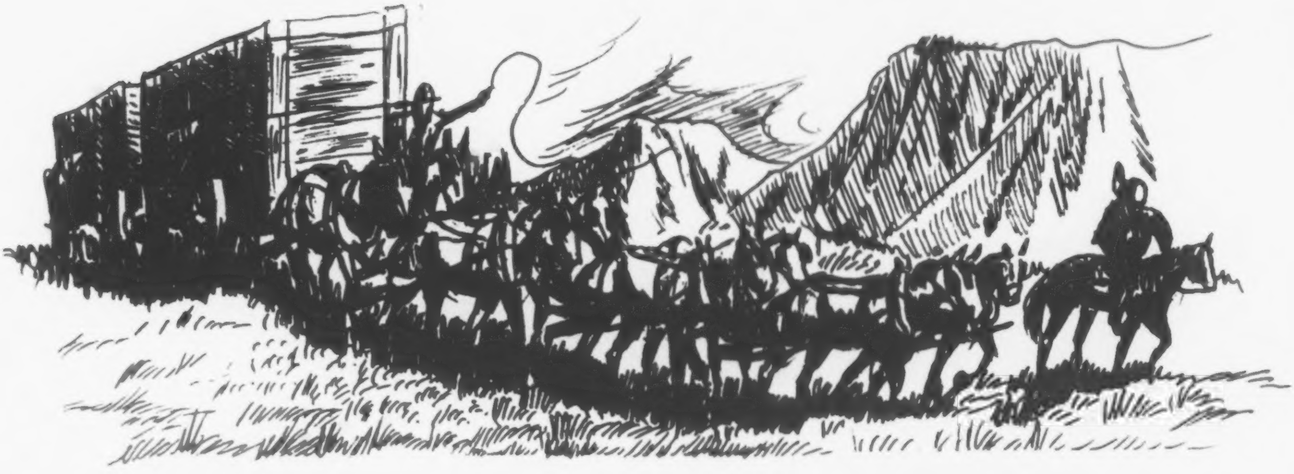
Finally he saw an old buffalo skull hidden in the brush. He decided that was where the singing was coming from. He looked in the skull and sure enough a bunch of mice were having a Sun dance inside the skull.



HE WANTED TO JOIN IN THE DANCE WITH THE MICE, BUT THEY SAID HE COULD NOT FIT IN THE SKULL. ANYWAY HE TRIED AND THE SKULL STUCK ON HIS HEAD. THE LITTLE MICE ALL ESCAPED.

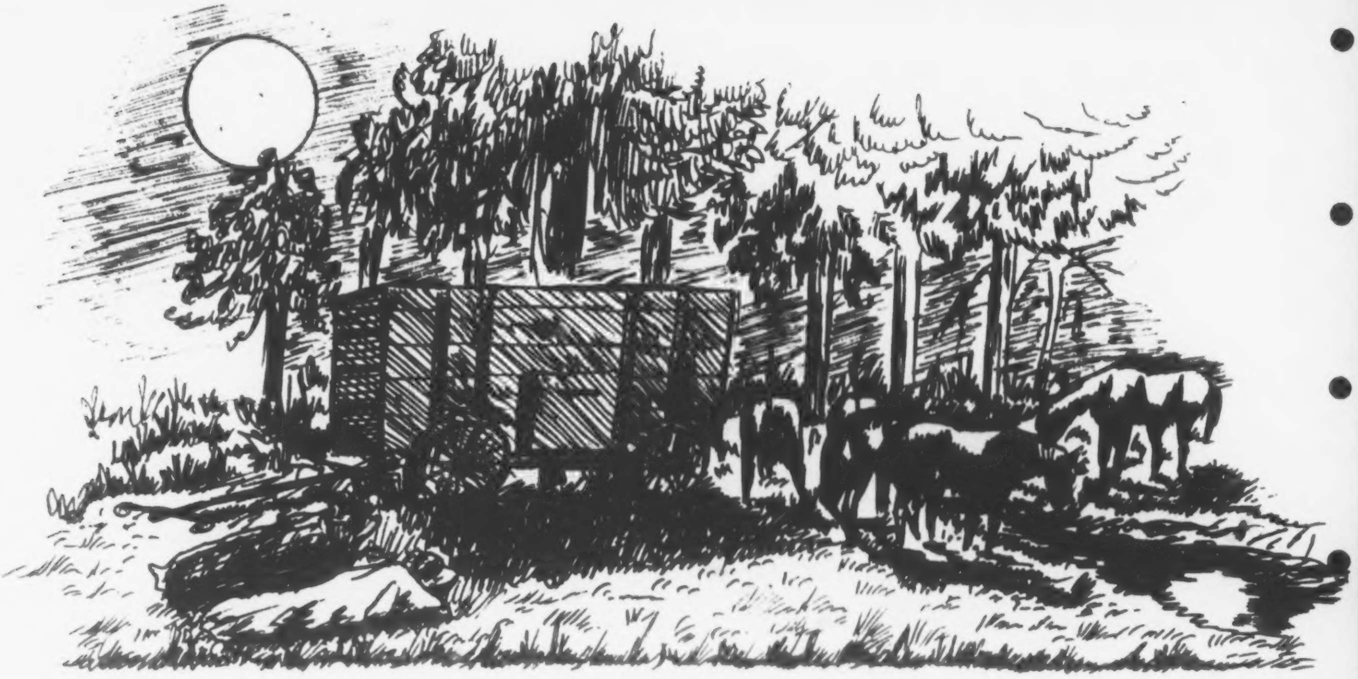


THE PEOPLE LAUGHED AND LAUGHED. SO INKTOMNI DID A LITTLE DANCE FOR THE CROWD. AND THEY HELPED HIM TO TAKE THE SKULL OFF OF HIS HEAD.

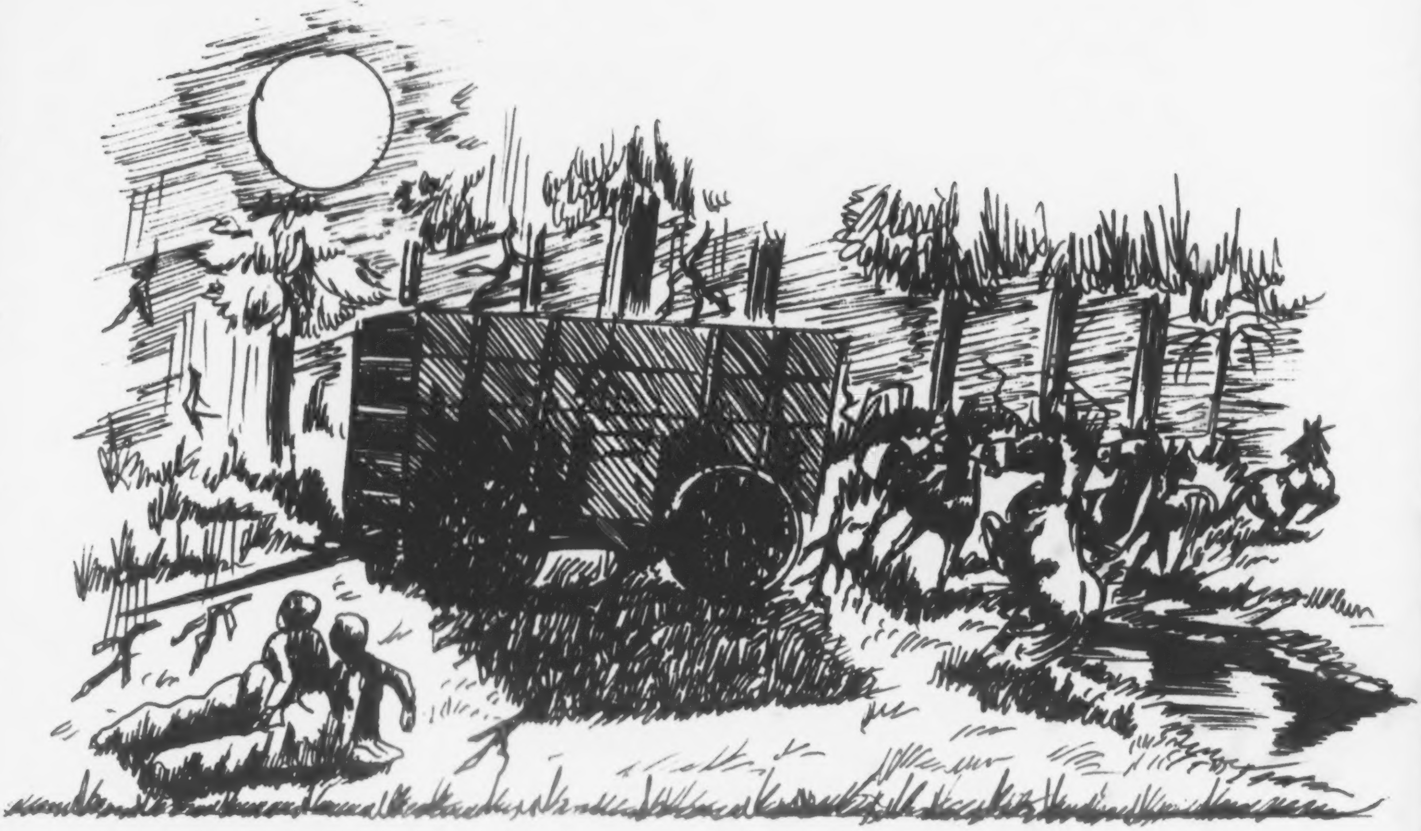


Early Freighters

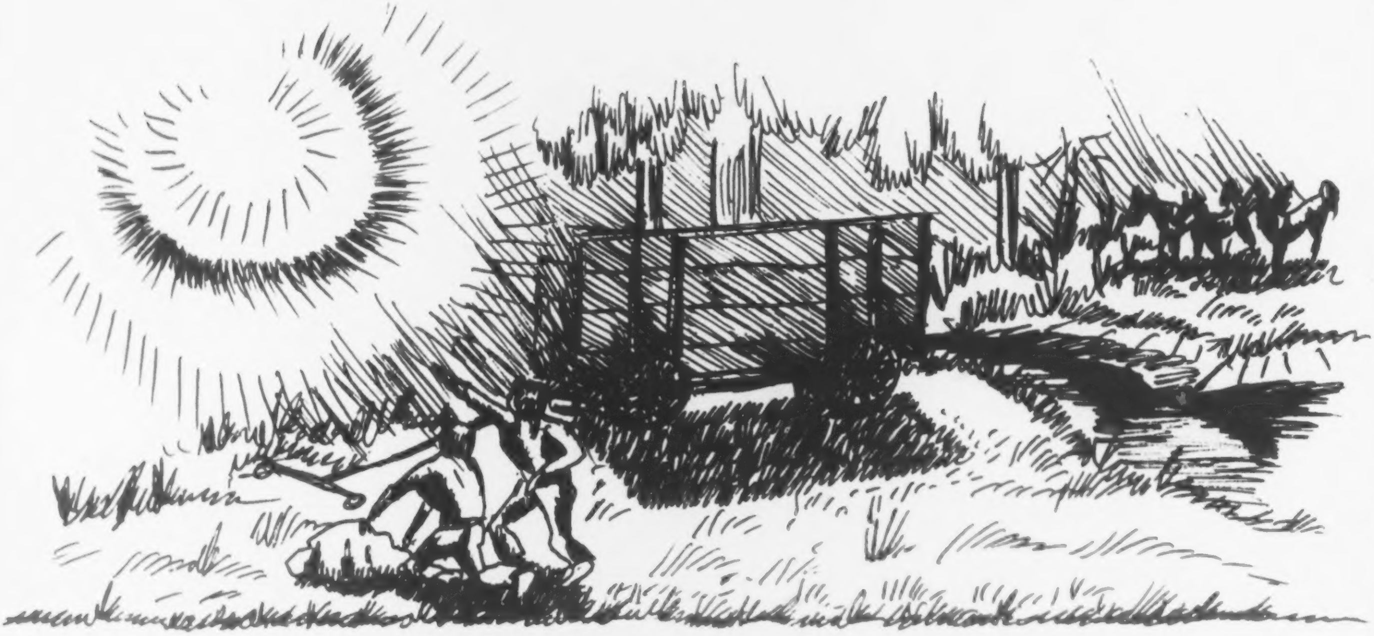
Grandpa Bull Cap was an Assiniboine warrior. One day he was freighting with a young Indian man. They were using four horse teams to haul the freight from F. Benton to the Ft. Belknap Agency.



IT WAS A MOONLIGHT NIGHT. THEY HAD REACHED ZURICH AND CAMPED BY SOME TREES AND A CREEK. THEY UNROLLED THEIR BED ROLLS AND LAID DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.

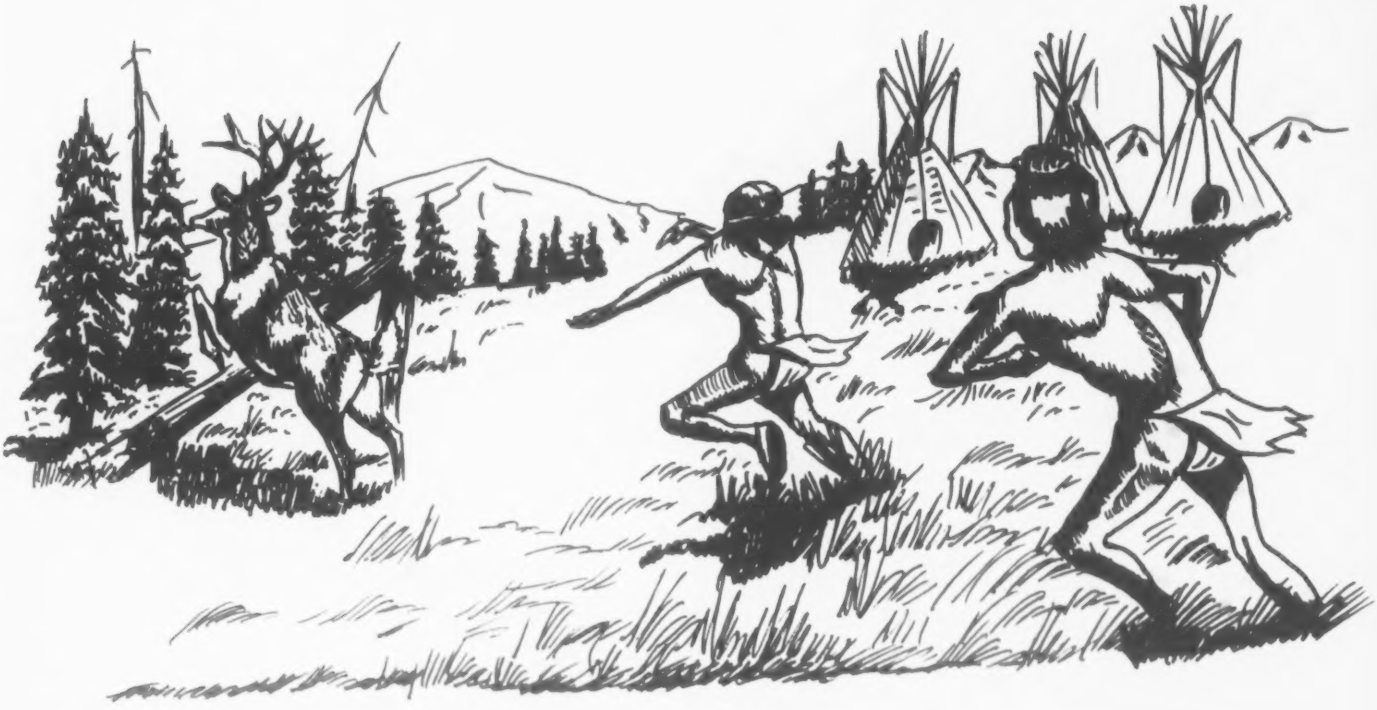


ALL OF A SUDDEN THE TREE LIMBS BEGAN TO FALL, LIKE SOMEONE WAS THROWING THEM. THEY BOUNCED AND SCARED THE HORSES. THE HORSES FOUGHT THEIR LEAD ROPES.



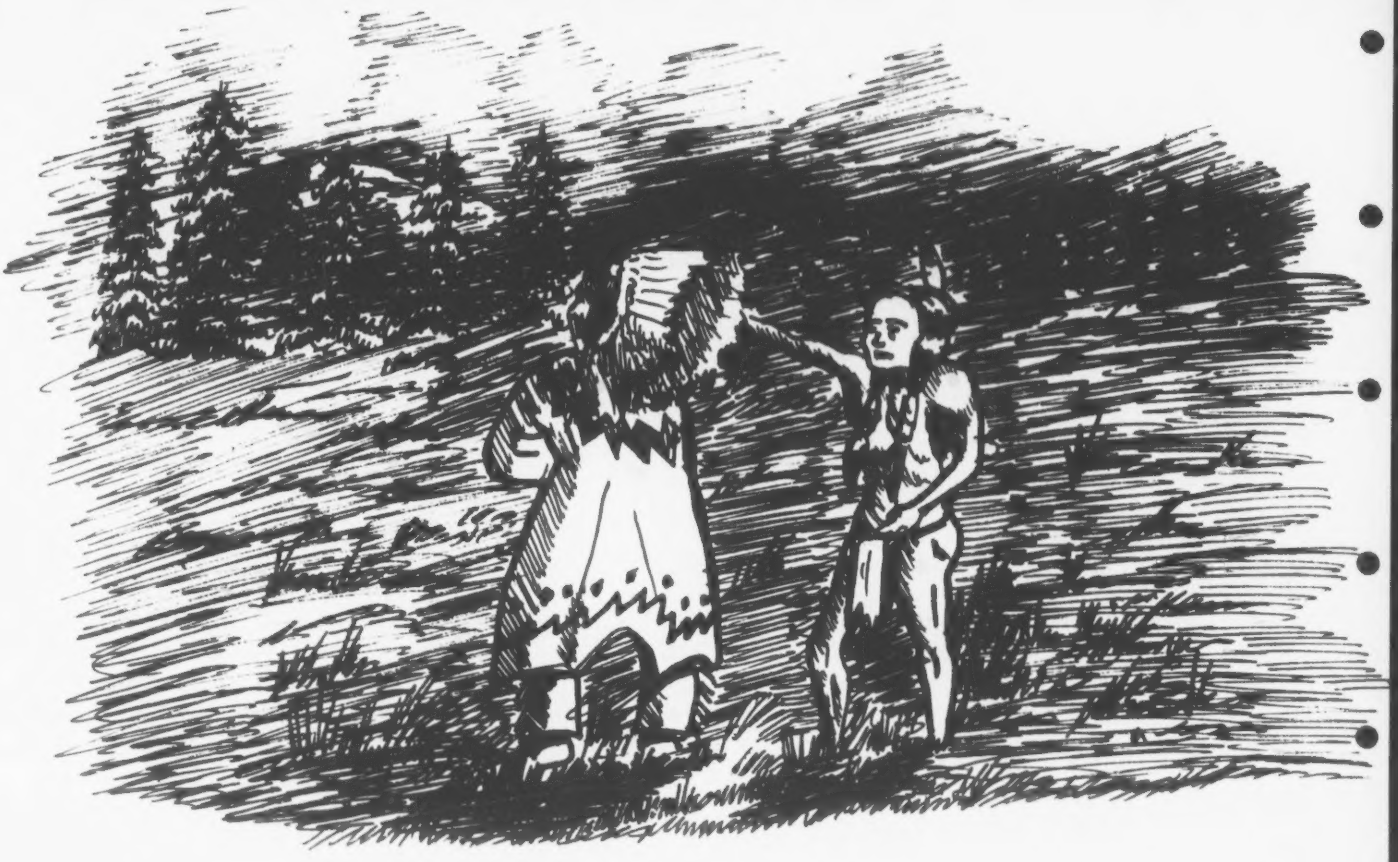
THE YOUNG MAN SAID, "LOOK IN THE TREES, SEE THE BLUE LIGHTS?" BUT GRANDPA BULL CAP LOOKED, BUT DIDN'T SEE THEM. COME ON HE SAID, LETS HOOK UP AND LEAVE. THE HORSES WERE SPOOKED. THE AIR FELT CHARGED WITH SOMETHING UNKNOWN.

NOT TO LONG AFTER THEY REACHED THE AGENCY THE YOUNG MAN DIED.

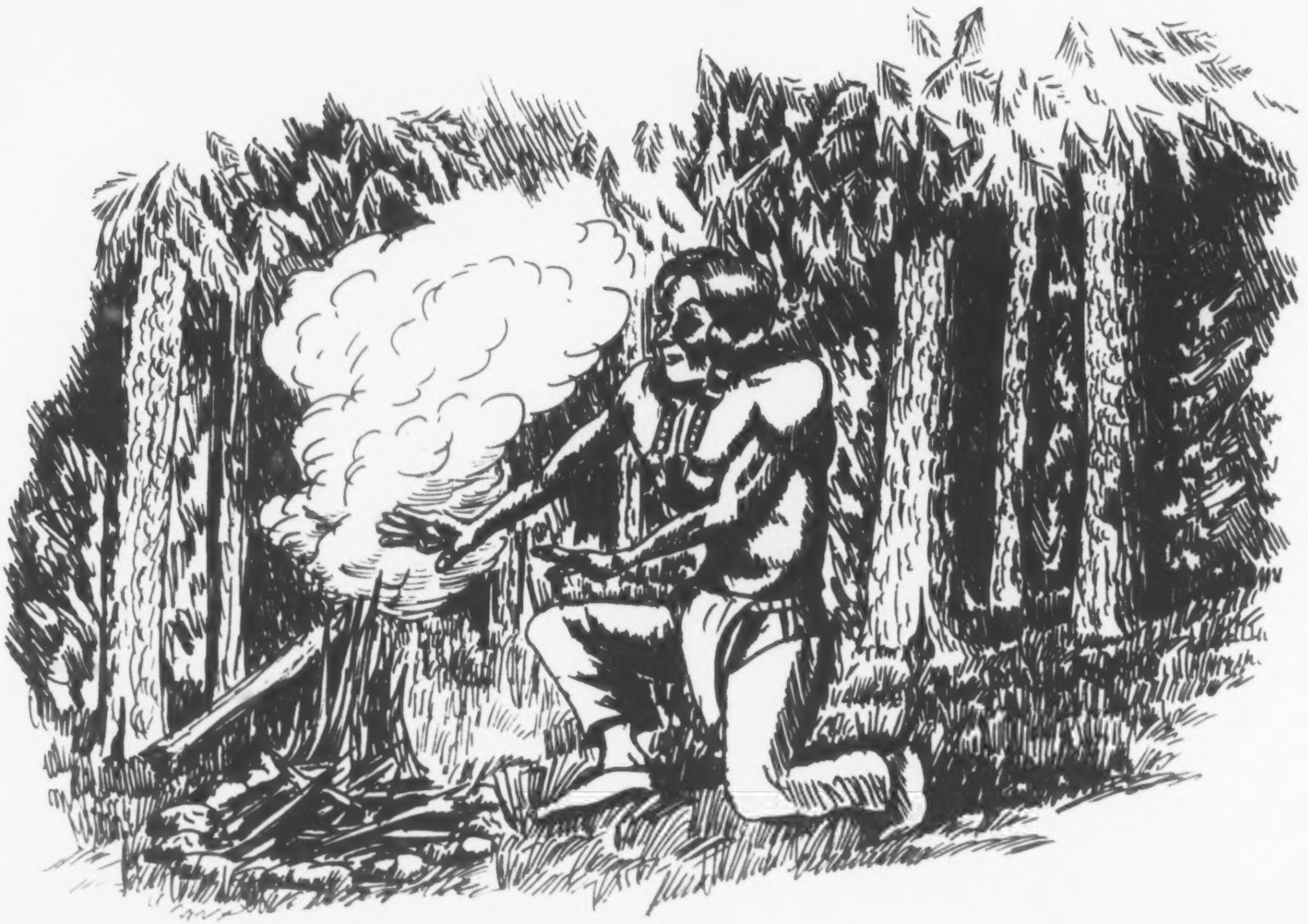


CHASING DEER IN THE FOREST

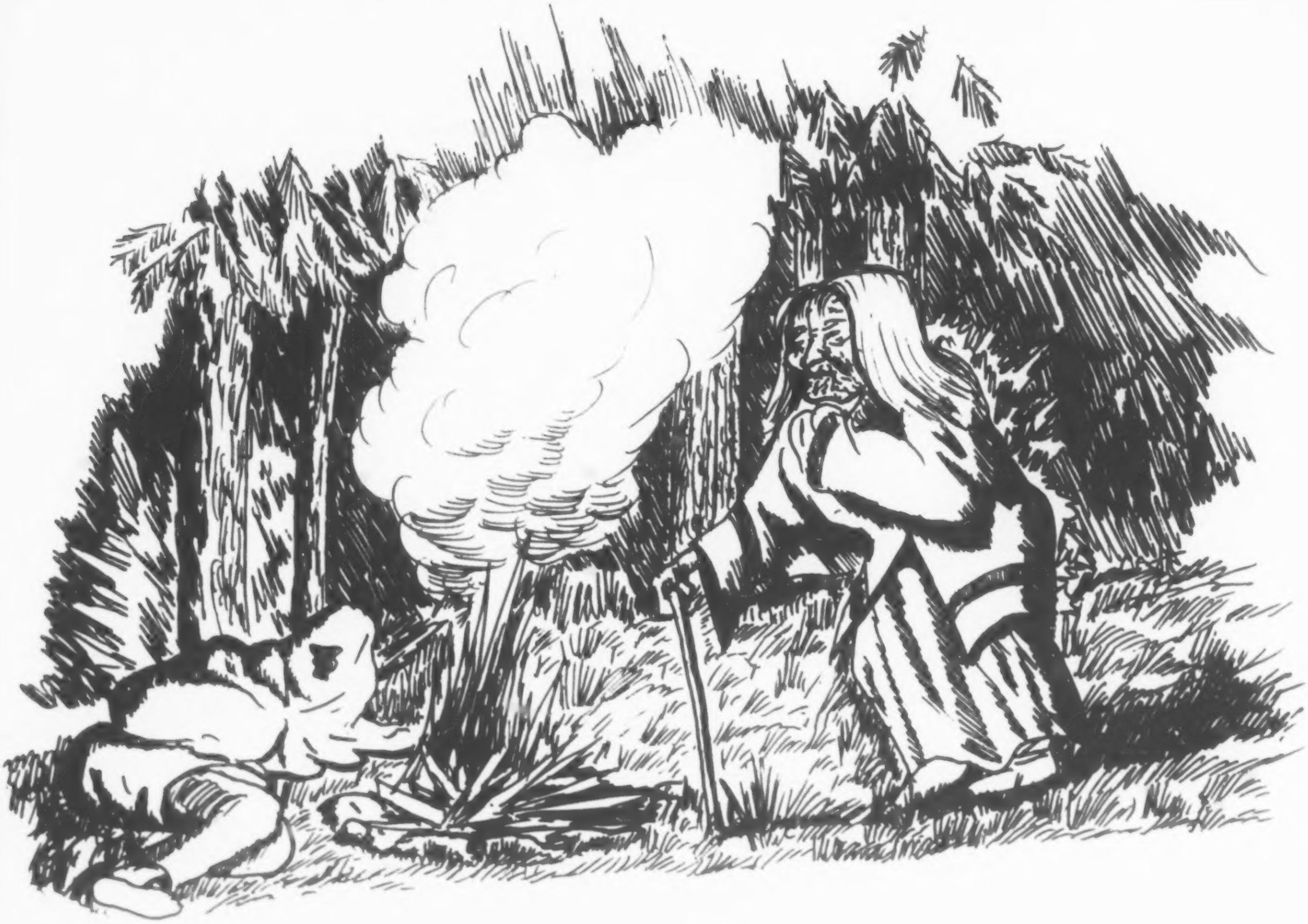
THE INDIAN CAMP WAS NEAR THE FOREST. A DEER WOULD COME OUT AND STAND AND THE YOUNG MEN WOULD CHASE HIM INTO THE FOREST.



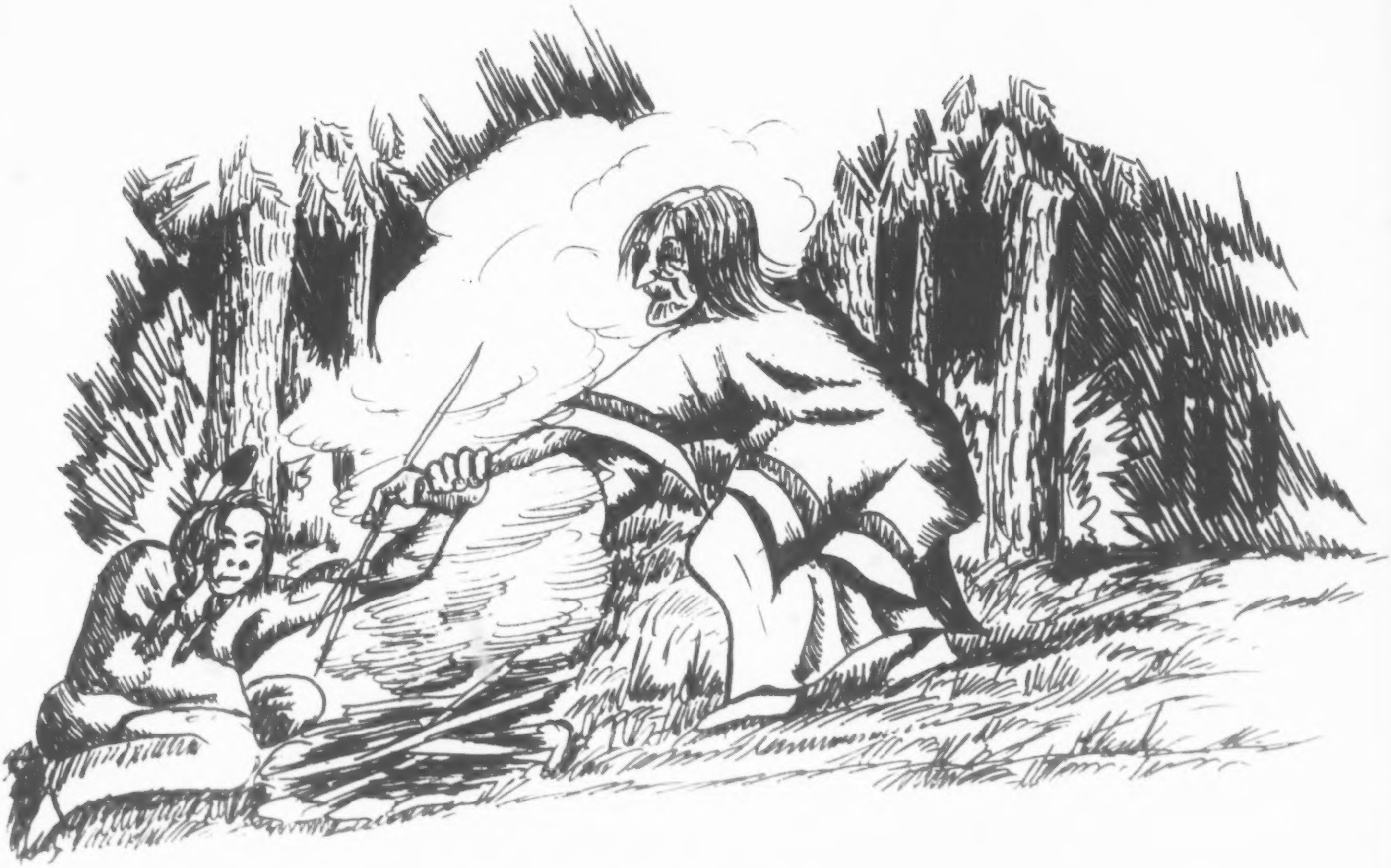
IT WOULD GET DARK AND THE BRAVES WOULD NOT RETURN.
THE CHIEF'S SON SAID, "I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER MEN."
THEY NEVER RETURNED.



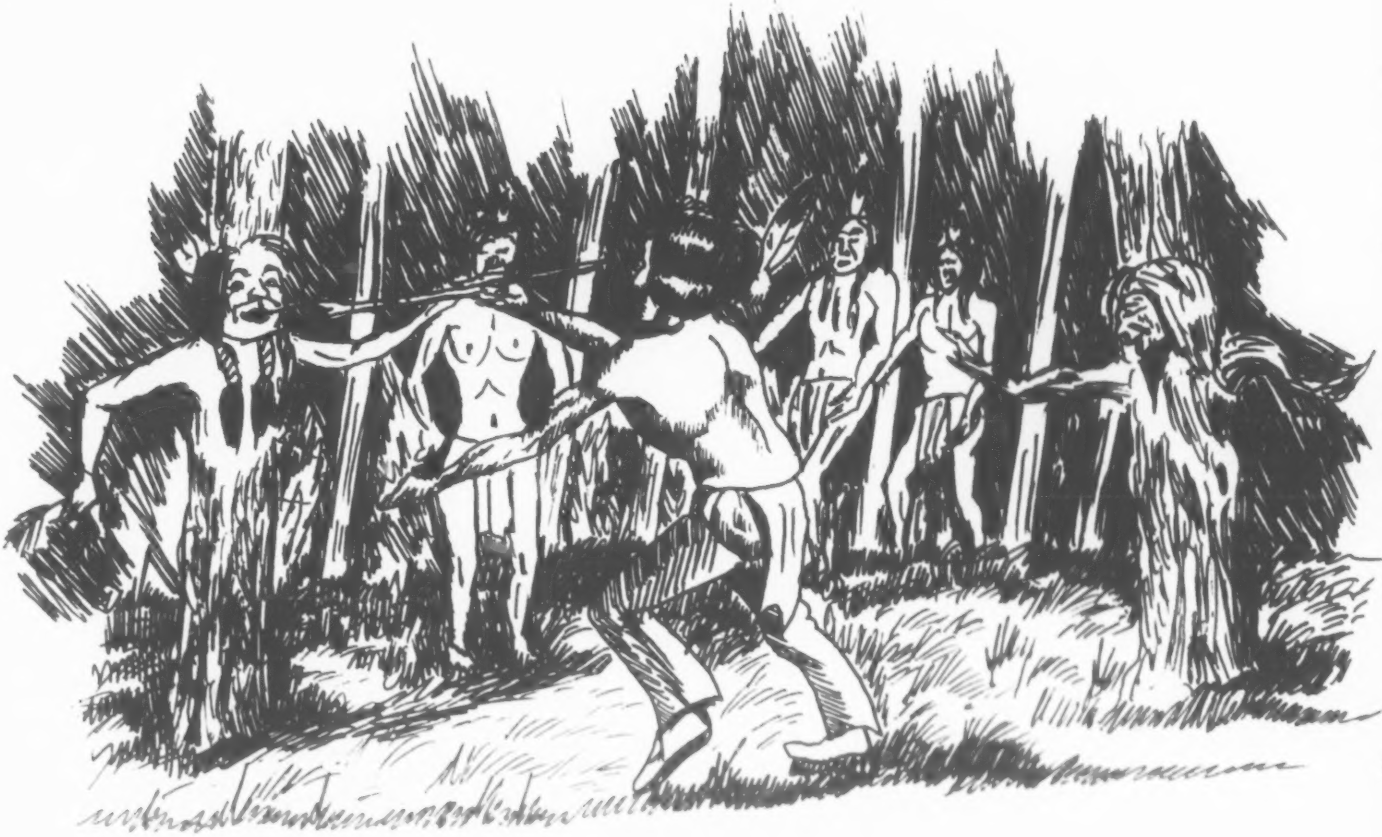
I THINK I WILL GO SEE. SO, HE WENT INTO THE FOREST. IT GOT DARK, SO HE BUILT A FIRE.



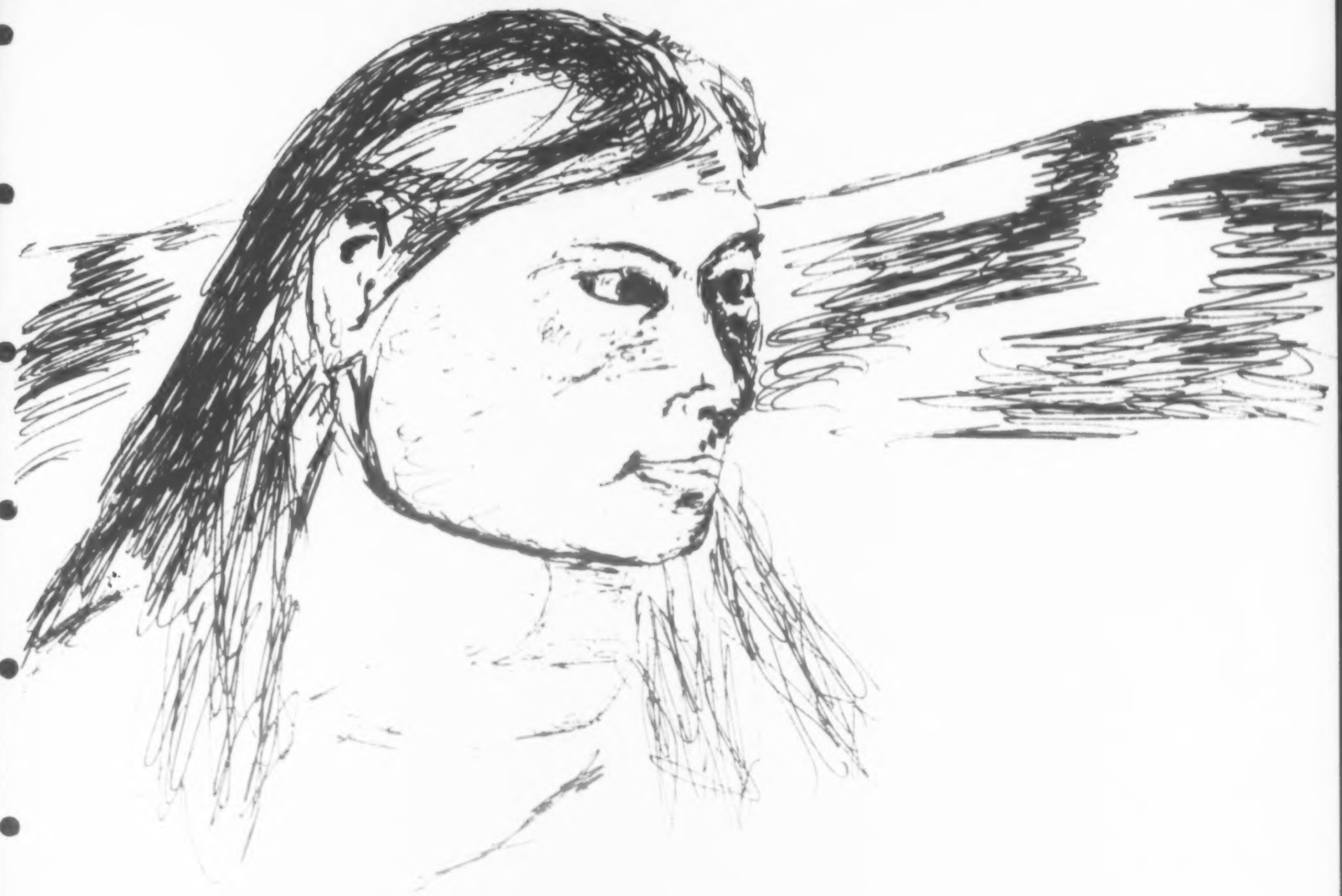
AN OLD LADY CAME AND STOOD BY THE FIRE. SHE SAID, "GRANDSON I'M REALLY COLD." HE SAID, SIT DOWN AND WARM YOURSELF . I'M GOING TO SLEEP, HE LAID DOWN. HIS ROBE HAD A HOLE, SO HE COULD WATCH HER, HE PRETENDED TO SLEEP. SHE SAID, MY GRANDSON THE SPARKS ARE FALLING ON YOUR ROBE. YOU WILL BE BURNT. HE DID NOT MOVE.



SO SHE OPENED HER MEDICINE SACK. OH! WRONG ONE. SHE OPENED ANOTHER. SHE PICKED UP A TWIG AND TOUCHED THE MEDICINE, AND WENT OVER TO TOUCH THE BOY. HE WAS WATCHING, SO HE GRABBED HER ARM. MY GRANDSON LET ME GO. THE OTHER MEDICINE IS TO LIVE AGAIN. SO HE TOUCHED HER WITH HER MEDICINE.

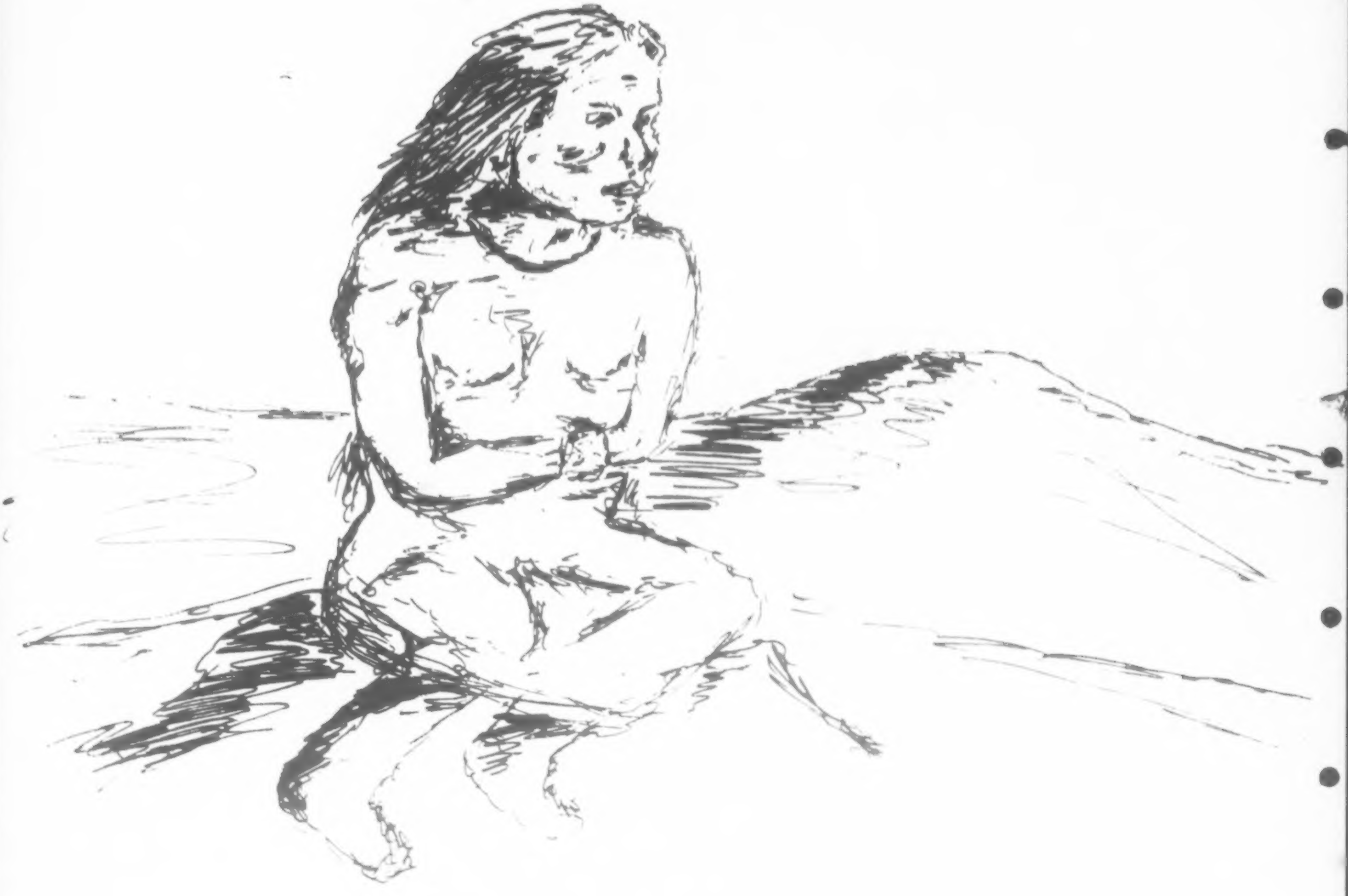


SHE TURNED INTO AN OLD TREE. HE TOOK THE OTHER MEDICINE AND TOUCHED MANY TREES. AS HE TOUCHED THE TREES THEY TURNED INTO ALL THE MEN OF THE CAMP.

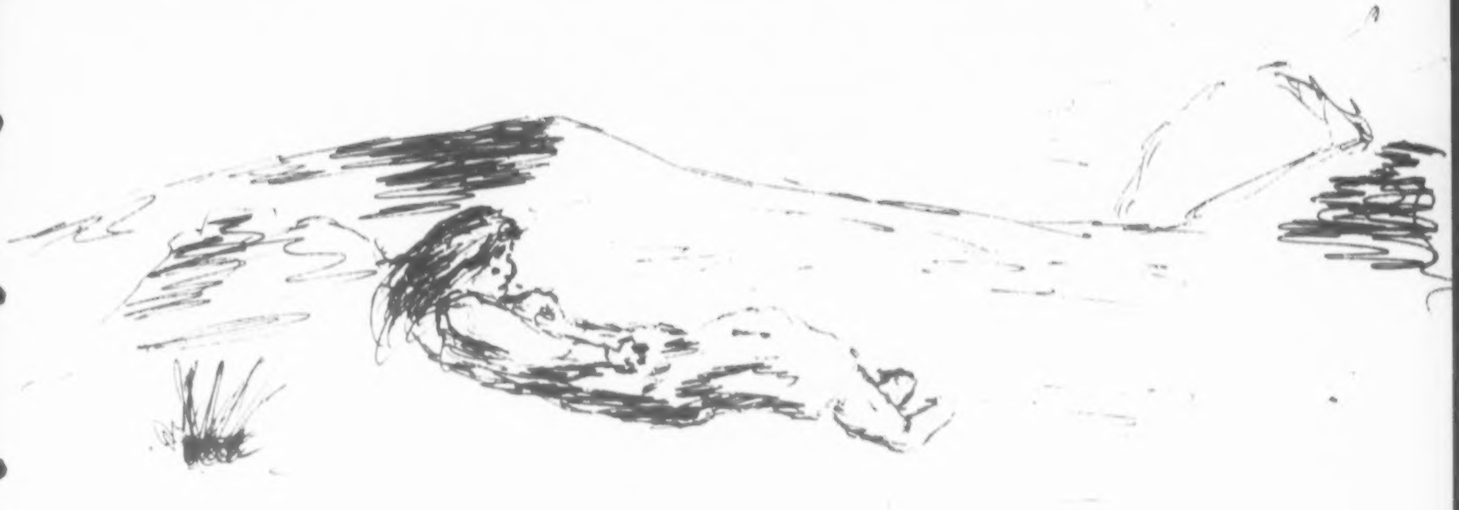


PRETTY FLOWER

ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL, WHO IN EARLY LIFE, HAD A DEEP LOVE FOR THE SUN. FOR HOURS EACH DAY SHE WOULD SIT AND WATCH THE SUN ON ITS JOURNEY ACROSS THE SKY.

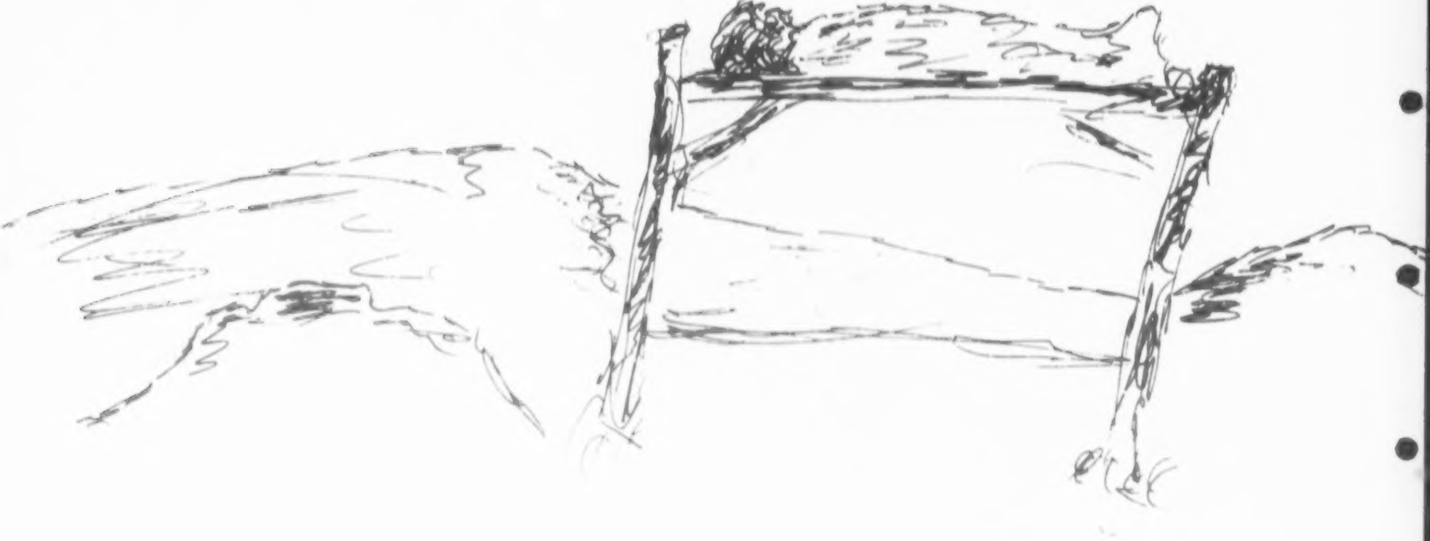


THROUGH HER CONSTANT LOOKING AT THE SUN SHE GRADUALLY BECAME BLIND. YET, GUIDED BY THE HEAT OF ITS RAYS ON HER FACE, SHE FOLLOWED THE SUN ON ITS DAILY COURSE.

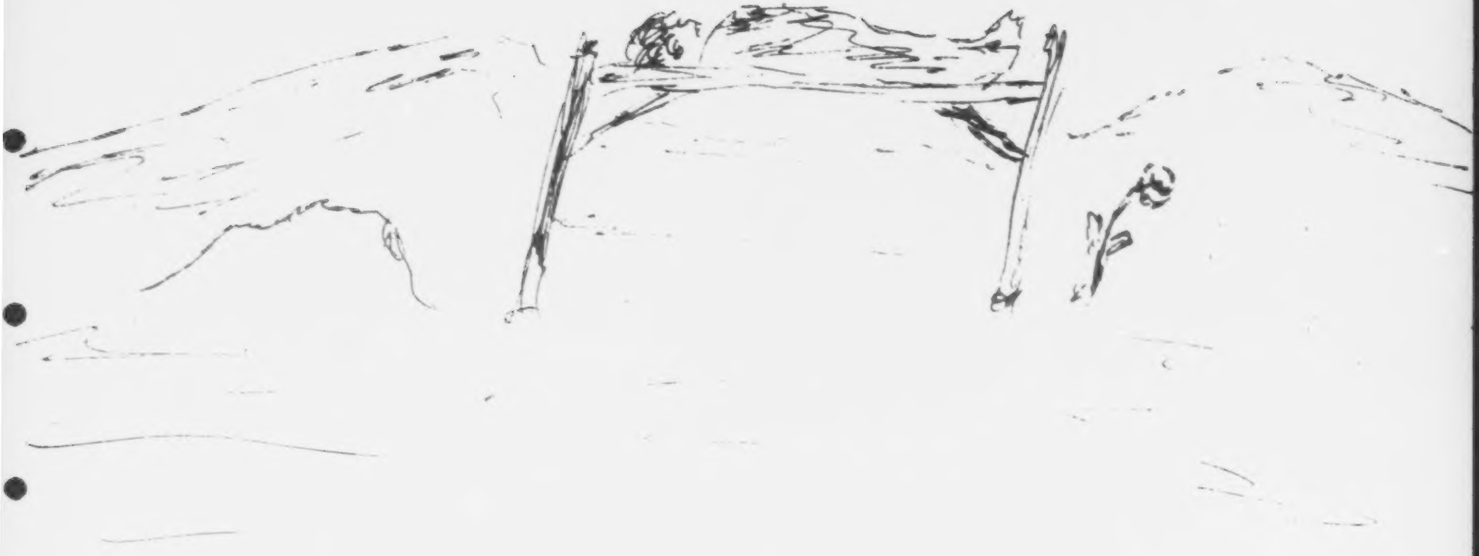


In the darkness, she lost interest in life. Daily she grew weaker and sad.

One night she did not return. The last spark of life had gone from her as the final rays of the sun disappeared.

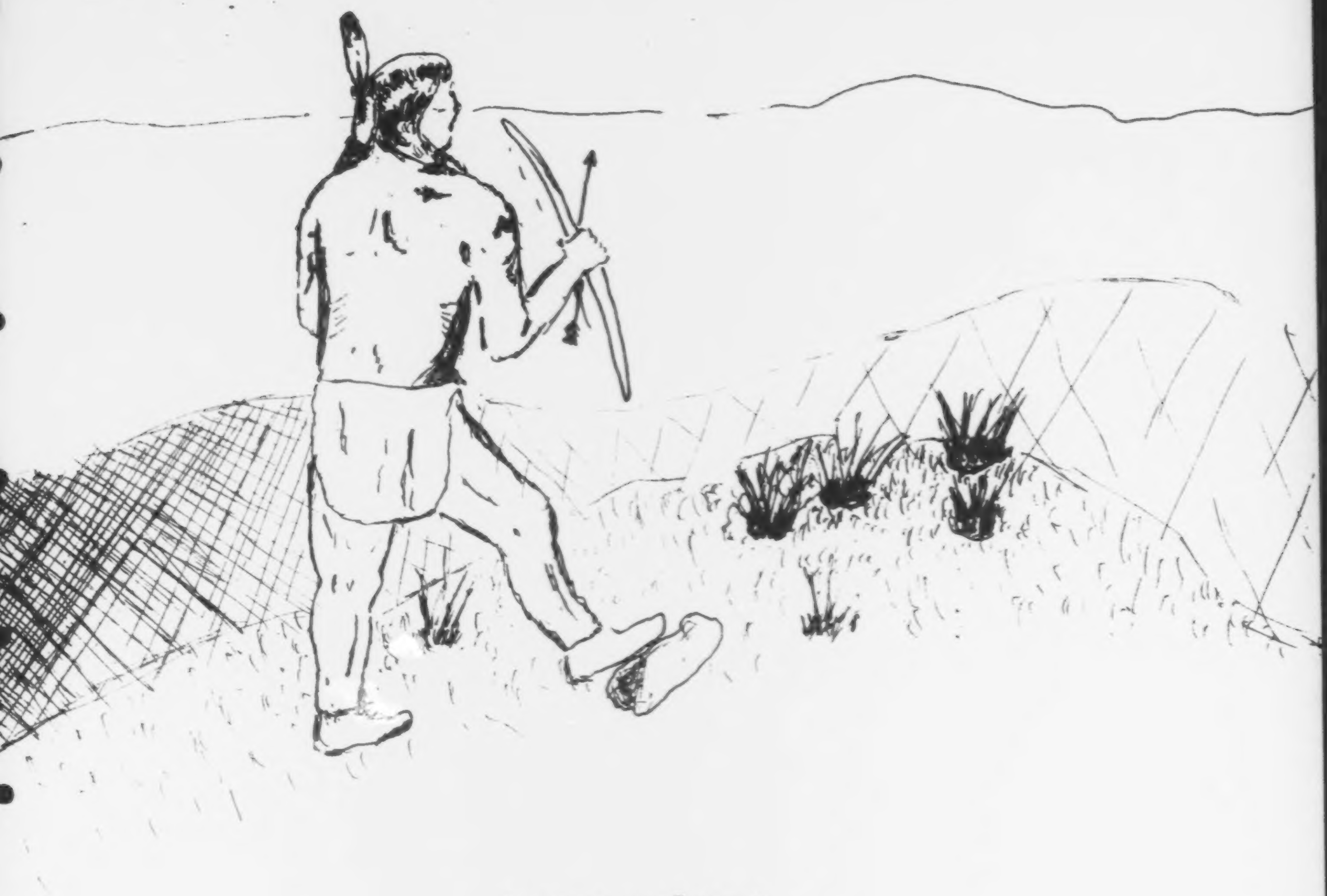


HER FAMILY FOUND HER, AND THEY BURIED HER ON THE VERY SPOT.



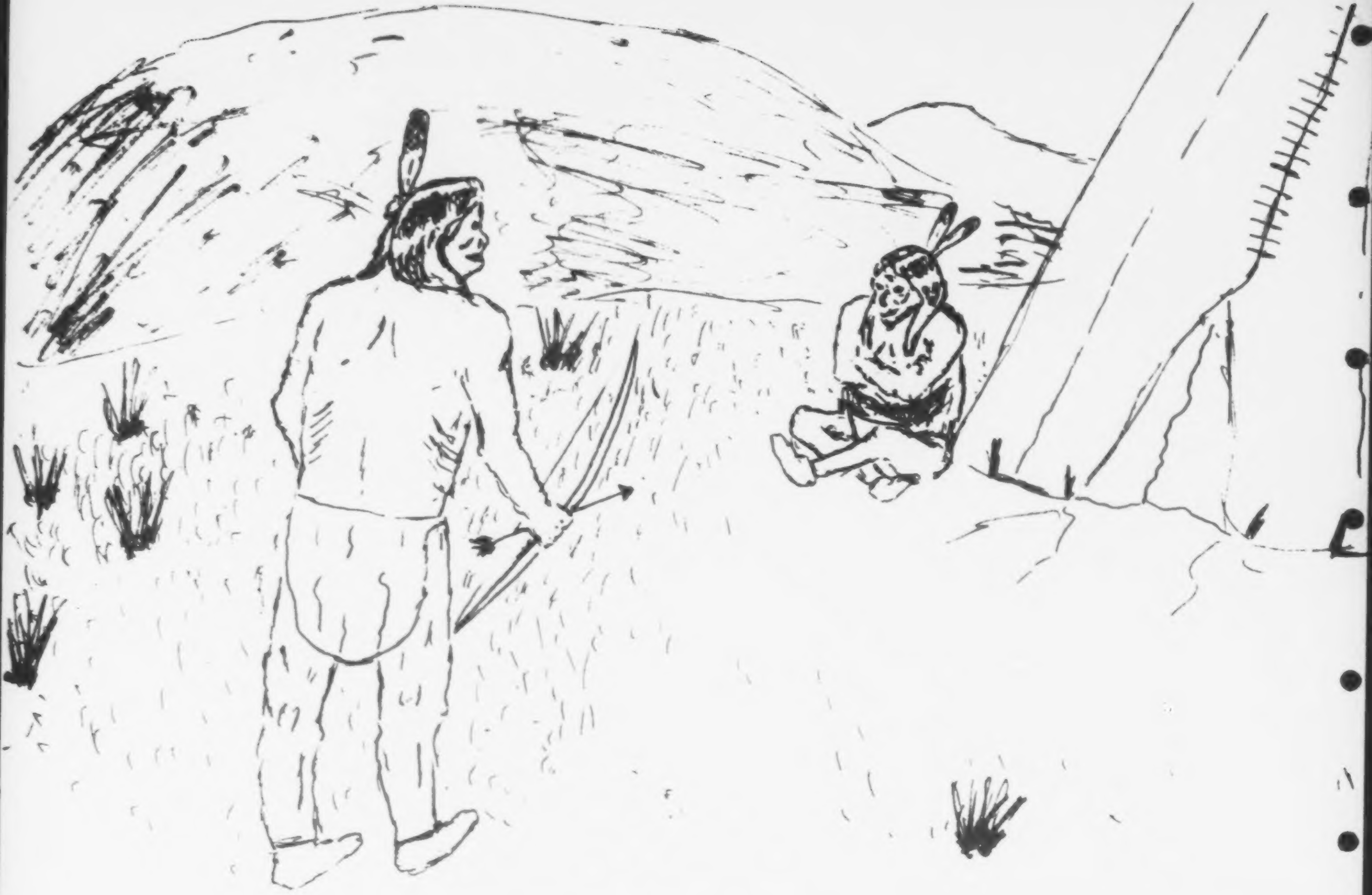
THE NEXT MORNING WHEN THEY RETURNED TO VISIT THE GRAVE, THEY SAW THAT A TALL GRACEFUL FLOWER HAD SPRUNG FROM THE GRAVE AND WAS GENTLY NODDING IN THE BREEZE. AS THEY WATCHED, IT FOLLOWED THE SUN ACROSS THE SKY.

THE FLOWER HAS COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE SUNFLOWER.

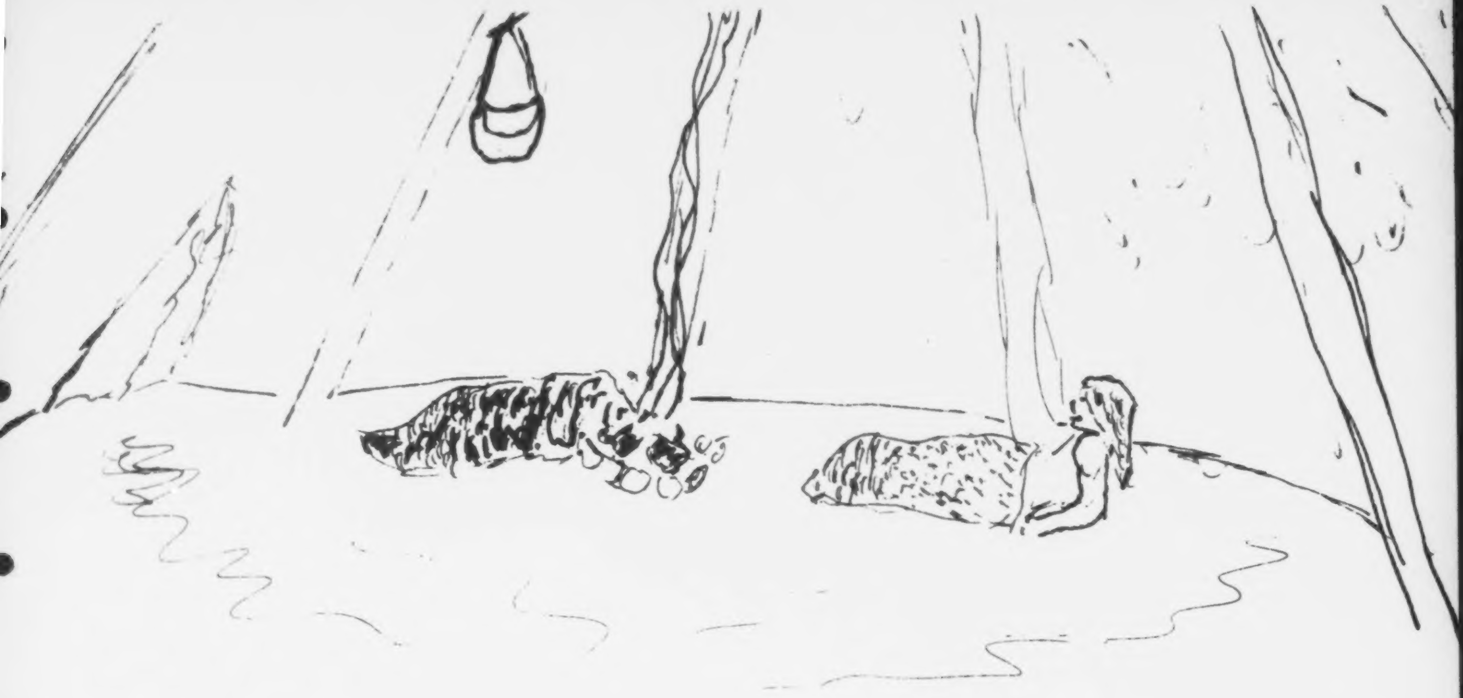


INKTOMNI AND BUFFALO

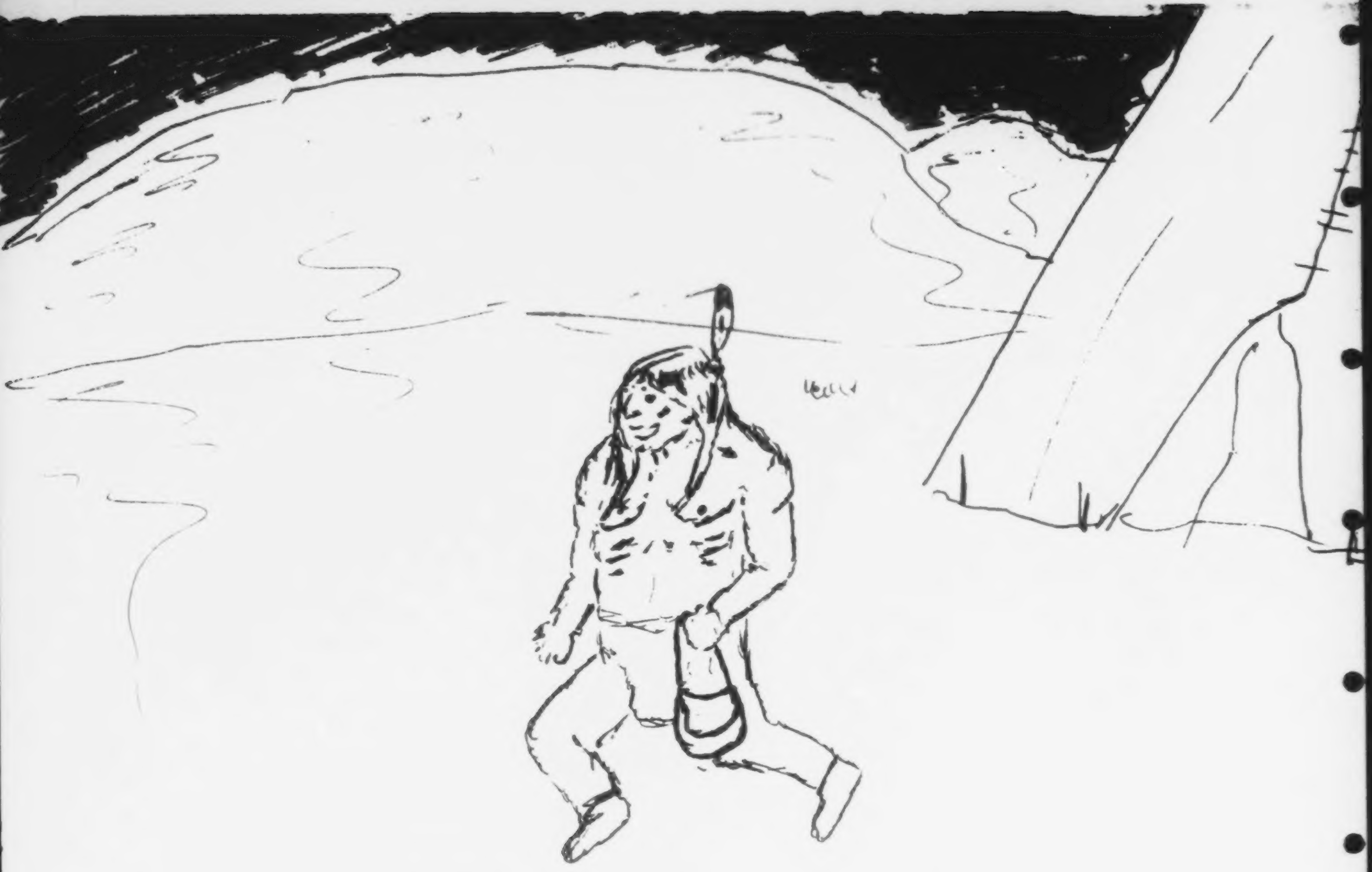
ONCE LONG AGO INKTOMNI WENT TO VISIT AN OLD MAN OUT ON THE PLAINS. THE OLD MAN ALWAYS HAD AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF BUFFALO MEAT TO EAT. HE WANTED TO LEARN HIS SECRET OF BEING A GOOD HUNTER. AS YOU KNOW INKTOMNI WAS ALWAYS WANTING TO BE POWERFUL, SO HE COULD IMPRESS THE LEADERS OF THE CAMP.



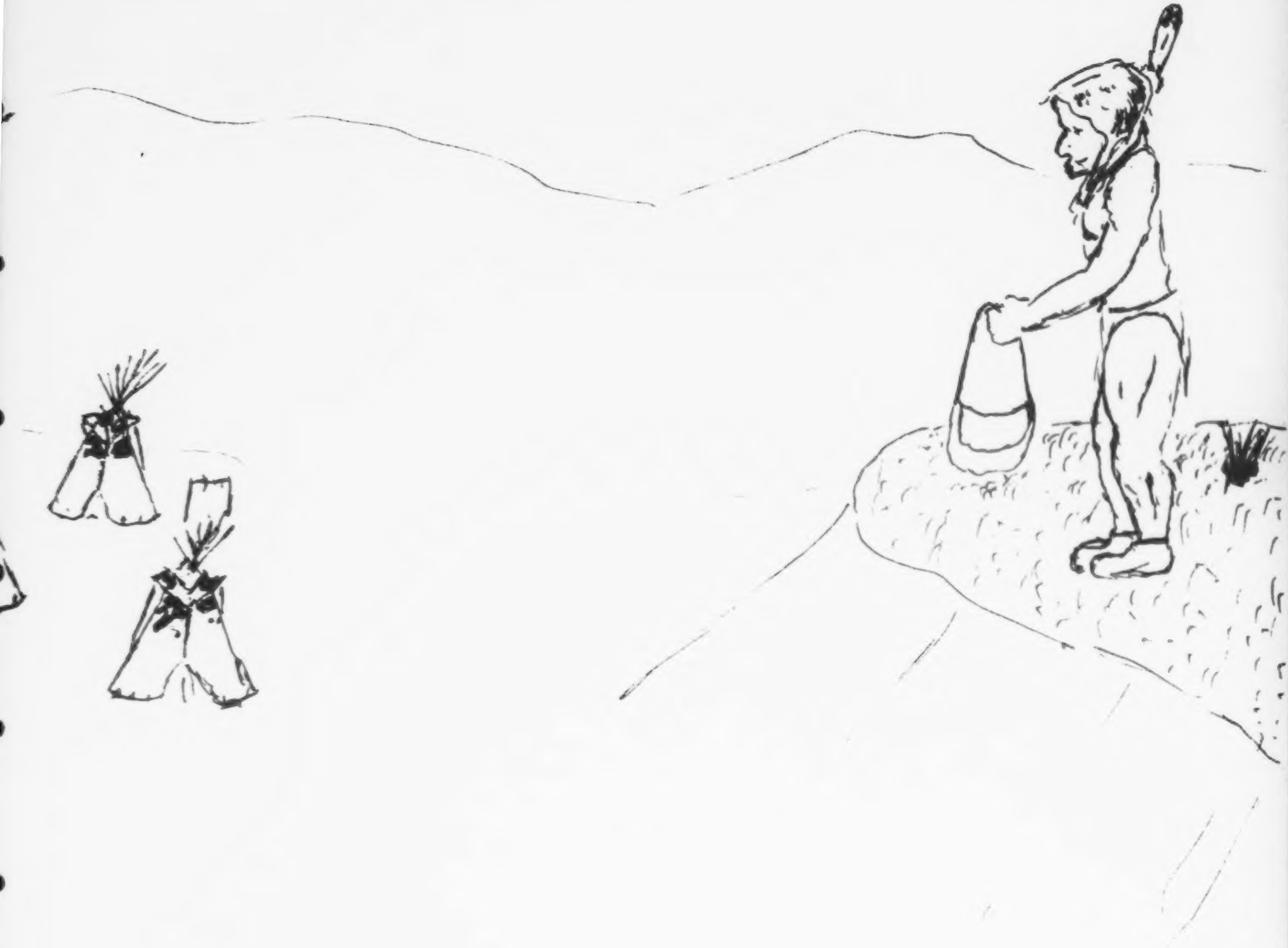
He arrived at the Old Mans lodge. The Old Man invited Inktomni in for a meal. Then they sat around the campfire smoking.



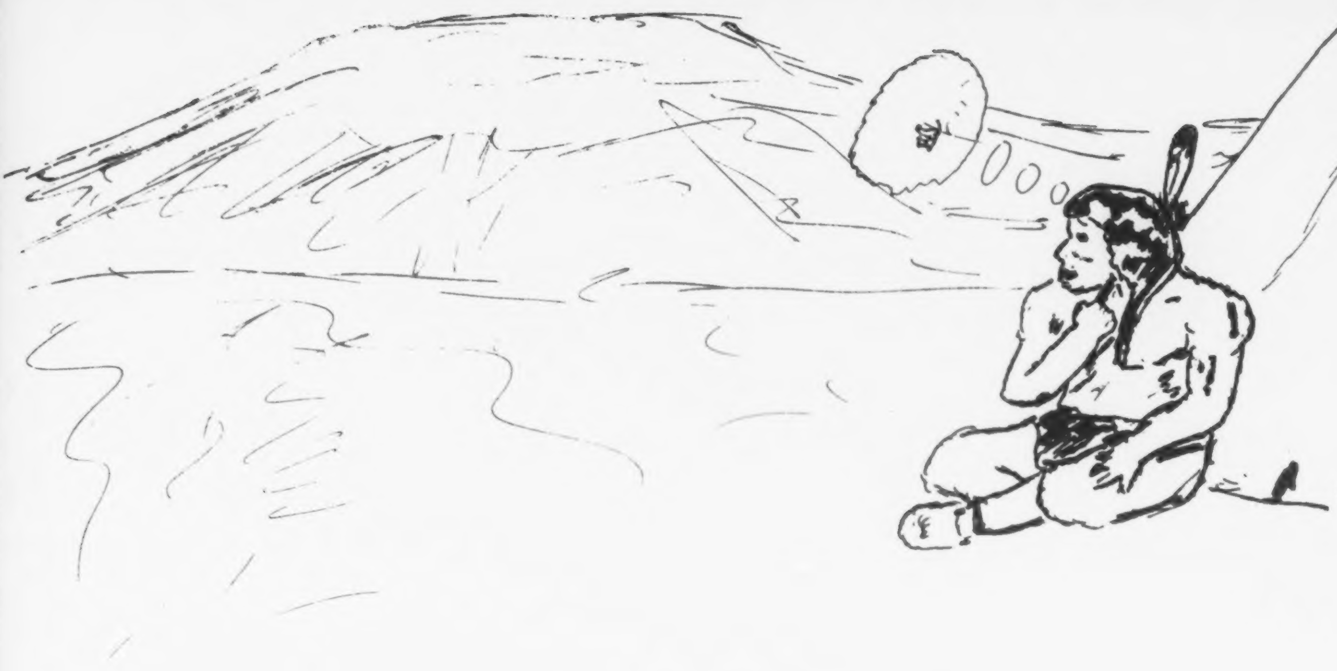
WHEN INKTOMNI WENT INSIDE TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT, HE NOTICED A LARGE MEDICINE BAG HANGINF FROM THE SIDE OF ONE OF THE TIPT POLES.



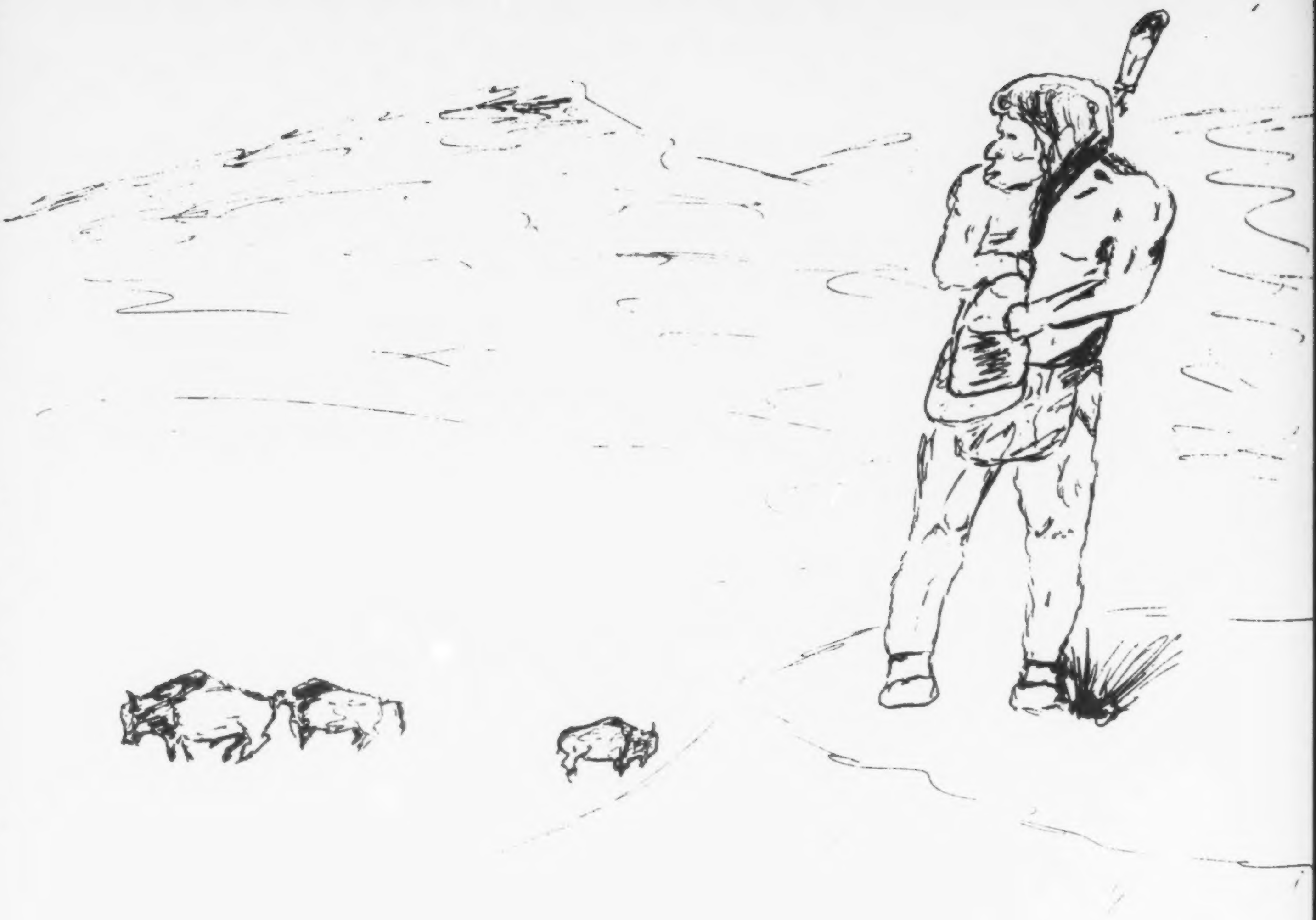
HE LAYED DOWN AND DECIDED TO PRETEND HE WAS ASLEEP UNTIL THE OLD MAN FINALLY FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP. THEN INKTOMNI DECIDED TO SNEAK OUT WITH THE MEDICINE BAG, SO HE COULD FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN IT.



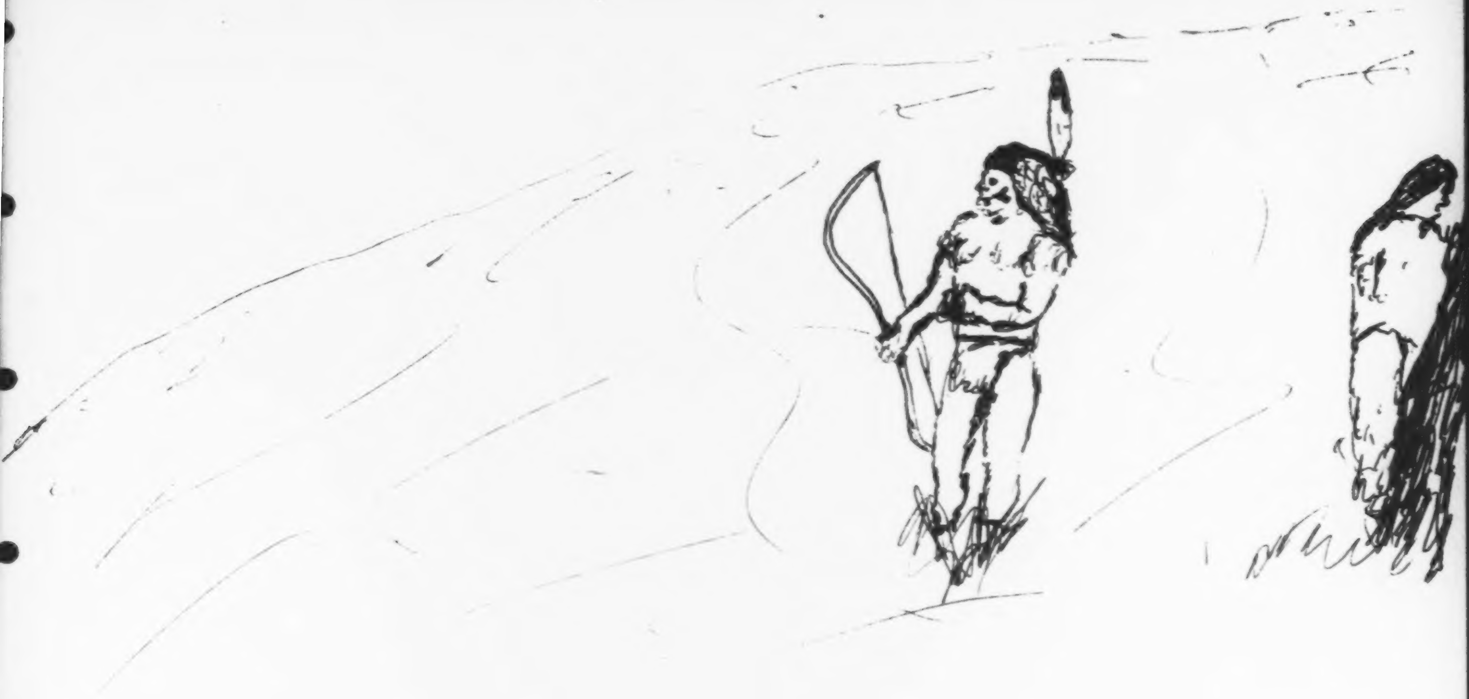
INKTOMNI TRAVELED ALL NIGHT, UNTIL HE REACHED HIS CAMP. HE DECIDED TO OPEN THE BAG AND WHEN HE DID, OUT JUMPED A BUFFALO CALF. SO HE HURRIED AND CLOSED THE BAG, SO NO MORE COULD JUMP OUT.



INKTOMNI THOUGHT "SO THIS IS HOW THE OLD MAN ALWAYS HAD PLENTY OF BUFFALO MEAT TO EAT." "NOW I WILL BE ABLE TO PROVIDE MEAT FOR THE WHOLE CAMP AND I WILL GET TO BE CHIEF."

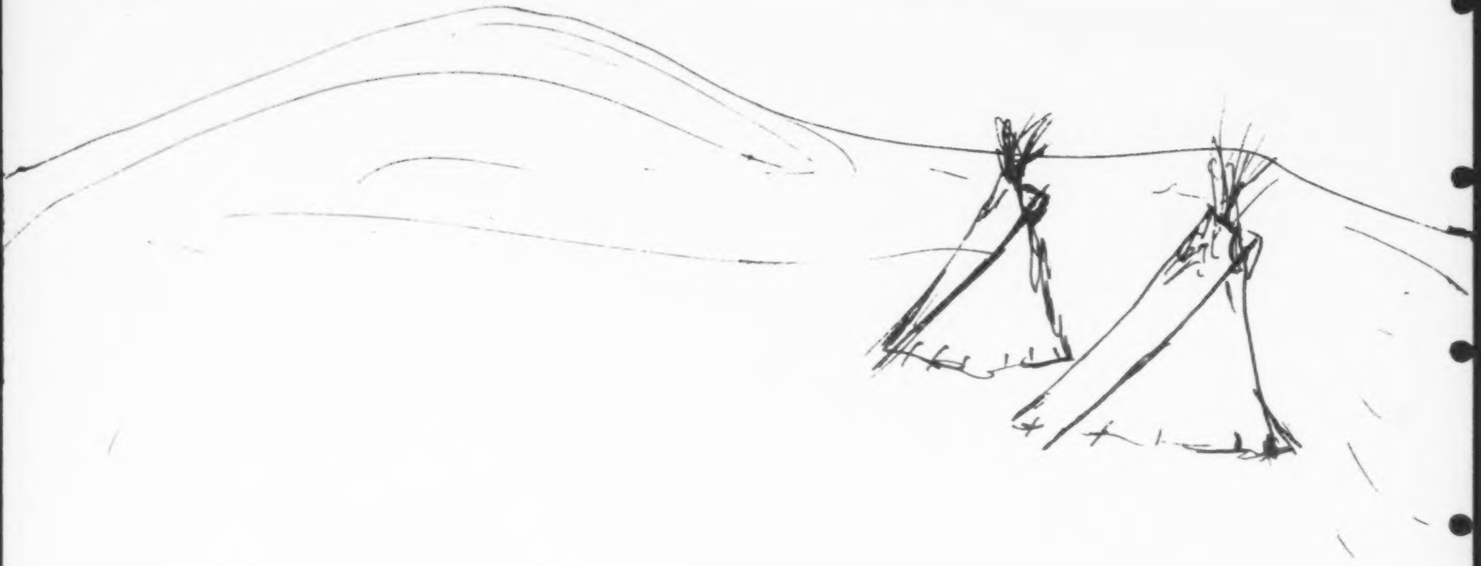


ON THE FOURTH DAY, INKTOMNI COULDN'T GET THE BAG SHUT IN TIME AND OUT CAME ALL THE BUFFALO, ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER. THEY SCATTERED ALL OVER. THEY WENT TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH. THIS IS HOW THERE CAME TO BE SO MANY BUFFALO ALL OVER.

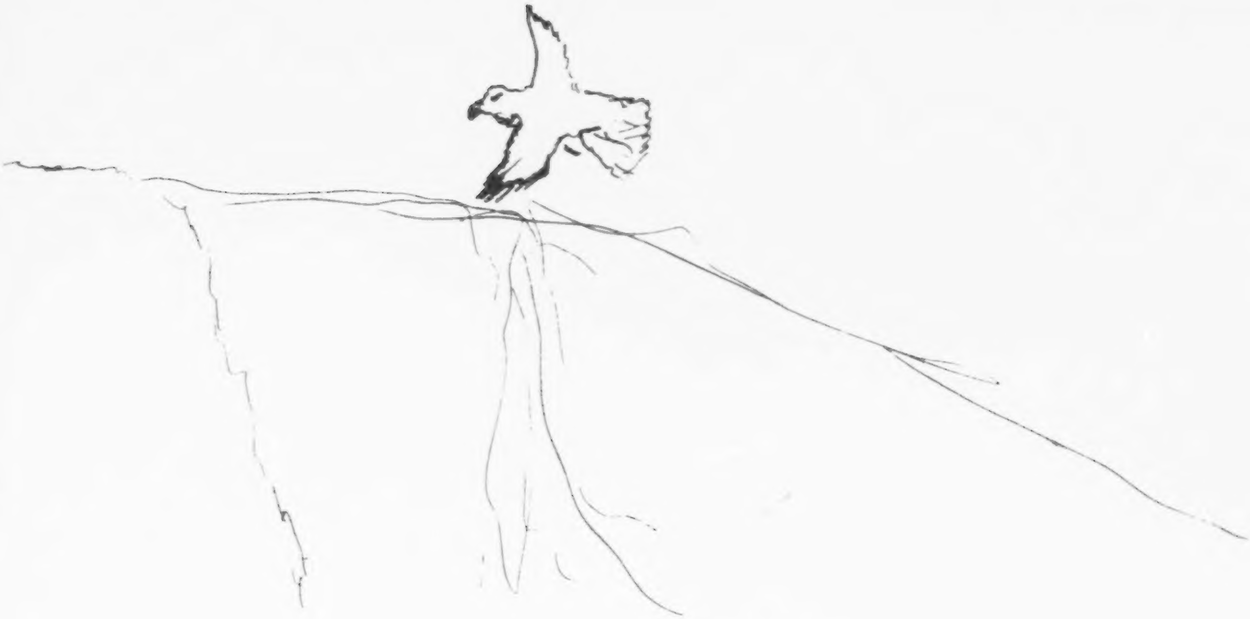


THE TEN VANISHING BRAVES

ONE DAY TEN ASSINIBOINE BRAVES WENT ON A WAR PARTY. THEY DID NOT RETURN.

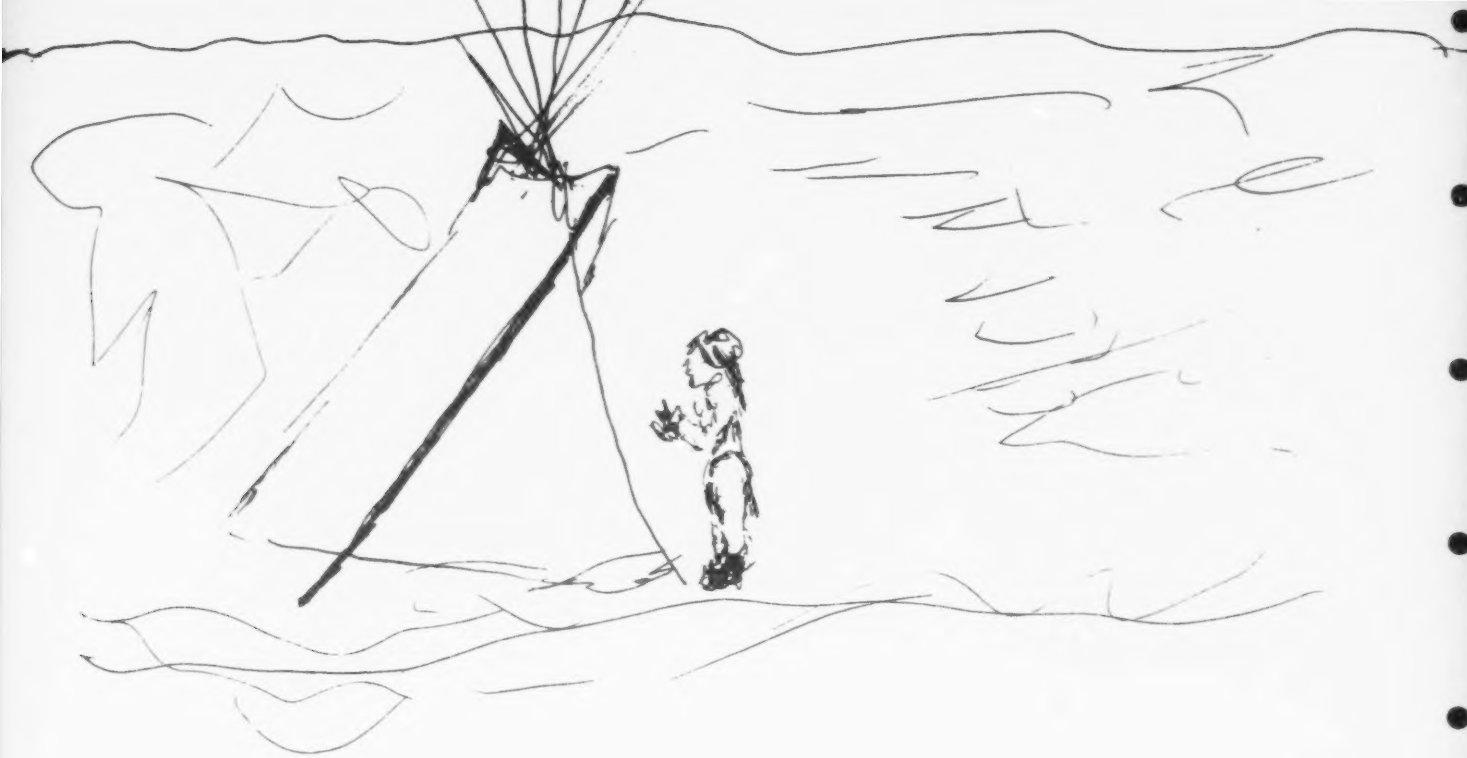


SO THEIR FATHER THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE FORMED A SEARCH PARTY. THEY JOURNEYED INTO A BIG VALLY. THEY CAMPED AMONG SOME BIG COTTON WOOD TREES.

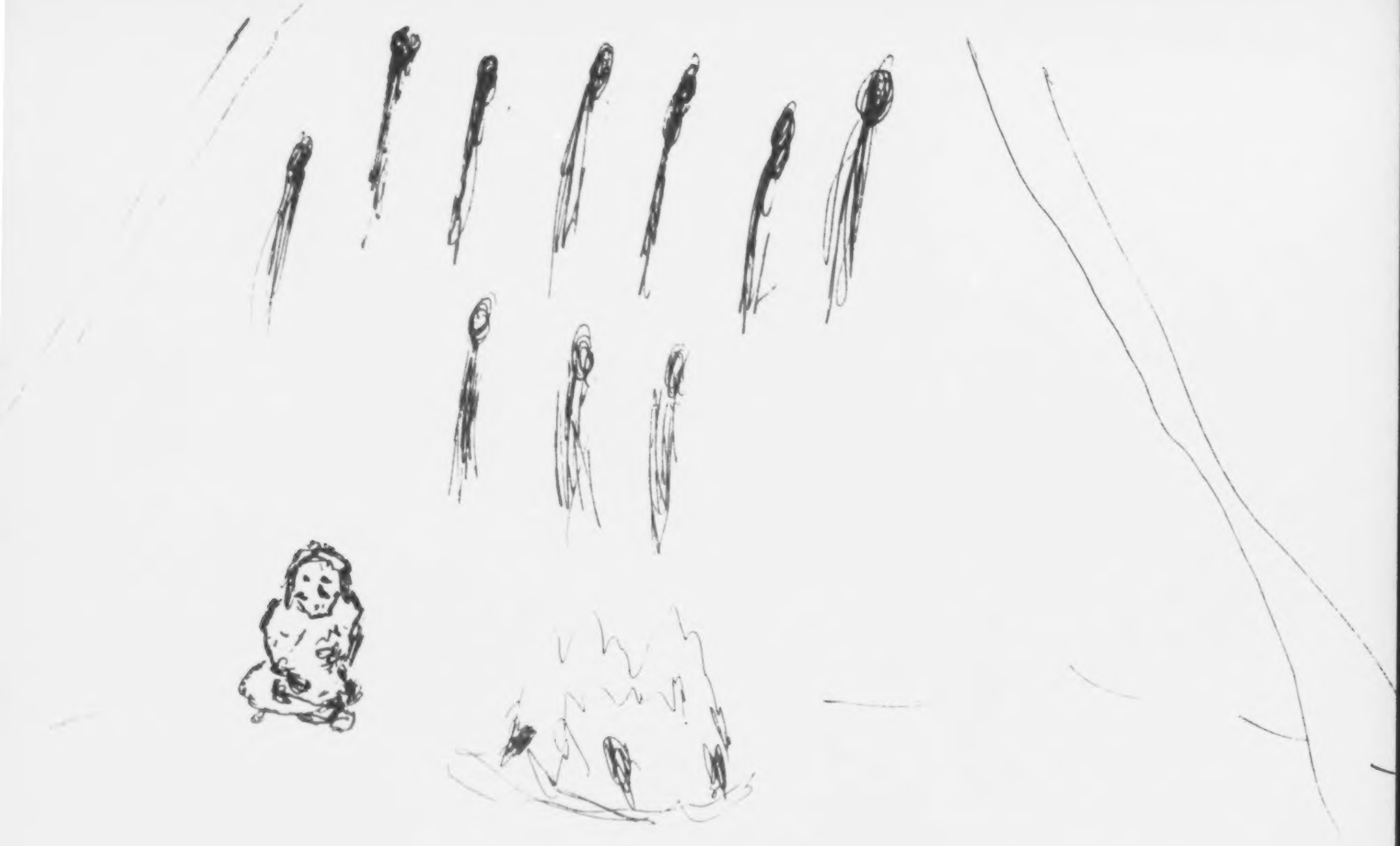


WHILE THEY WERE RESTING, THEY SAW A BEAR, WOLF, AND TWO EAGLES GOING INTO THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON.

THE NEXT MORNING THE SAME THING HAPPENED. THE ANIMALS WERE GOING INTO THE CANYON.

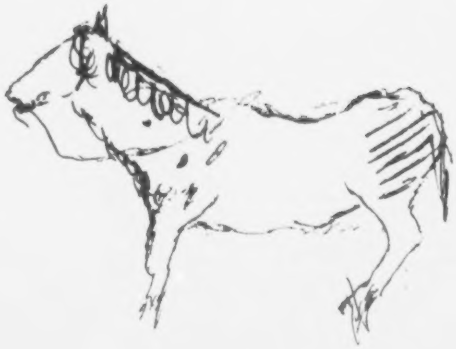


The search party something wrong. So they followed the animals into the canyon. They found a band of Indians living there. They were friendly Indians.



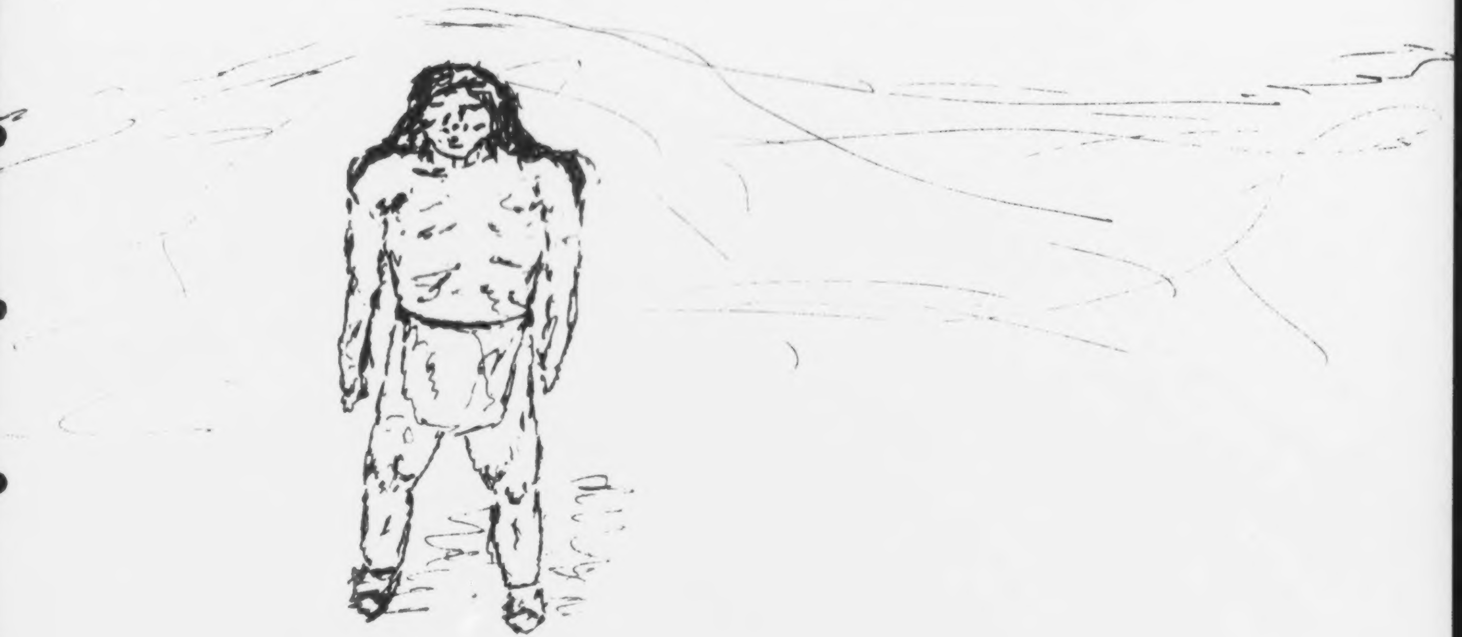
THEY FED THEM AND SHOWED THEM THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

THEN THE CHIEF RECOGNIZED HIS SONS SCALPS HANGING ABOVE THE LEADERS TIPI, HE SAID, NOTHING AND BID THEM GOOD-BYE.



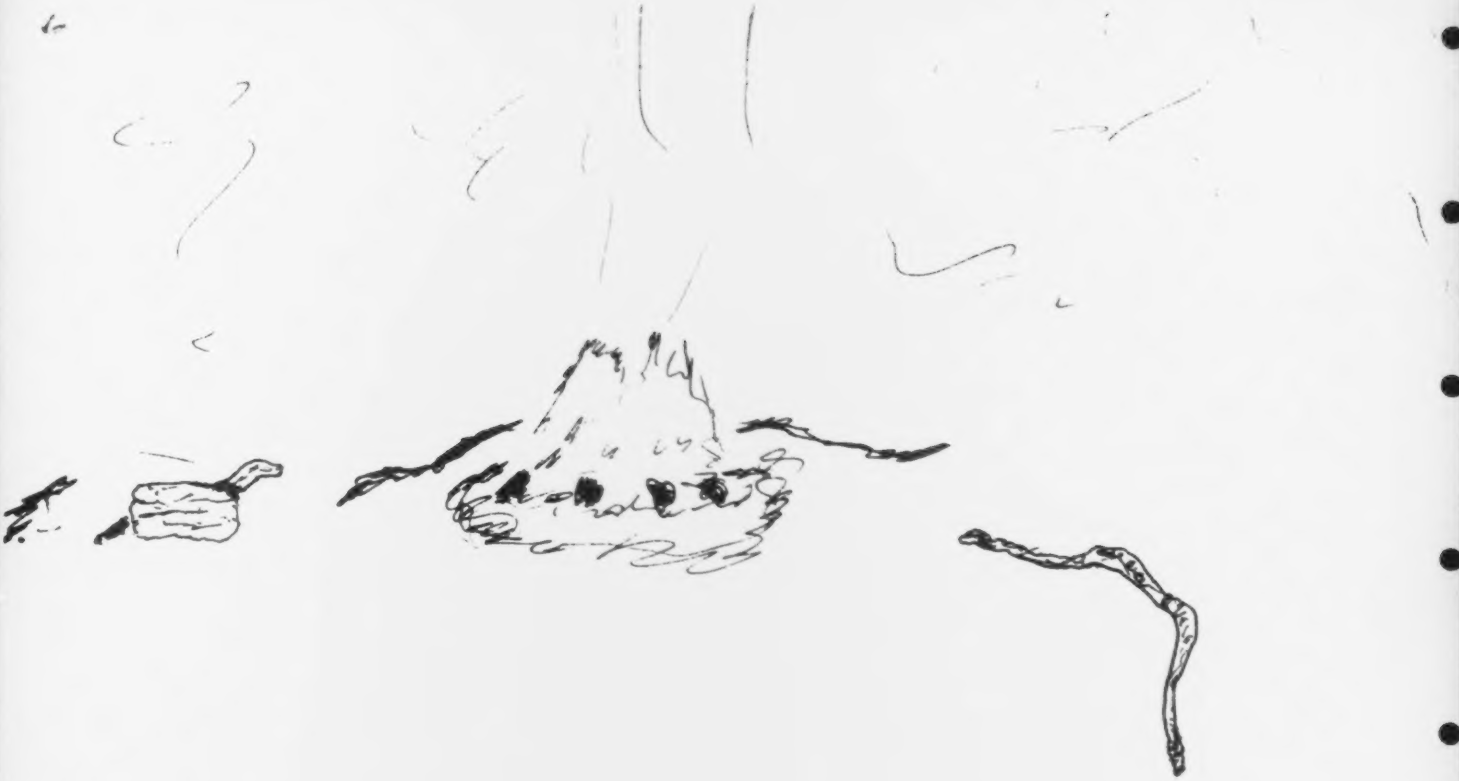
HE LATER RETURNED WITH A WAS PARTY AND KILLED THE BAND OF INDIANS.

NO ONE EVER DISCOVERED THESE PEOPLE BEFORE, BECAUSE WHEN THEY LEFT THE CANYON THEY DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS ANIMALS AND EAGLES. SO THESE PEOPLE COULD FLY AND DO MAGIC THINGS.

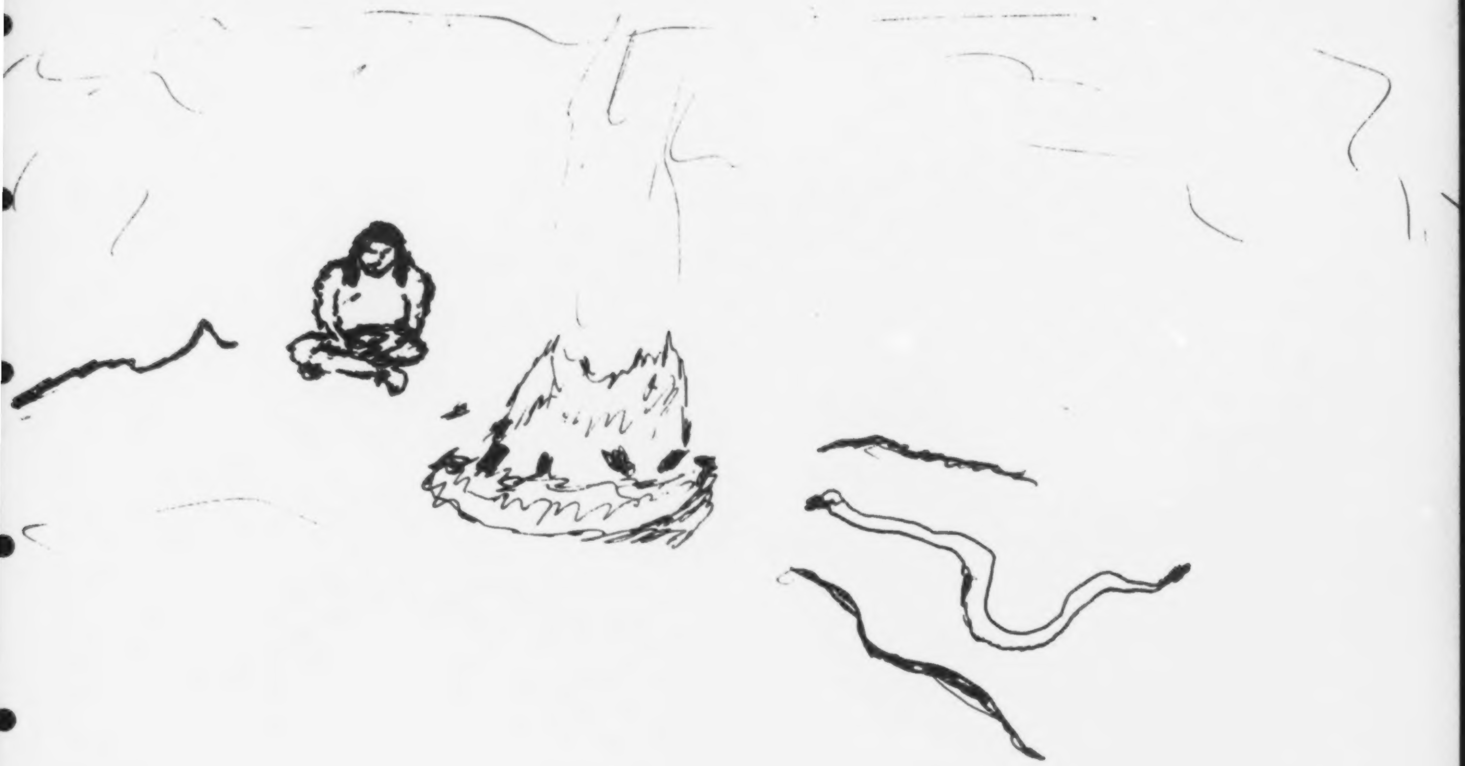


INKTOMNI GOES VISITING

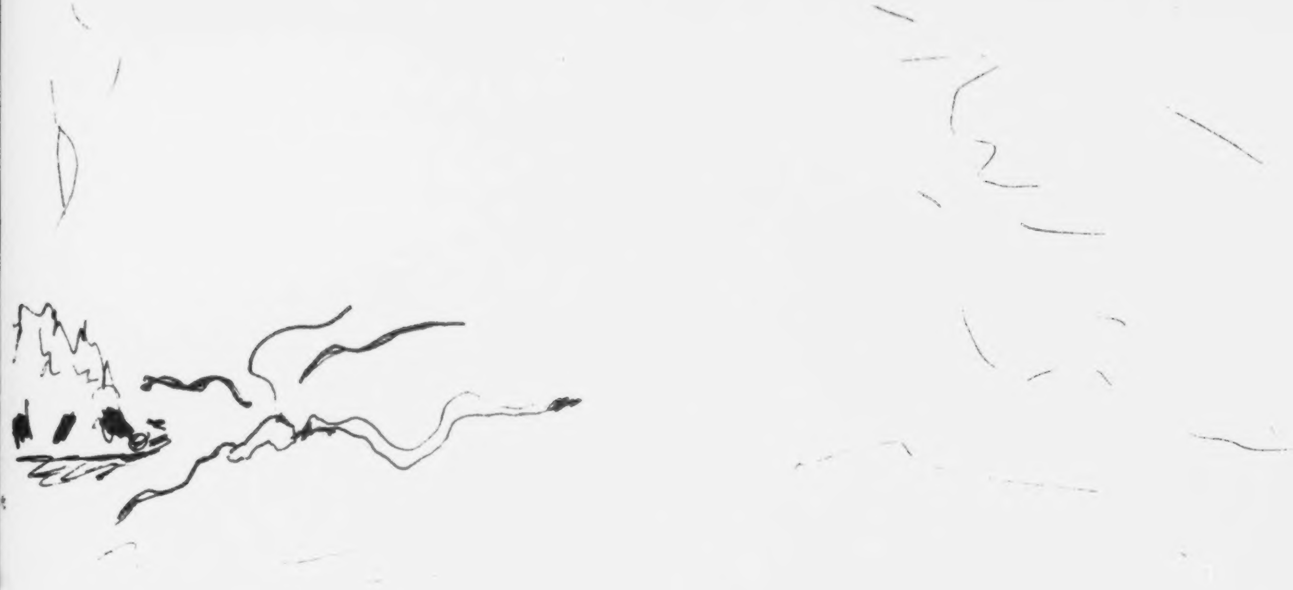
LONG AGO ALL THE INDIANS HAD A BROTHER NAMED INKTOMNI. HE WAS ALSO A BROTHER TO ALL THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS.



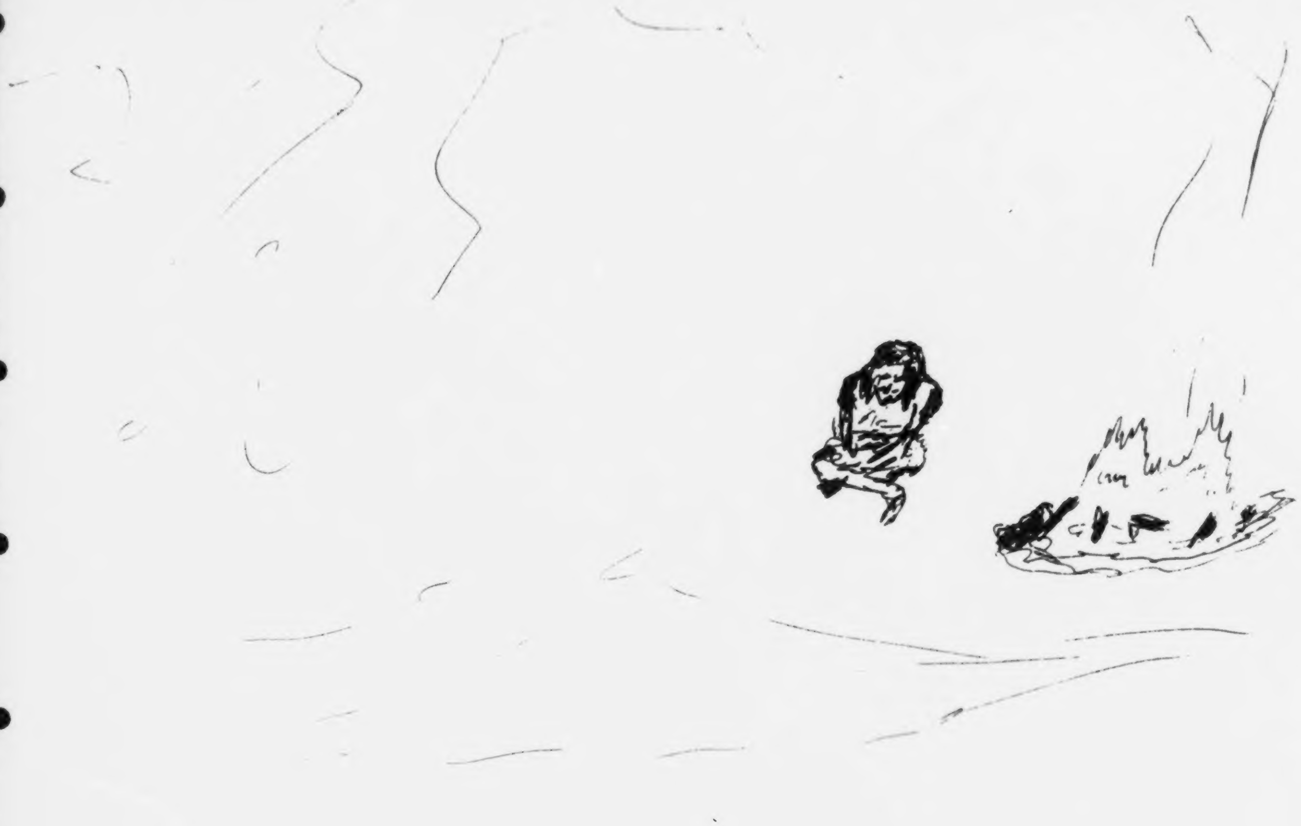
ONE EVENING INKTOMNI WENT TO VISIT HIS LITTLE BROTHERS, THE RATTLESNAKES. THE RATTLESNAKES WERE IN THEIR DEN ALL LAYING AROUND ENJOYING THE WARM EVENING FIRE.



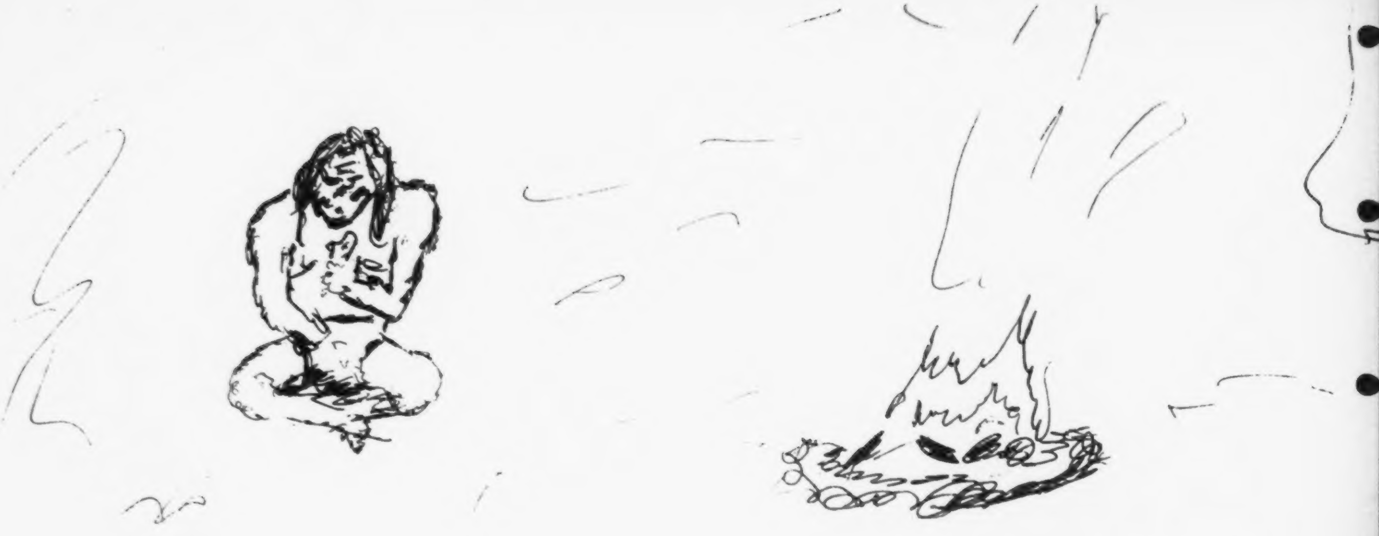
A MOTHER SNAKE TOOK A PIECE OF DRIED MEAT AND THREW IT N THE HOT COALS TO ROAST FOR INKTOMNI TO EAT. AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF ROASTING. MOTHER SNAKE TOOK THE BROWN PIECE OF DRY MEAT FROM THE FIRE.



She bit the dry meat to see if it was done. All the other snakes wanted to test the meat. They left their poison in the dried cooked meat. Of course, Inktomni saw what was happening but pretended not to notice what the snakes were trying to do to him.

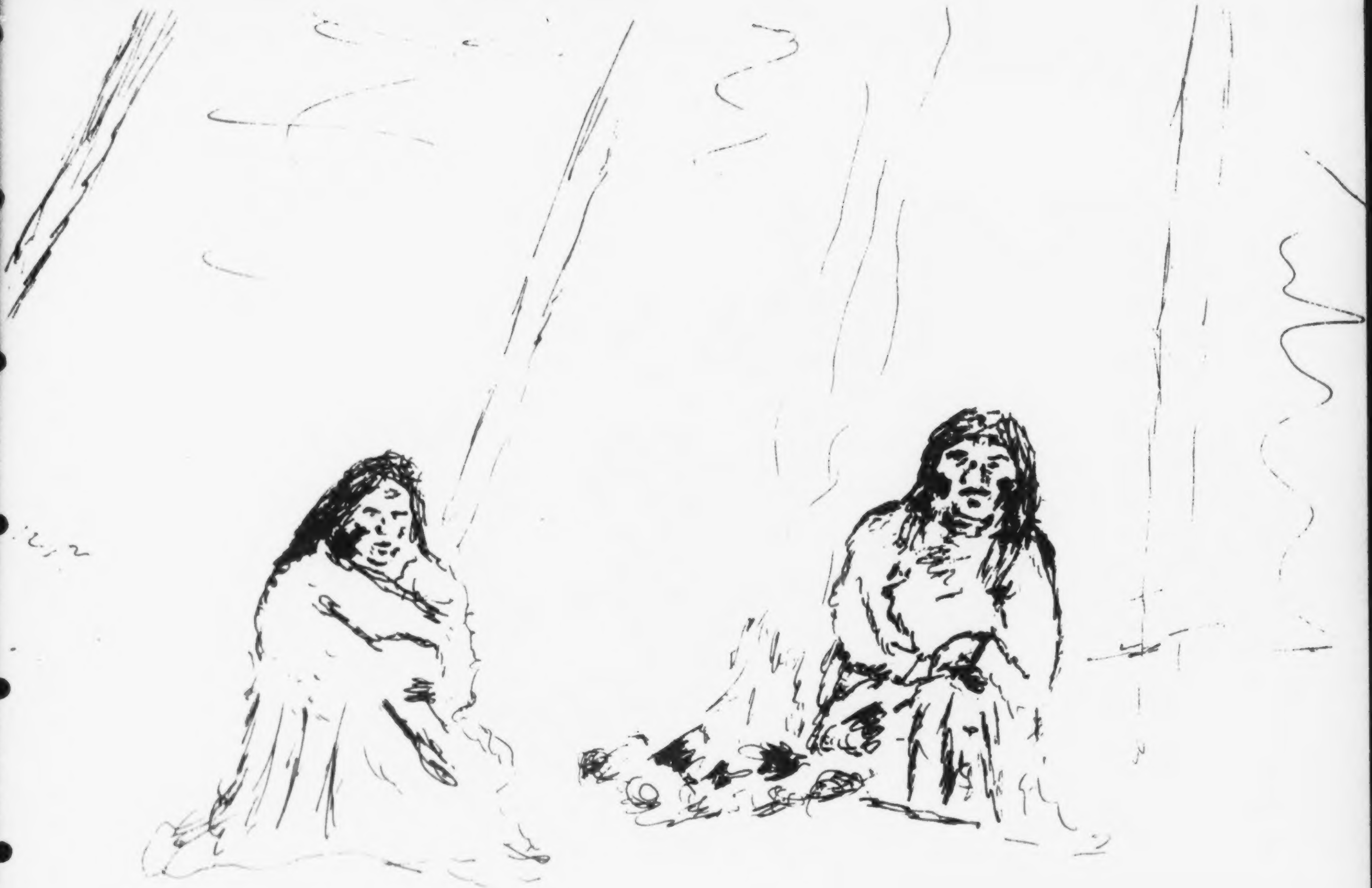


MOTHER SNAKE SERVED THE MEAT TO INKTOMNI. INDIANS NEVER REFUSE WHEN GIVEN SOMETHING AS A GUEST. NOT TO DISHONOR THEIR HOST. INKTOMNI BEING A WISE CHARACTER TOOK THE MEAT AND THREE IT BACK ON THE HOT COALS.. THE MEAT STARTED POPPING AND CRACKLING. INKTOMNI SAID, '"I LIKE MY MEAT COOKED REAL CRISP."



THE SNAKES WERE HOLDING THEIR JAWS, BECAUSE THEY ALL HAD A JAW ACHE, WHEN THE POISON FROM THEIR TEETH WERE COOKED IN THE FIRE.

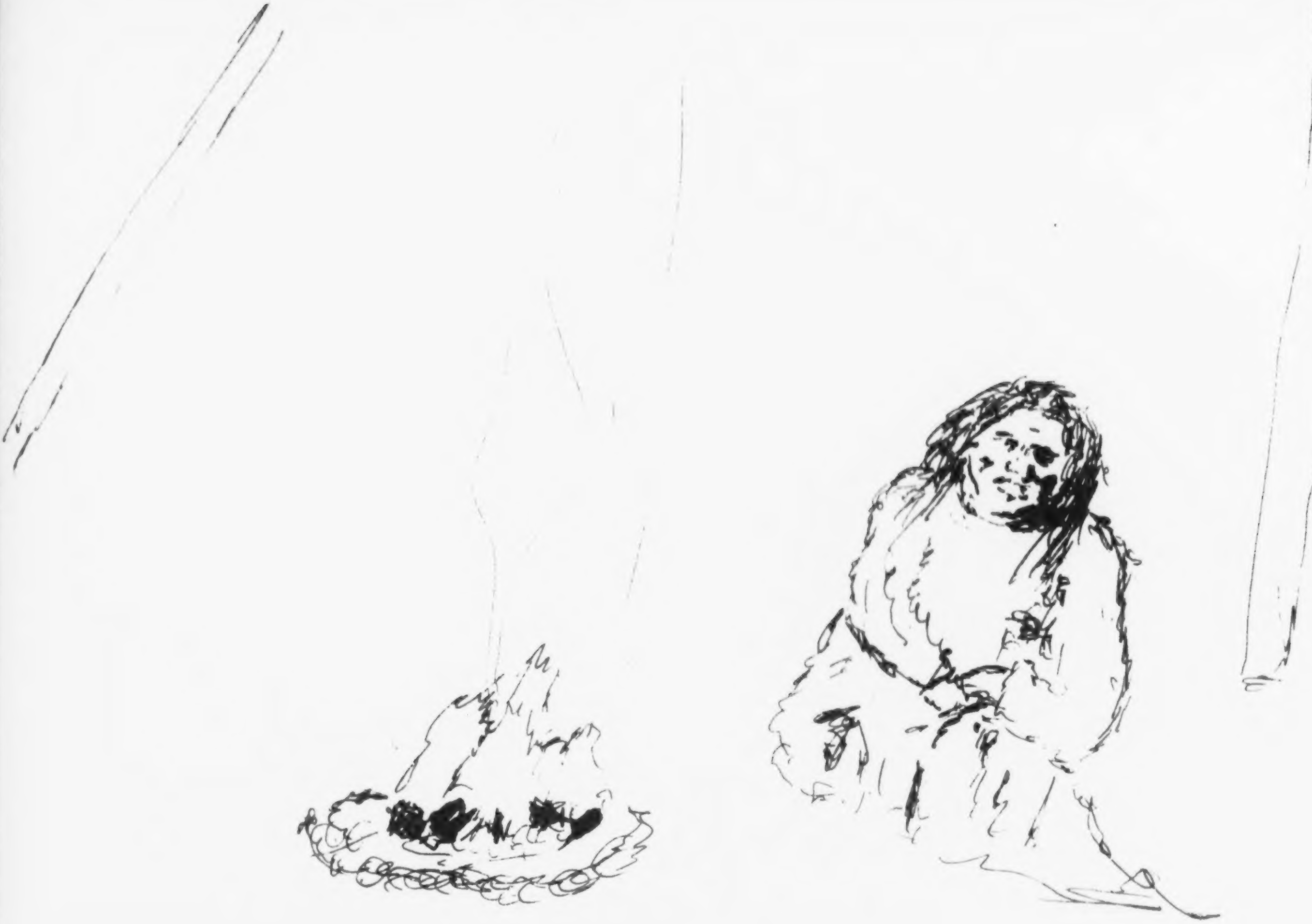
INKTOMNI ENJOYED HIS MEAT AFTER COOKING IT HIMSELF.



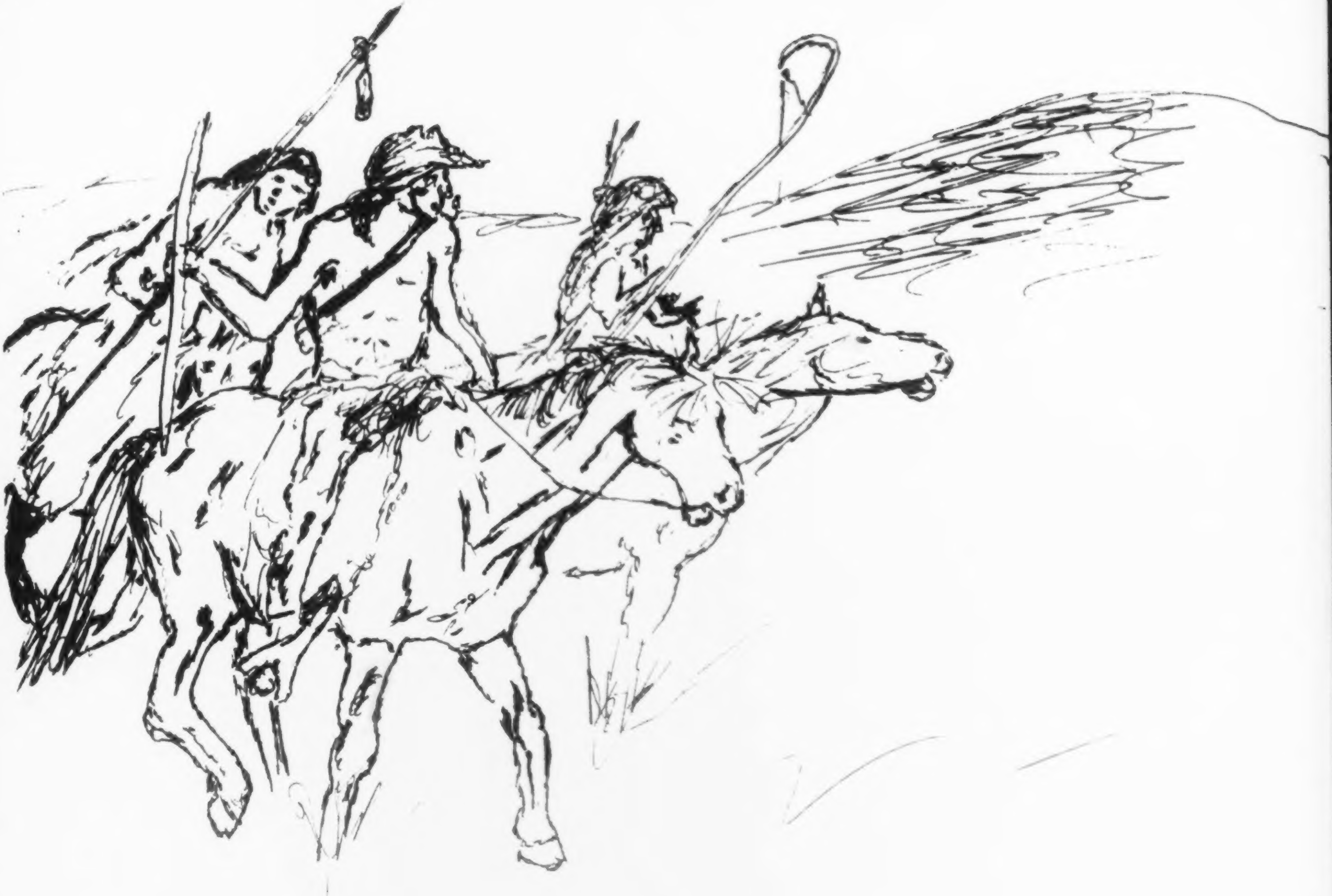
SHADOWS ON THE LODGE WALLS DREW ARROWS

A COLD RAIN WAS FALLING AND THE NIGHT CAME EARLY. GRANDFATHER'S LODGE HAD A BRIGHT FIRE.

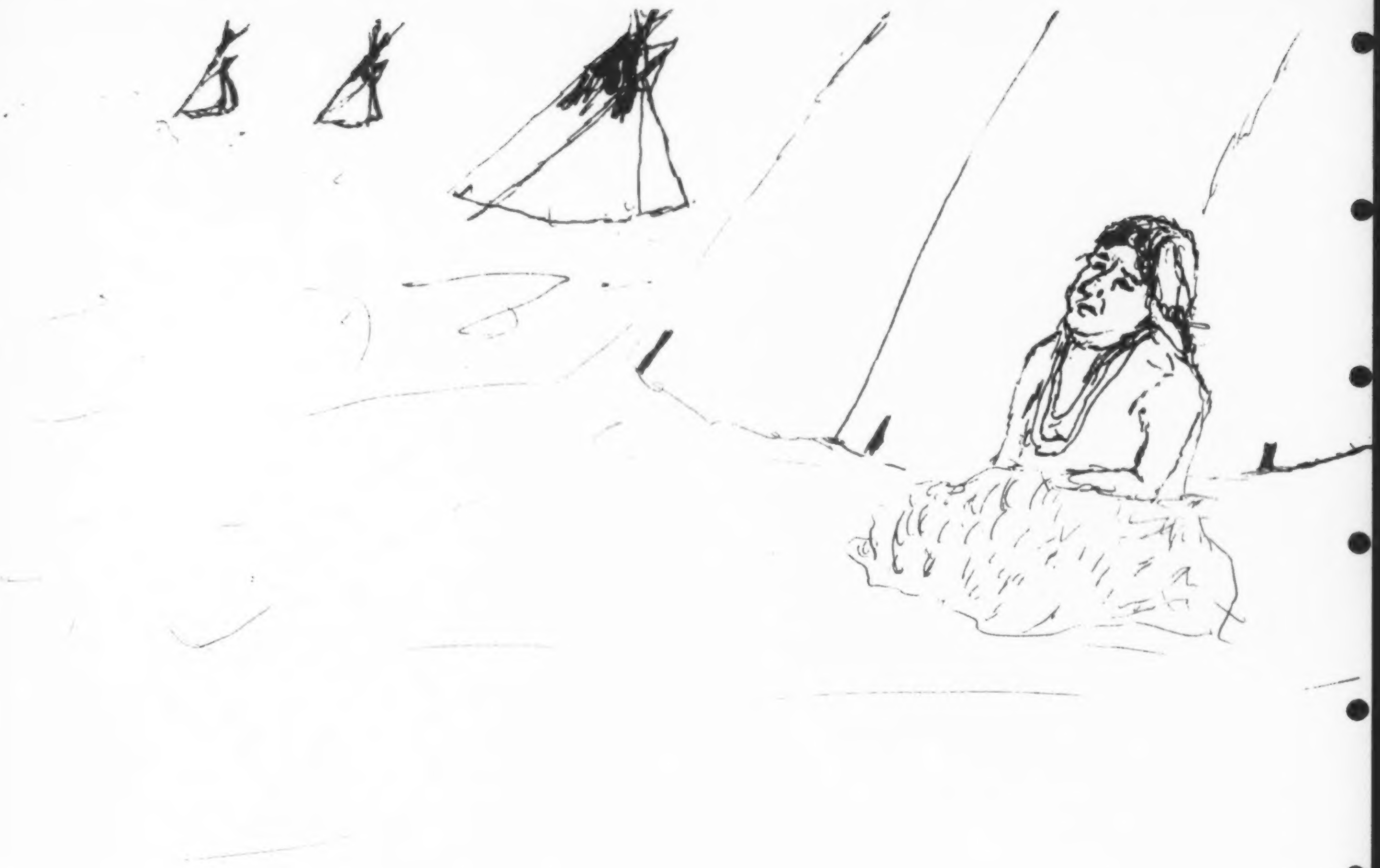
ALL THE CHILDREN WERE COMING TO WHITE FEATHER'S LODGE TO HEAR STORIES.



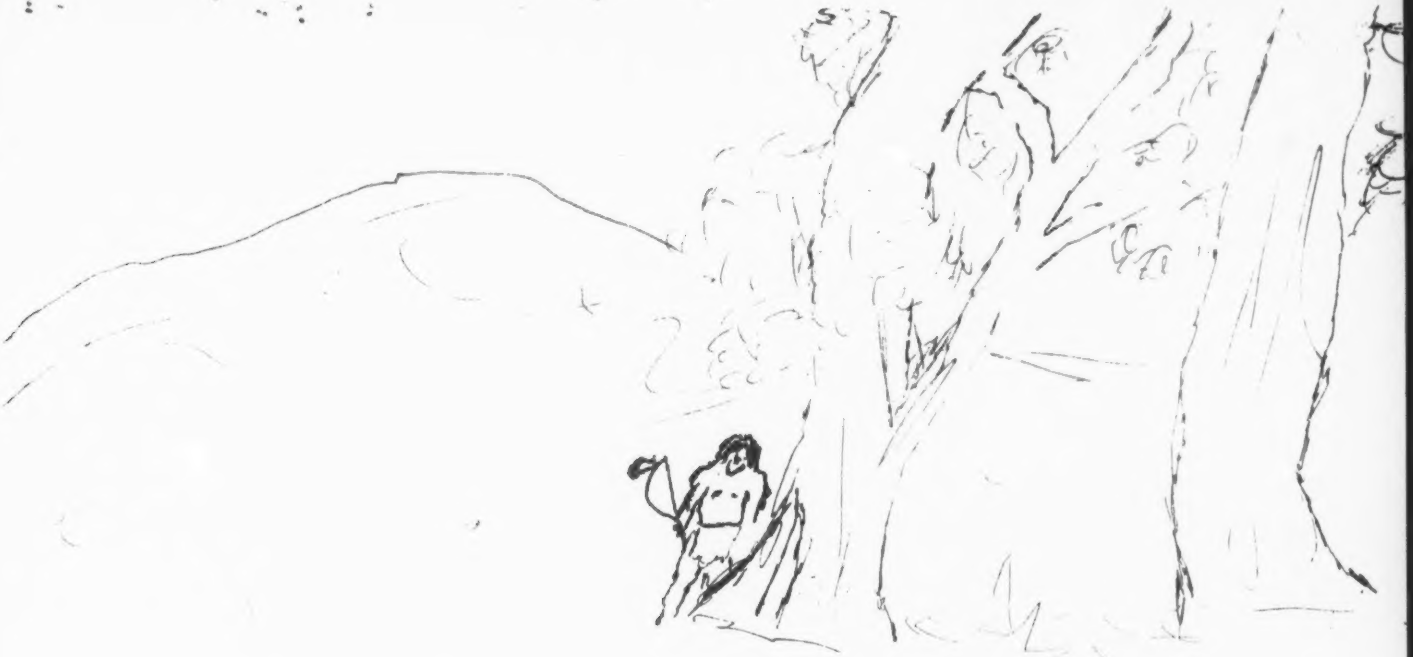
SEE THE SHADOWS ON THE LODGE? WHITE FEATHER SAID TO THE CHILDREN. ONE DAY MANY SUMMERS AGO, ALL THE WARRIORS HAD WENT TO WAR. JUST THE OLD AND VERY YOUNG, AND A FEW WARRIORS WERE IN THE CAMP.



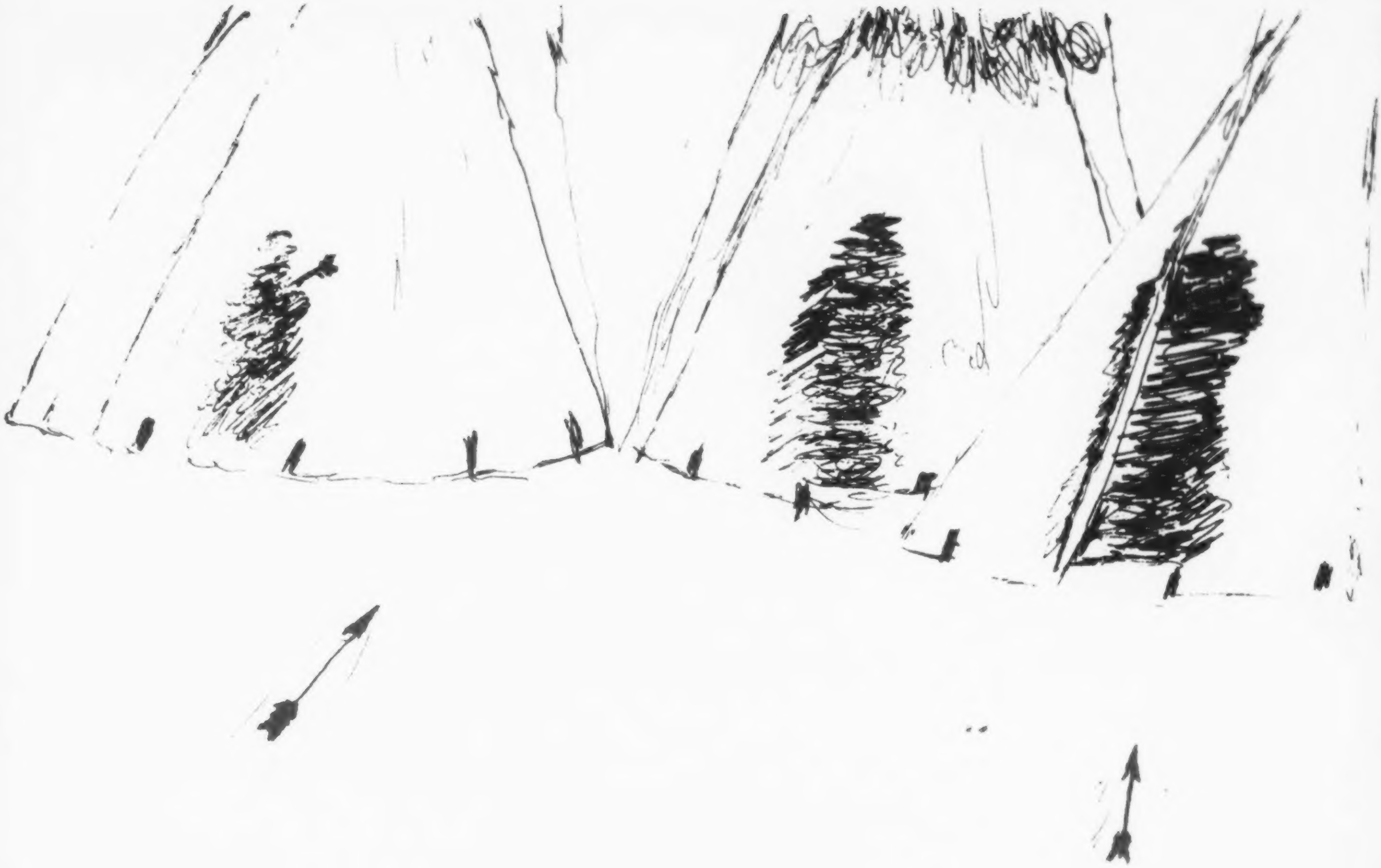
OUR ENEMIES FROM THE NORTH WEST HAD PLANNED A SURPRISE ATTACK, DURING THE EARLY EVENING. THE NIGHT HERDER WENT TO CHECK HIS HERD, AND SAW THE ENEMY. HE WENT BACK TO TELL THE PEOPLE. THE NORTH WEST ENEMIES ARE COMING! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



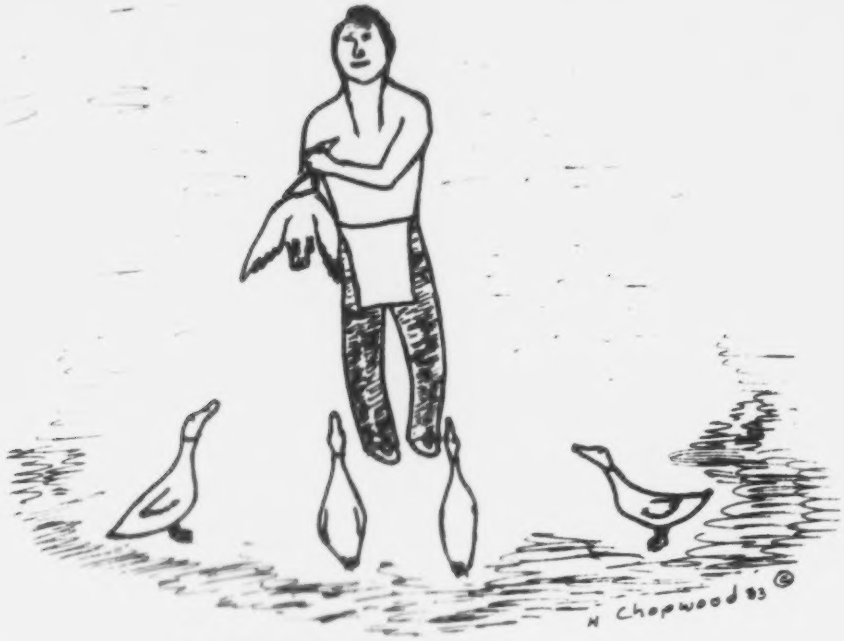
ONE OF THE ELDERS SAID, "I HAVE A PLAN, MAKE THE FIRES BRIGHT IN THE LODGE. STUFF YOUR BELONGINGS TO LOOK LIKE PEOPLE. LEAN THEM AGAINST THE POLES, SO THEY MAKE SHADOWS ON THE WALLS. THE FLICKER OF THE FIRES WILL MAKE THE SHADOWS DANCE."



HURRY! WE WILL BE WAITING IN THE COTTON WOOD GROVE. AND WE WILL ATTACK AFTER THE ENEMY HAS COME IN THE ENCAMPMENT. TIE THE DOGS TO THE ENTRY WAY OF THE LODGE, IF THEY SEE THE DOGS GONE, THEY WILL WONDER.



THE NORTH WEST ENEMIES CAME INTO THE CAMP QUIETLY. THEN THE SILENCE BROKE WITH YELLING AND ARROWS SHOT INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE LODGES. THE DOGS BARKED WITH FRIGHT. AND WE ATTACKED, THE ENEMY WAS SO SURPRISED, THEY RAN THROUGH THE ENCAMPMENT. THAT IS HOW SHADOWS ON THE LODGE-WALLS DREW ARROWS OF OUR ENEMY.



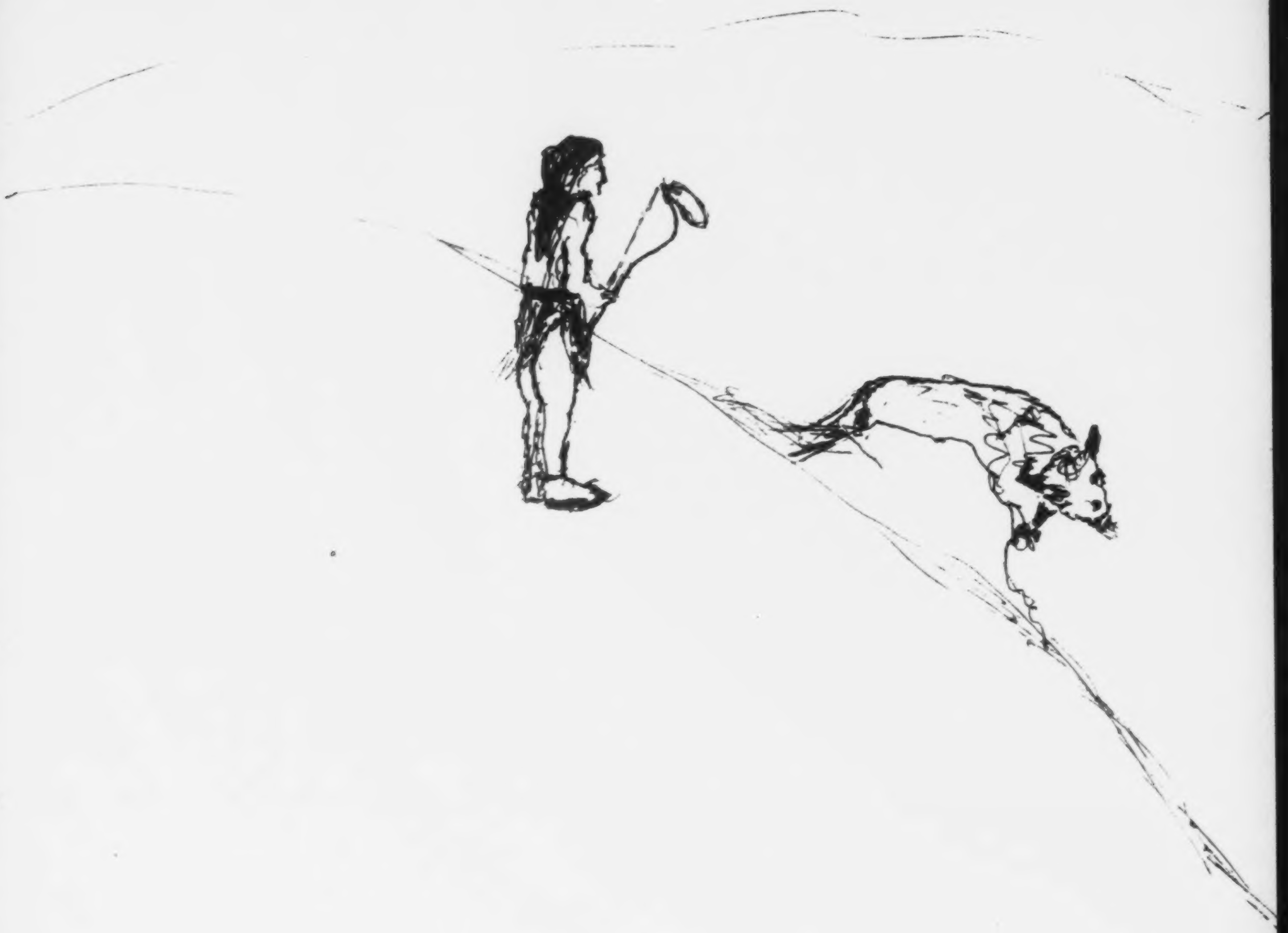
INKTOMNI AND THE DUCKS

INKTOMNI WAS WALKING ONE DAY, WHEN HE CAME UPON A FLOCK OF DUCKS. HE GREETED THE DUCKS AND TOLD THEM HE WOULD SING THEM A SONG SO THEY COULD DANCE, BUT THEY WOULD ALL HAVE TO CLOSE THEIR EYES WHILE THEY DANCED IN A CIRCLE. THEY WERE NOT TO PEEK AT HIM.

SO INKTOMNI BEGAN TO SING, AS THE DUCKS DANCED AND PASSED BY HIM, HE WOULD GRAB ONE AND WRING THEIR NECKS AND THROW IT ASIDE. ONE DUCK PEEKED AND SEEN WHAT WAS HAPPENING, SO HE TOLD THE OTHERS, INKTOMNI IS GOING TO KILL US ALL. THEY ALL OPENED THEIR EYES AND FLEW AWAY.

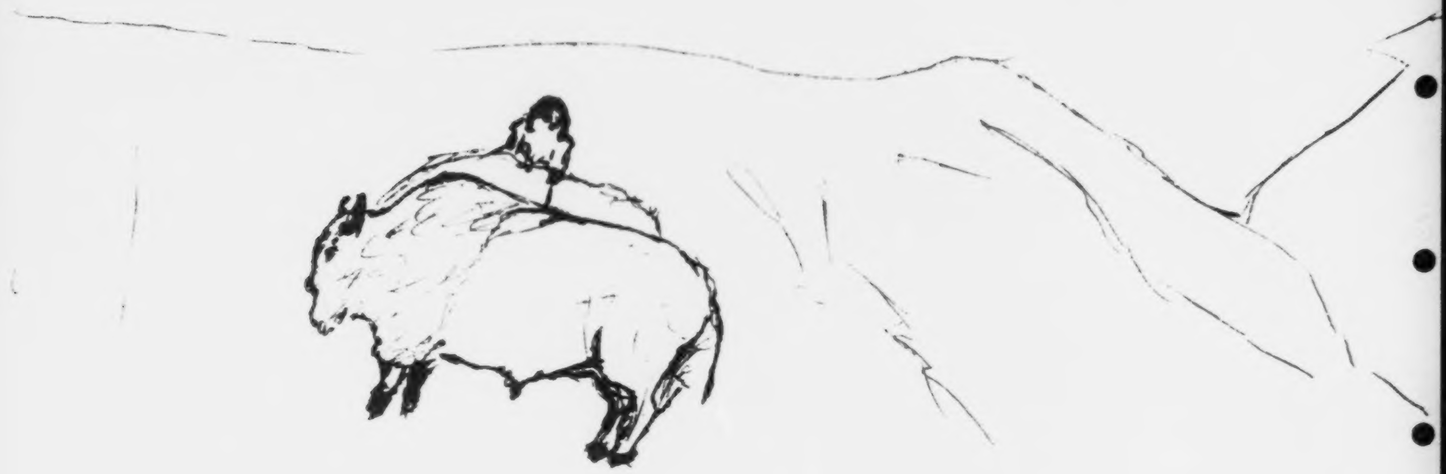
SO. INKTOMNI COOKED THE DUCKS. HE FILLED UP ON THE DUCK MEAT AND SOUP AND LAYED DOWN FOR A GOOD SLEEP.

MORAL: NEVER BE DUMB AND LISTEN TO LIES

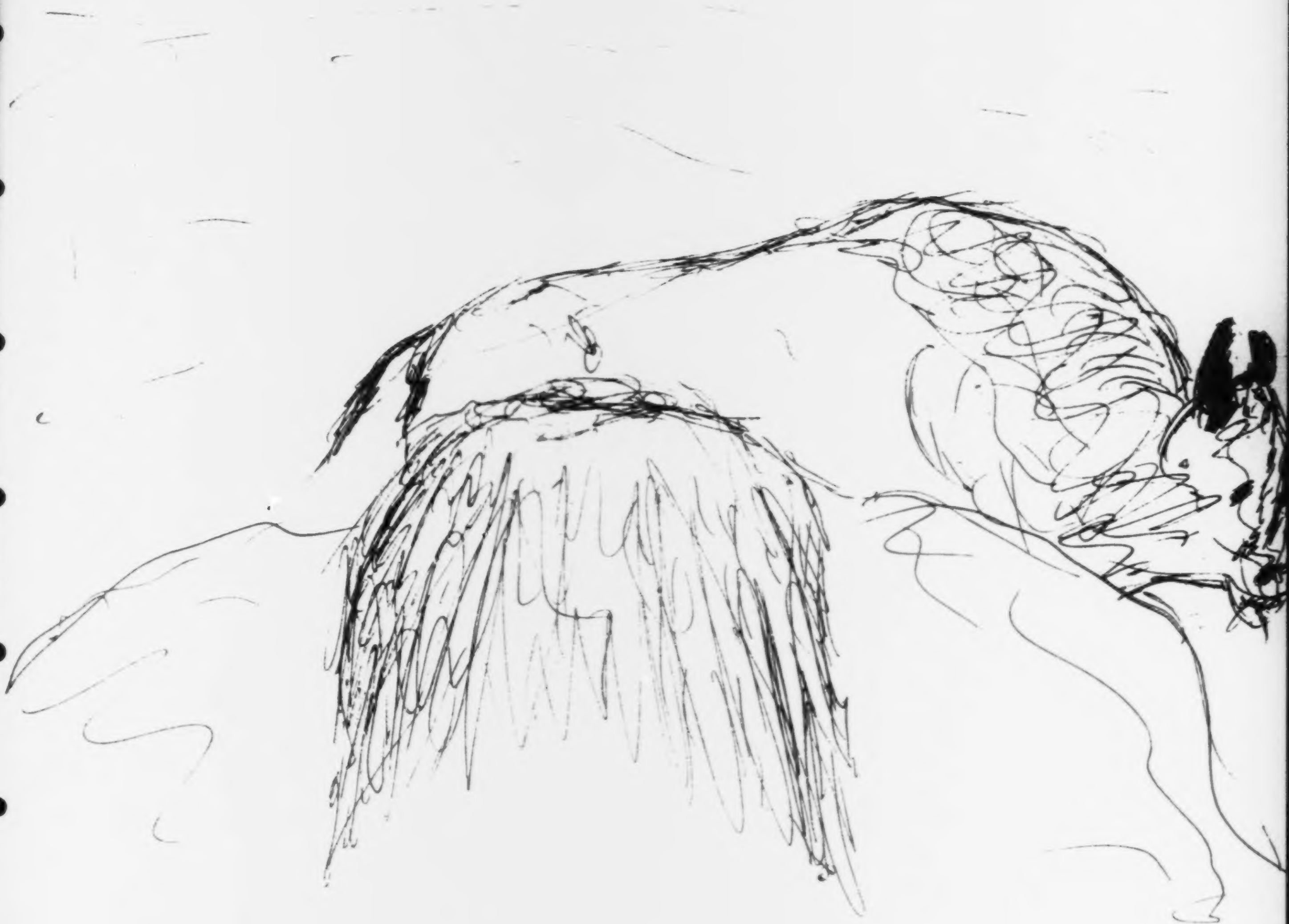


TEASING A BUFFALO BULL

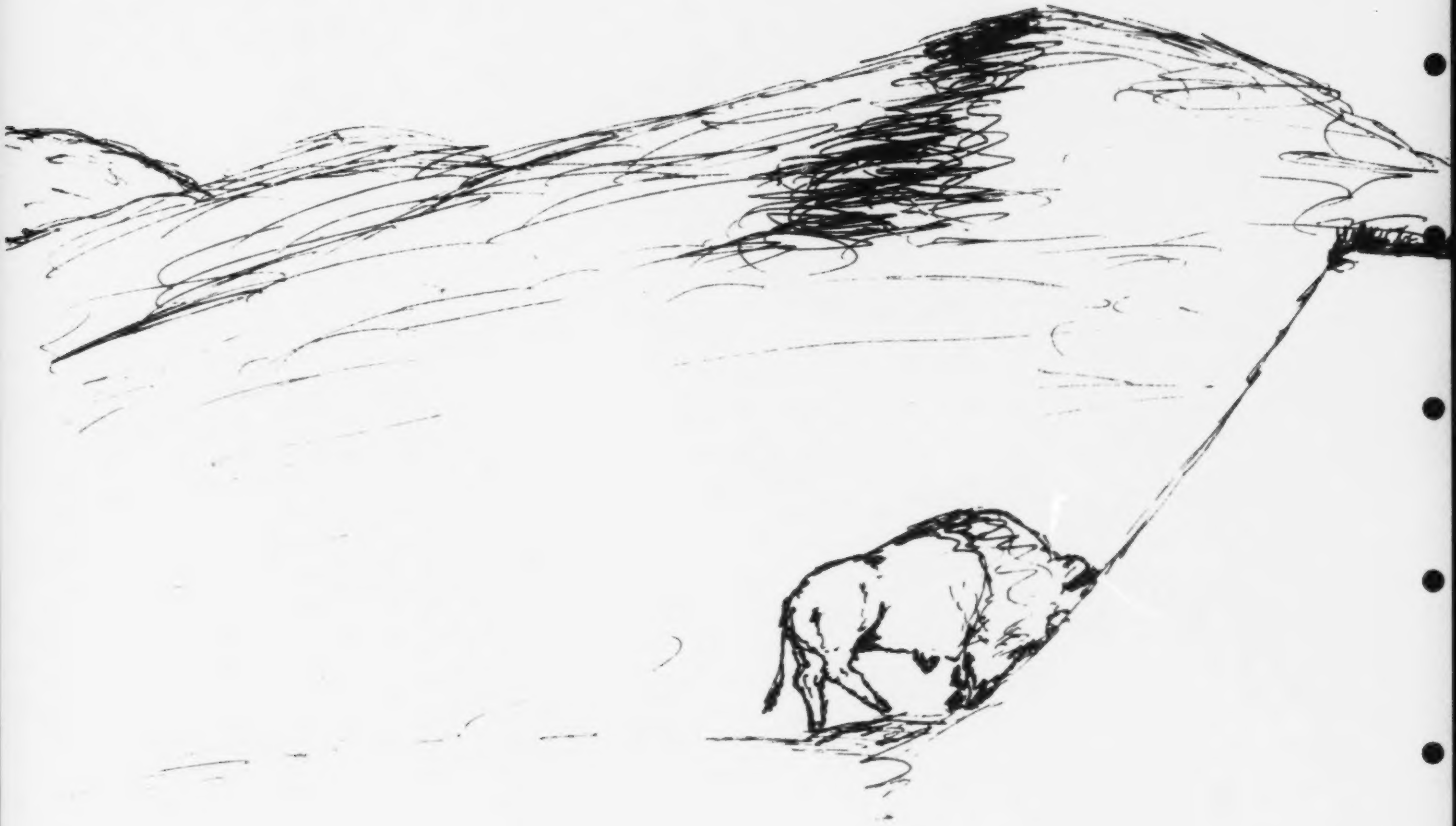
ONE DAY A YOUNG INDIAN MAN WENT OUT HUNTING. HE CAME UPON A BUFFALO BULL SCRATCHING HIMSELF ON A LARGE ROCK.



THE BRAVE DECIDED HE WOULD TEASE THE BULL. HE CRAWLED UPON THE LARGE ROCK WITH A STICK AND POKED THE BULL AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE BULL KNEW SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING. HE WOULD LOOK BUT THE BRAVE WOULD HIDE.

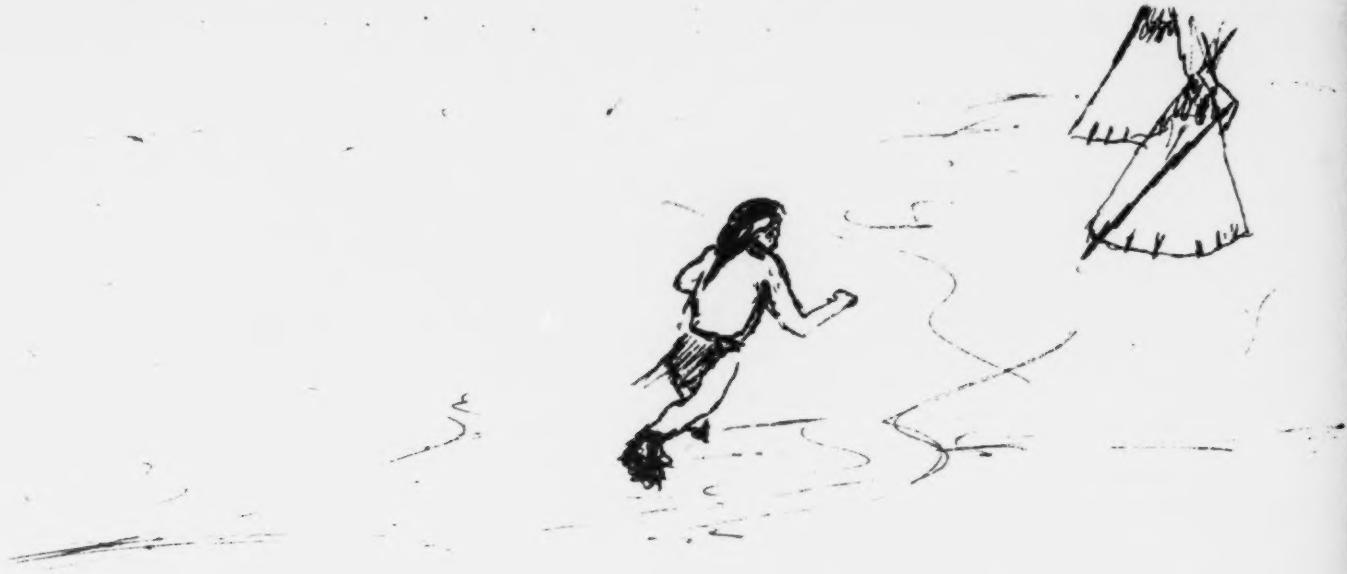


FINALLY HE TOLD THE BUFFALO, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THIS WORLD? THE BUFFALO GOT VERY ANGRY AND WOULDN'T LET THE BRAVE DOWN OFF THE ROCK FOR TWO DAYS.



FINALLY THE BRAVE BECAME VERY THIRSTY AND HUNGRY. HE CRAWLED OFF THE BOULDER AND RAN TO A HOLE IN THE CUT BANK.

THE HOLE WENT ALL THE WAY TO THE CREEK. THE BUFFALO CHASED HIM TO THE HOLE AND DUG INTO THE GROUND WITH HIS HORNS.



THE BRAVE RAN ALL THE WAY BACK TO CAMP AND VOWED TO ALWAYS HAVE RESPECT FOR THE BUFFALO.

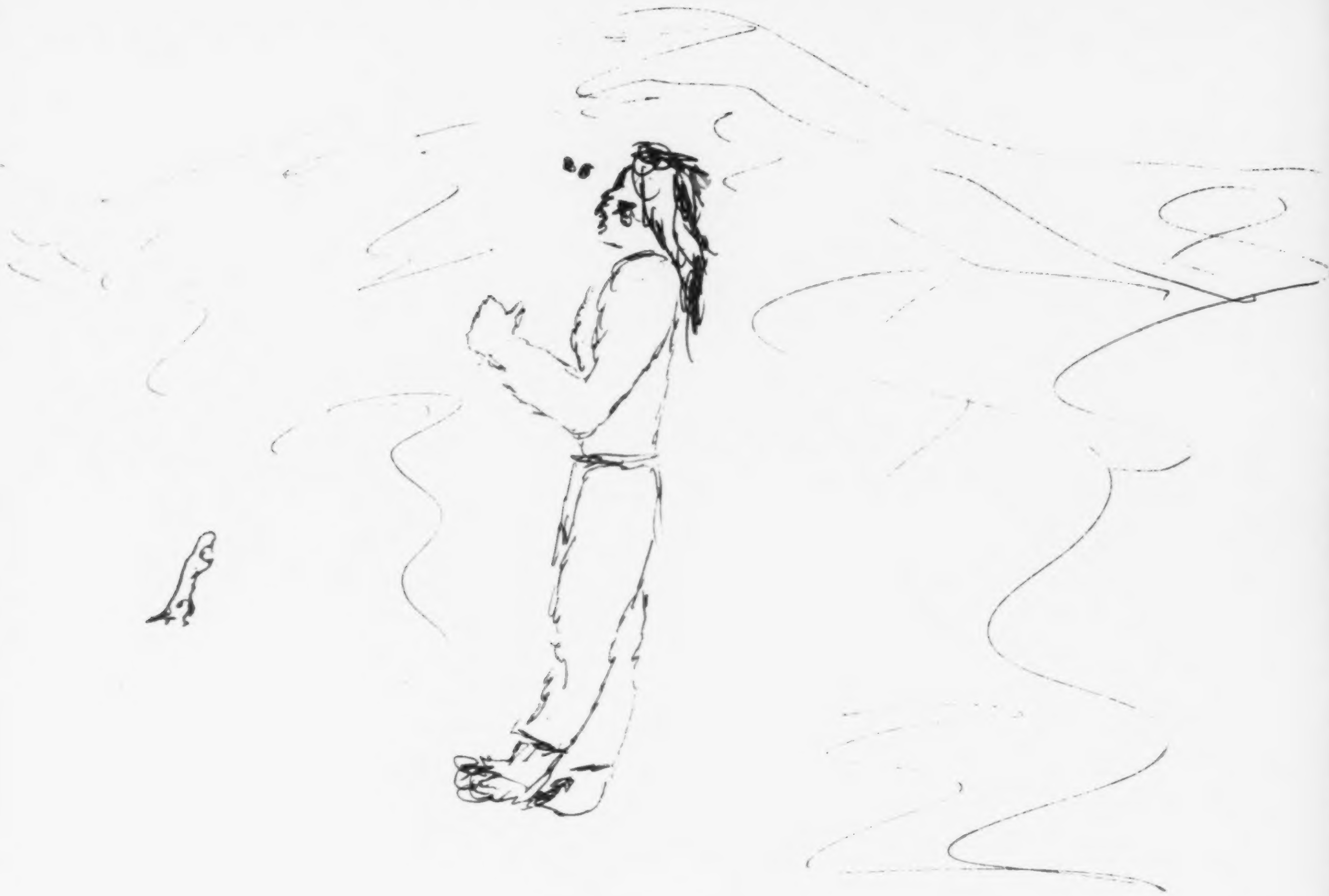
INKTOMNI AND HIS EYES

ONCE LONG AGO, INKTOMNI WAS WALKING ALONG THE FOREST, AND HE SAW A LITTLE BIRD SINGING. IT WOULD SAY SOMETHING IN INDIAN AND HIS EYES WOULD FLY OUT OF ITS HEAD AND STICK UP INTO THE TREES. THEN HE WOULD SAY SOMETHING ELSE AND THE LITTLE BIRDS EYES WOULD ONCE AGAIN RETURN TO HIS HEAD.

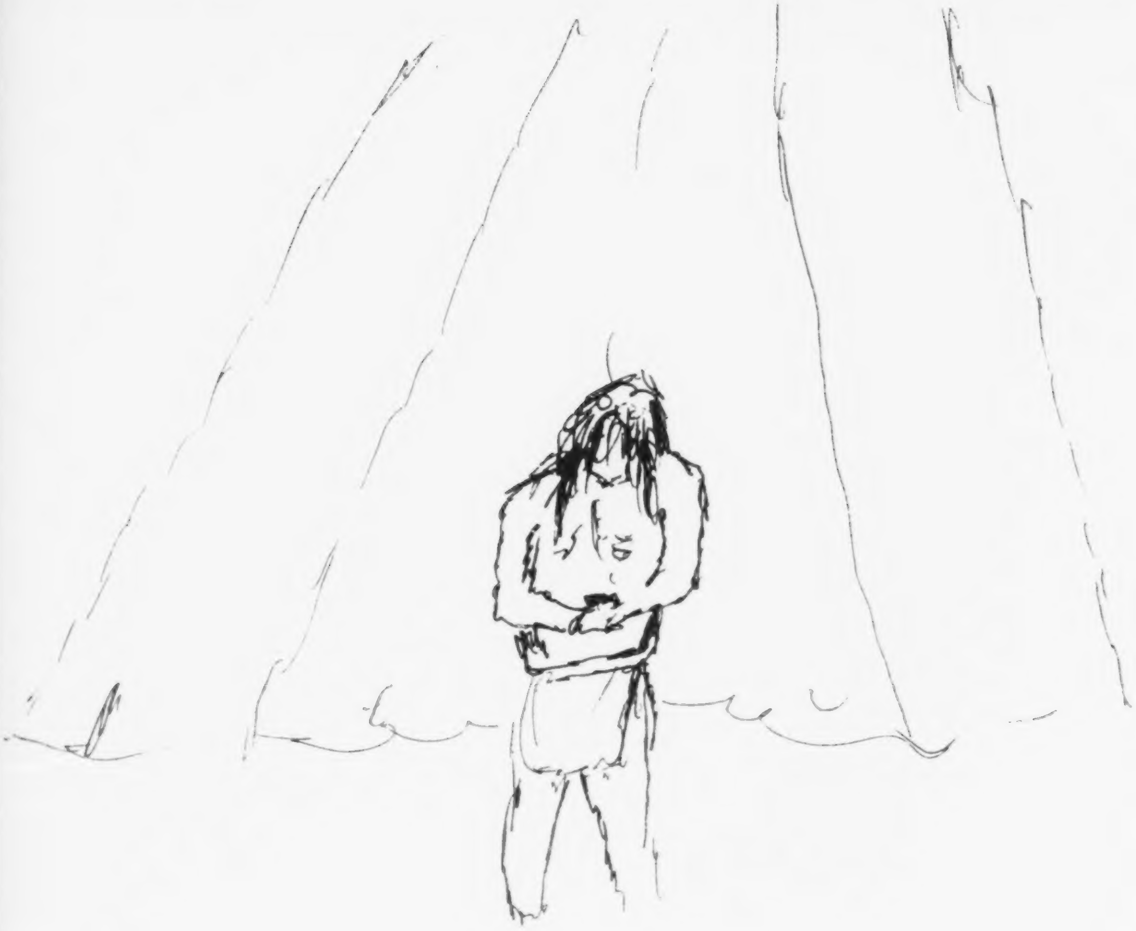
INKTOMNI THOUGHT TO HIMSELF "I MUST LEARN THE LTTLE BIRD'S TRICK, SO THAT I WILL BECOME A GREAT CHIEF, BECAUSE EVERYONE WILL SEE HOW MUCH POWER I HAVE."

SO INKTOMNI WALKED UP TO THE LITTLE BIRD AND SAID, "BROTHER COULD YOU PLEASE SHOW ME HOW TO DO THAT TRICK, SO THAT I MIGHT SHOW IT TO ALL THE LADIES I WANT TO MARRY.

THE BIRD SHOWED HIM HOW AND WHAT TO SAY. BUT HE WARNED HIM THAT HE MUST NOT DO IT MORE THAN FOUR TIMES.

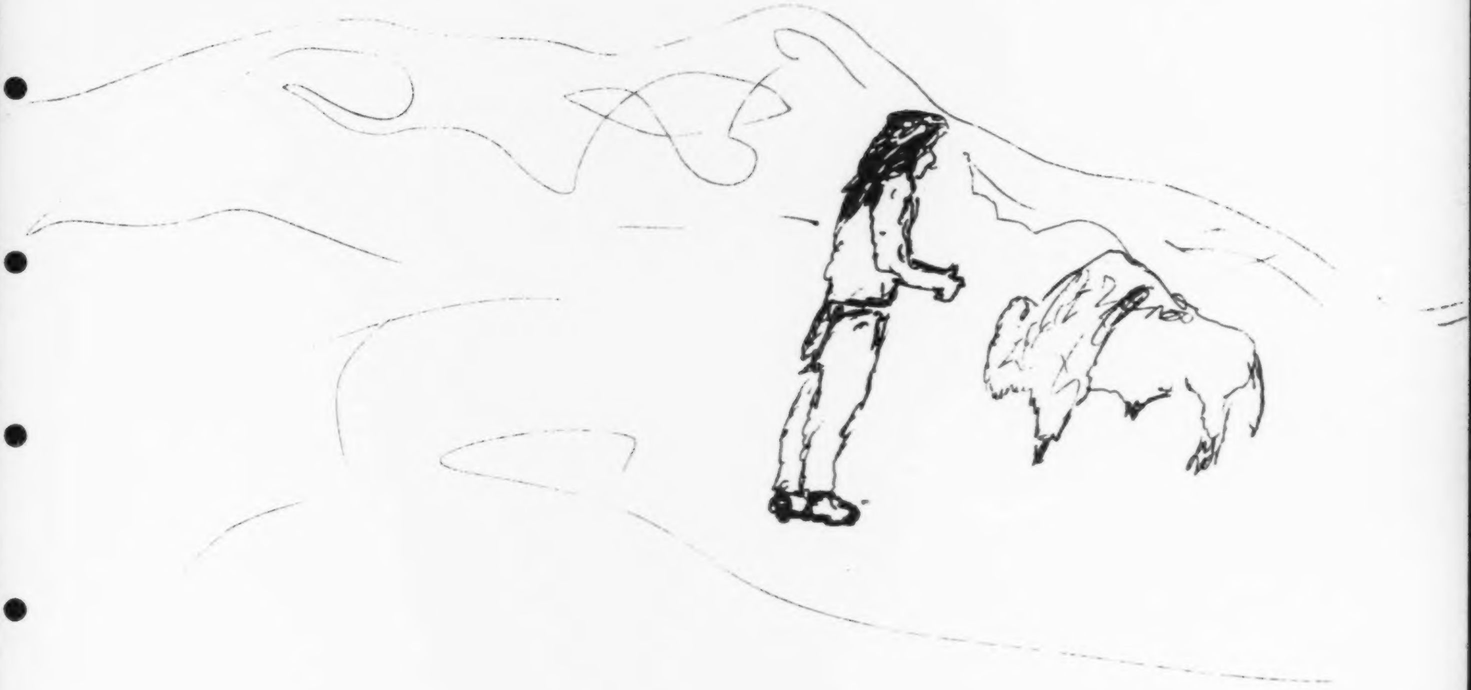


So Inktomni agrees. He tried the trick and it worked. He tried a second and a third time. Finally a gopher came along and he showed him. The gopher was very impressed.



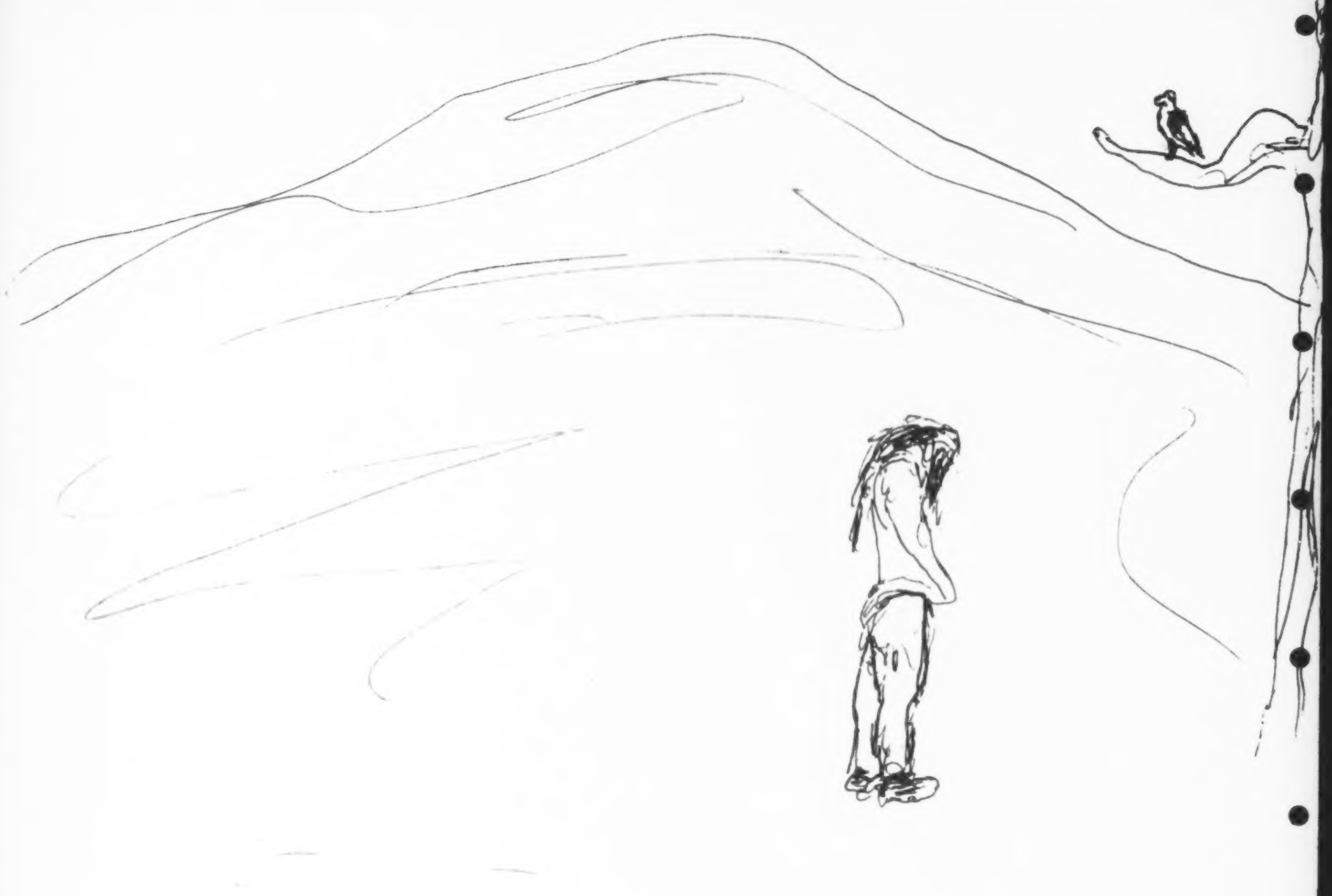
IT WAS GETTING KIND OF LATE, SO INKTOMNI DECIDED HE BETTER GO BACK TO CAMP AND SHOW THE PEOPLE WHAT HE HAD LEARNED TODAY.

HE HAD FORGOTTEN HE HAD TAKEN HIS FOUR TURNS. HE SHOWED THE PEOPLE, BUT HIS EYES NEVER CAME BACK INTO HIS HEAD. HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED AND ASHAMED BECAUSE HE HAD NOT LISTENED TO THE BIRD.



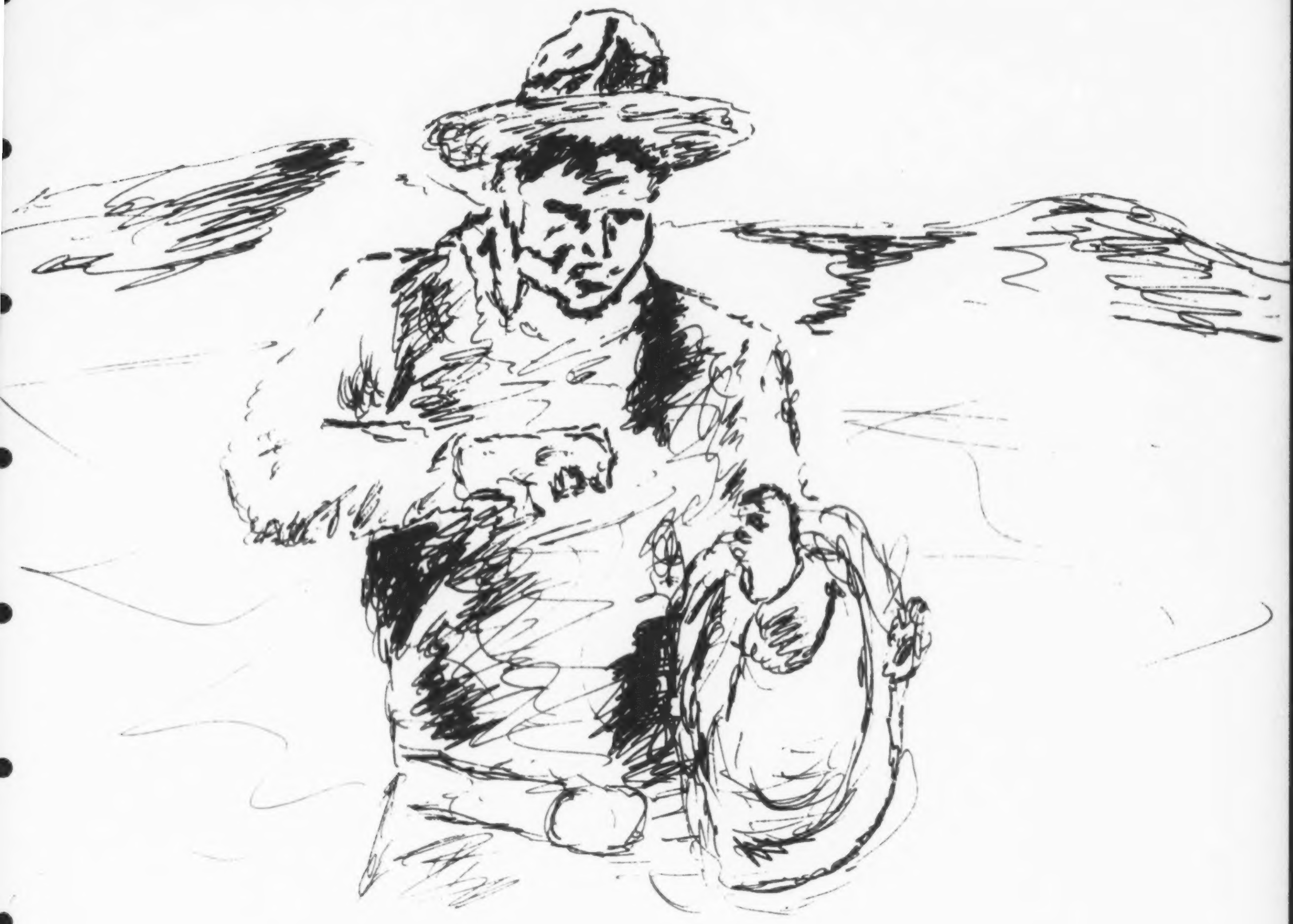
HE LEFT THE CAMP CRYING SO HARD AND LOUD, A FIELD MOUSE HEARD HIM AND ASKED WHAT WAS THE MATTER. INKTOMNI TOLD HIM AND SO THE LITTLE FIELD MOUSE GAVE HIM ONE OF HIS EYES SO THAT HE COULD SEE.

NEXT, HE MET A BUFFALO CALF AND THE CALF GAVE HIM AN EYE.



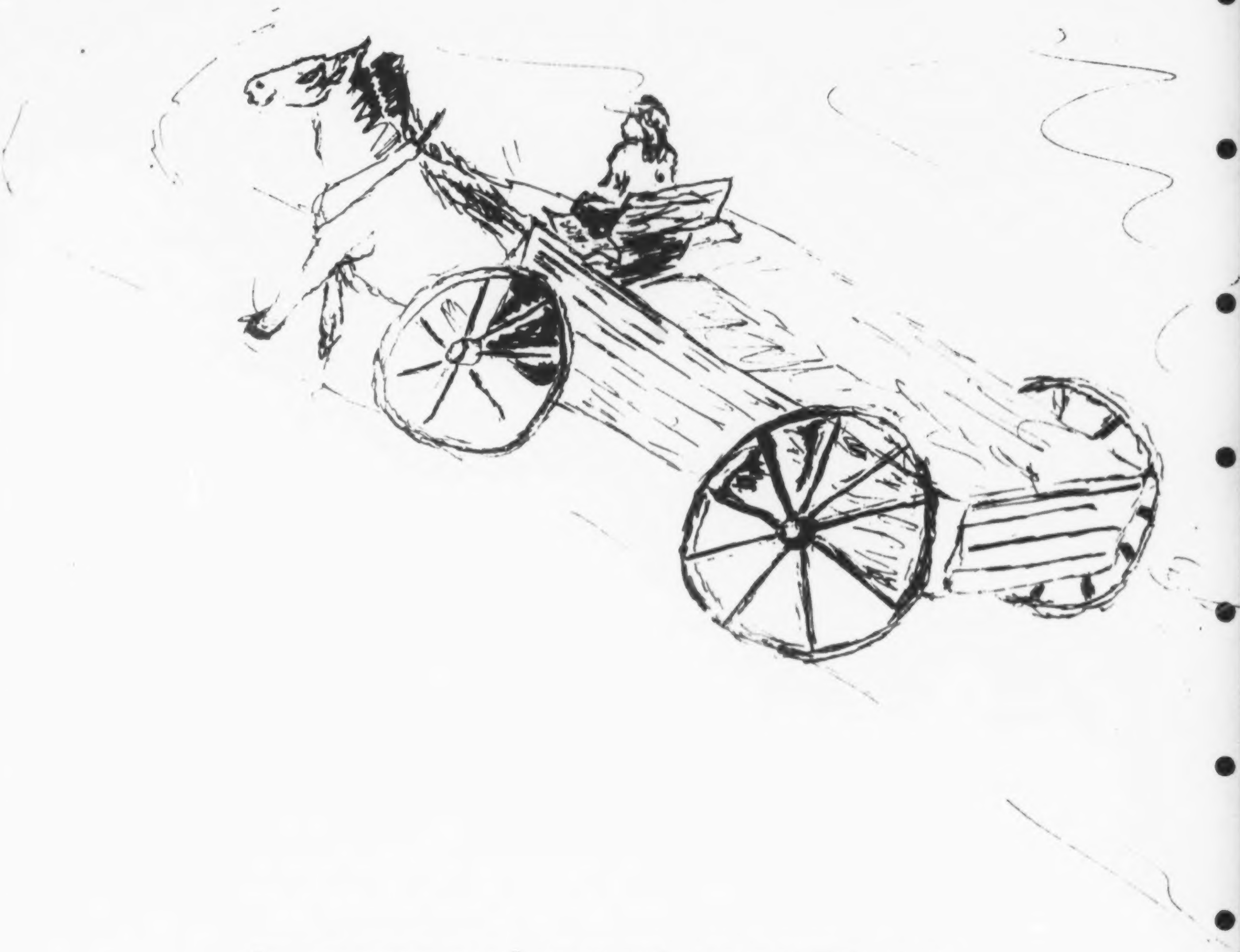
HE WENT OUT SEARCHING FOR THE LITTLE BIRD WHO TAUGHT HIM THIS TRICK. FINALLY HE HEARD THE LITTLE BIRD SINGING AGAIN.

HE PERSUADED THE BIRD TO TEACH HIM ANOTHER SONG THAT WOULD GIVE HIM HIS EYESIGHT BACK. HE PROMISED THE LITTLE BIRD THAT HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE SO VAIN AND WOULD NEVER AGAIN TRY TO BE BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE.

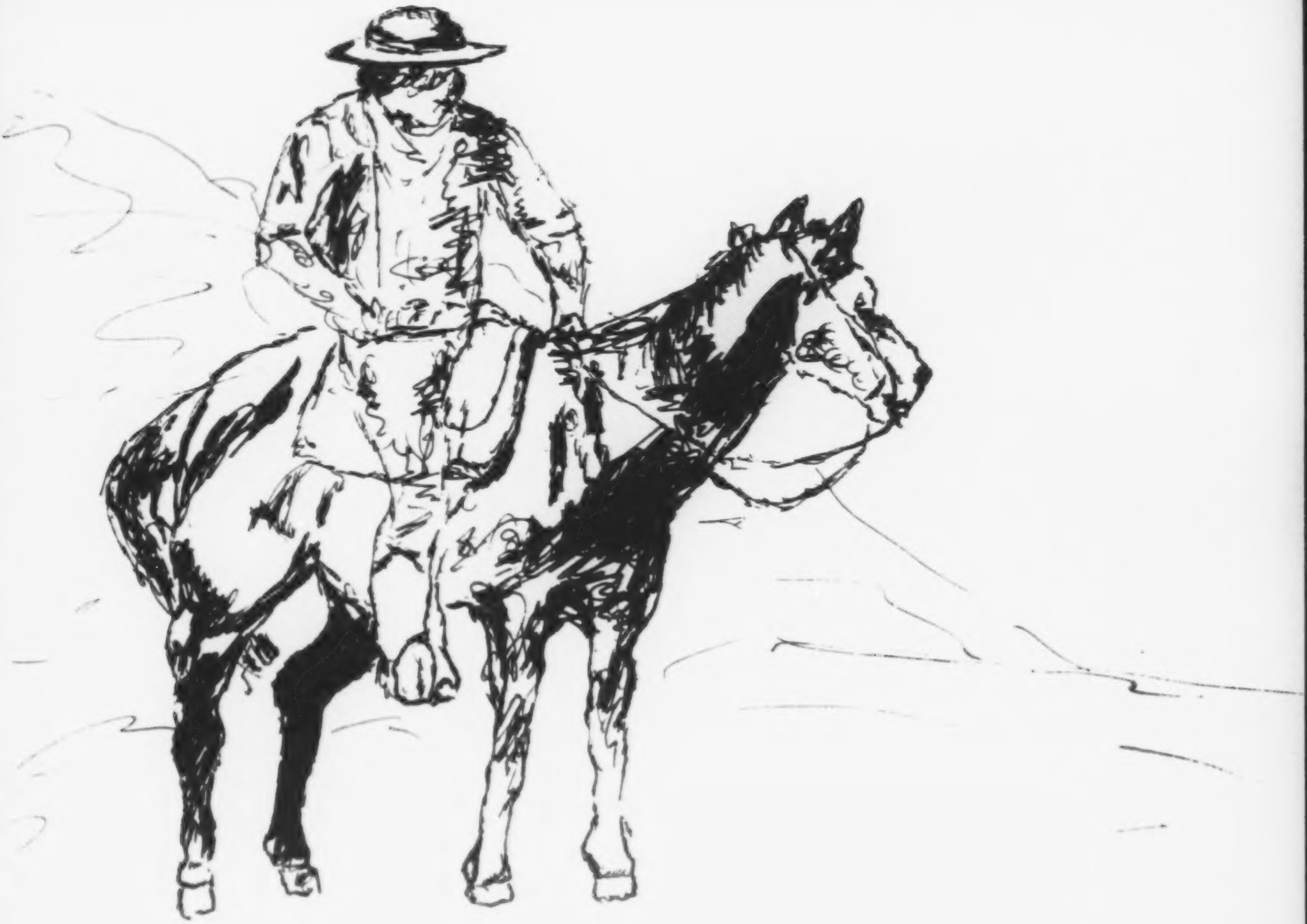


TEXAS COWBOY

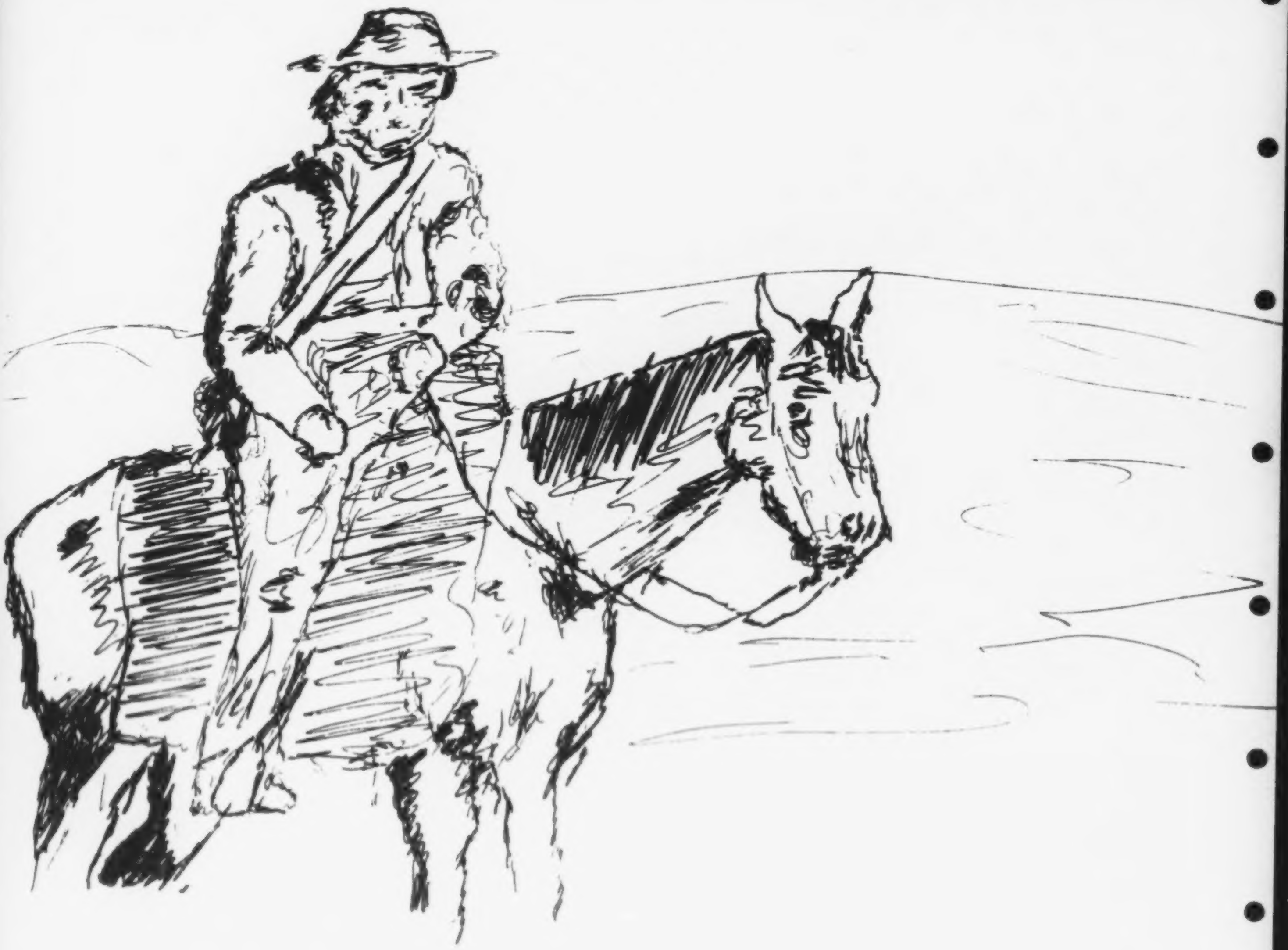
IN THE LATE 1800'S AND EARLY 1900'S THE MATADOR RANCH LEASED THE FT. BELKNAP RESERVATION THEIR HORSES AND LONG HORN CATTLE. I WAS WORKING ON THE FT. BELKNAP RESERVATION. MY BIGGEST JOB WAS KEEPING THE INDIANS FROM BUTCHERING.



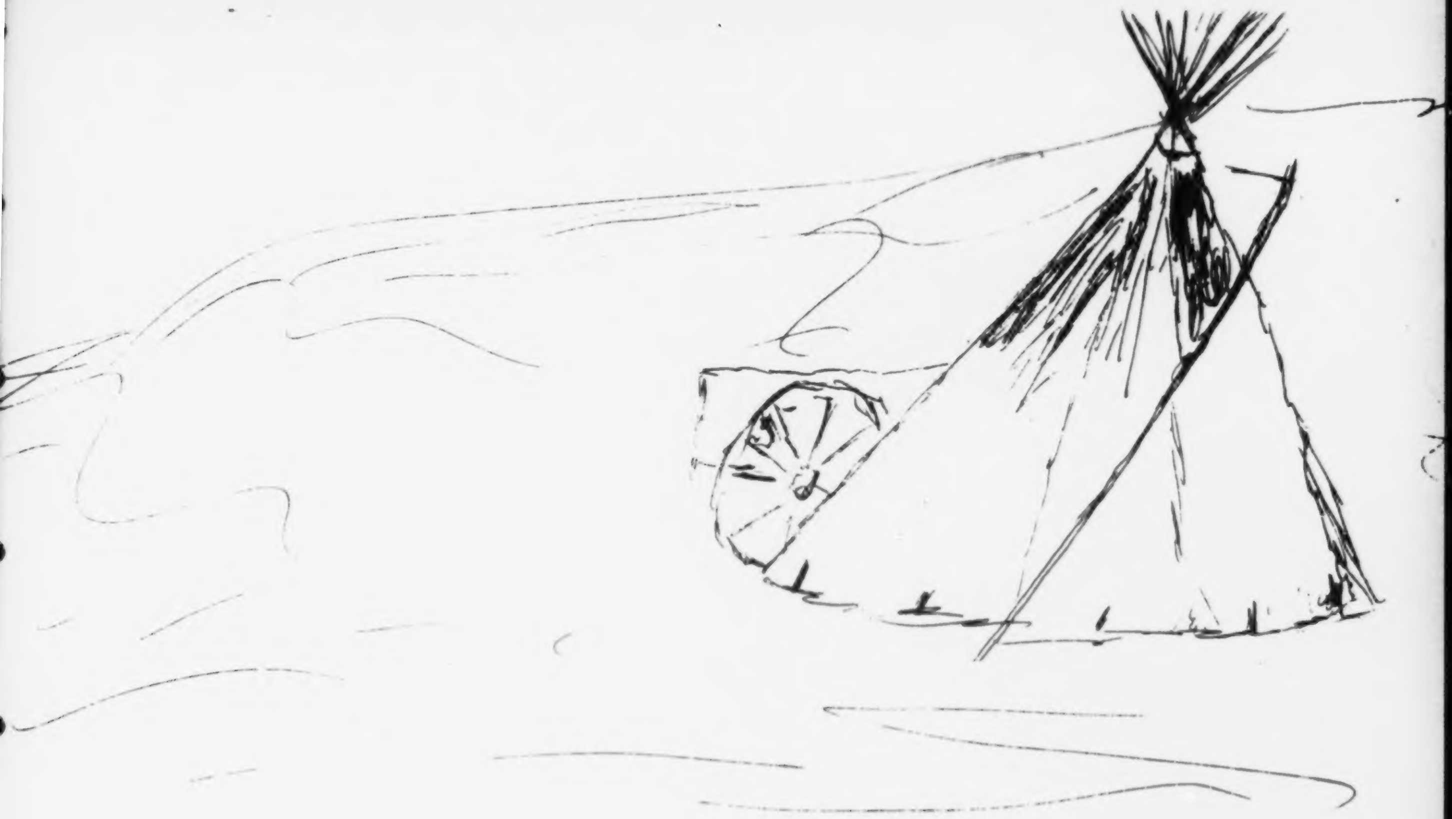
ONE DAY DURING NOON I AND MY PARTNER WAS SITTING UP ON A HIGH BUTTE. WE SAW A INDIAN AND HIS WIFE LOADED DOWN IN HIS WAGON HEADING TOWARD THE AGENCY.



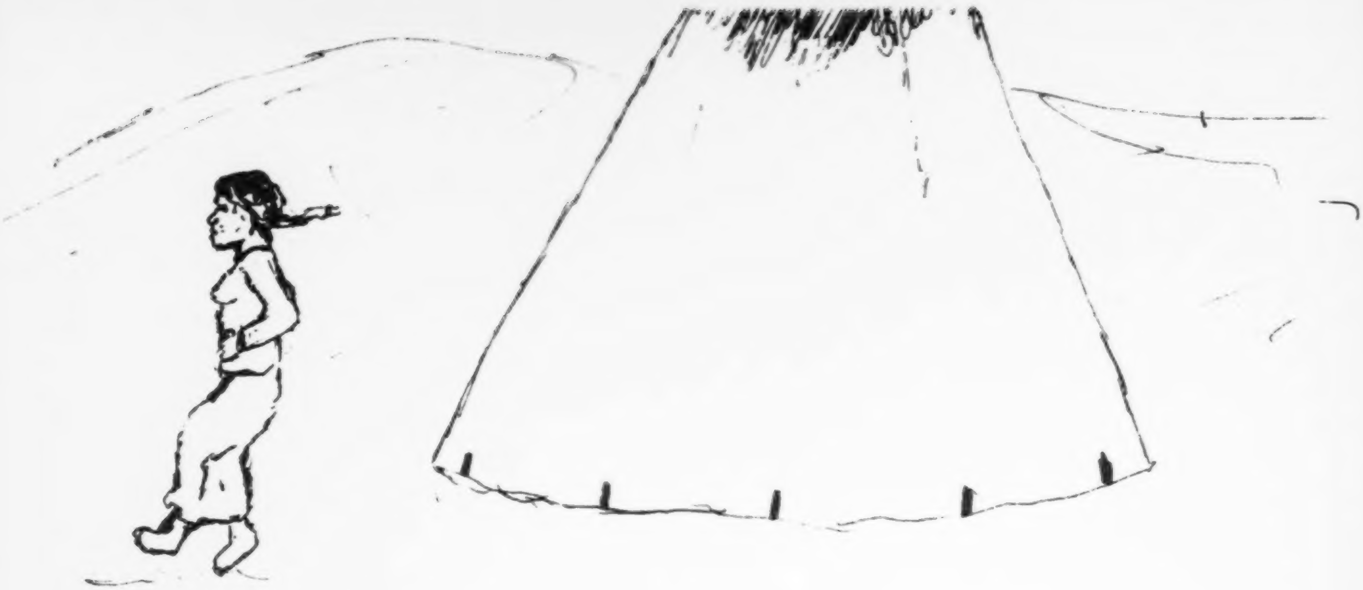
UP AHEAD WAS A HERD OF STEERS. WE RACED DOWN FIGURING THE INDIAN WAS SURE TO BUTCHER ONE OR MORE STEERS.



AS WE RACED TOWARD WHERE THE WAGON DISAPPEARED. WE COULDN'T FIND THE INDIAN AND HIS WAGON.

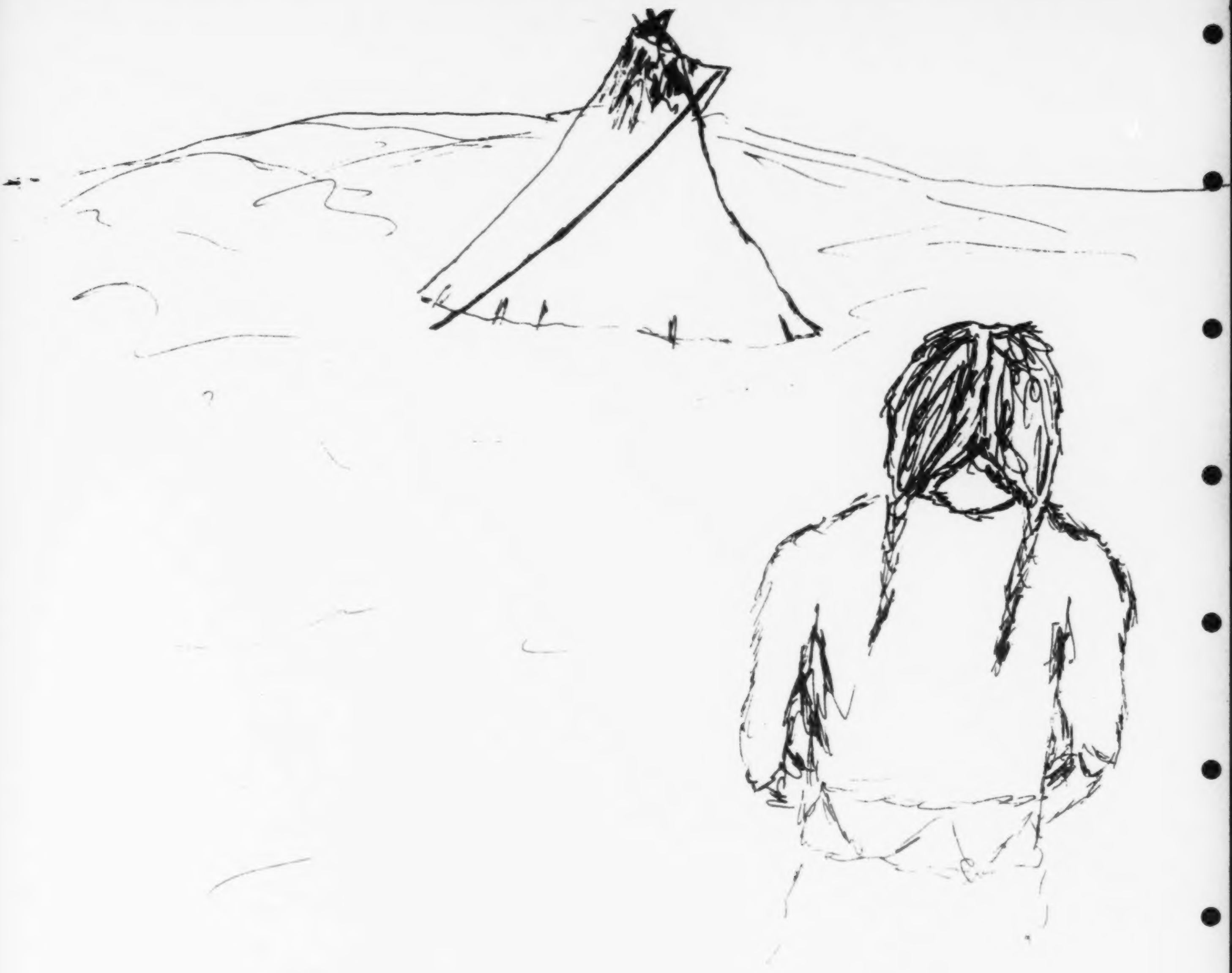


About that time we heard a shot. We saw the Indian's camp, his team was unhitched from his wagon. His tipi was set up. I told him we wanted to look around and he said, How! So we looked all around his camp. We didn't see anything. No sign of dead steers. The Indian just sat smoking and watching. After we left, the Indian went in the tipi and skinned his steer.

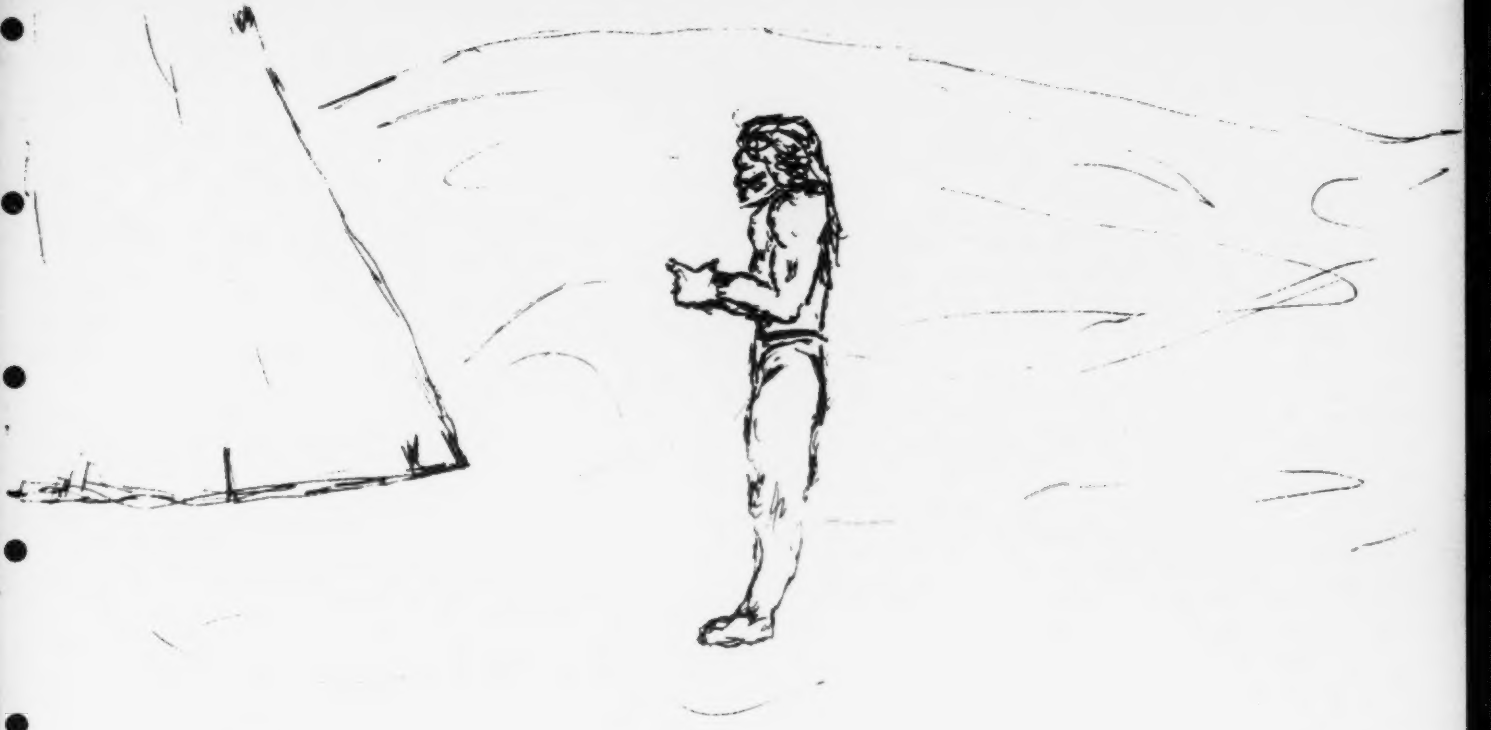


THE STAR DIPPER

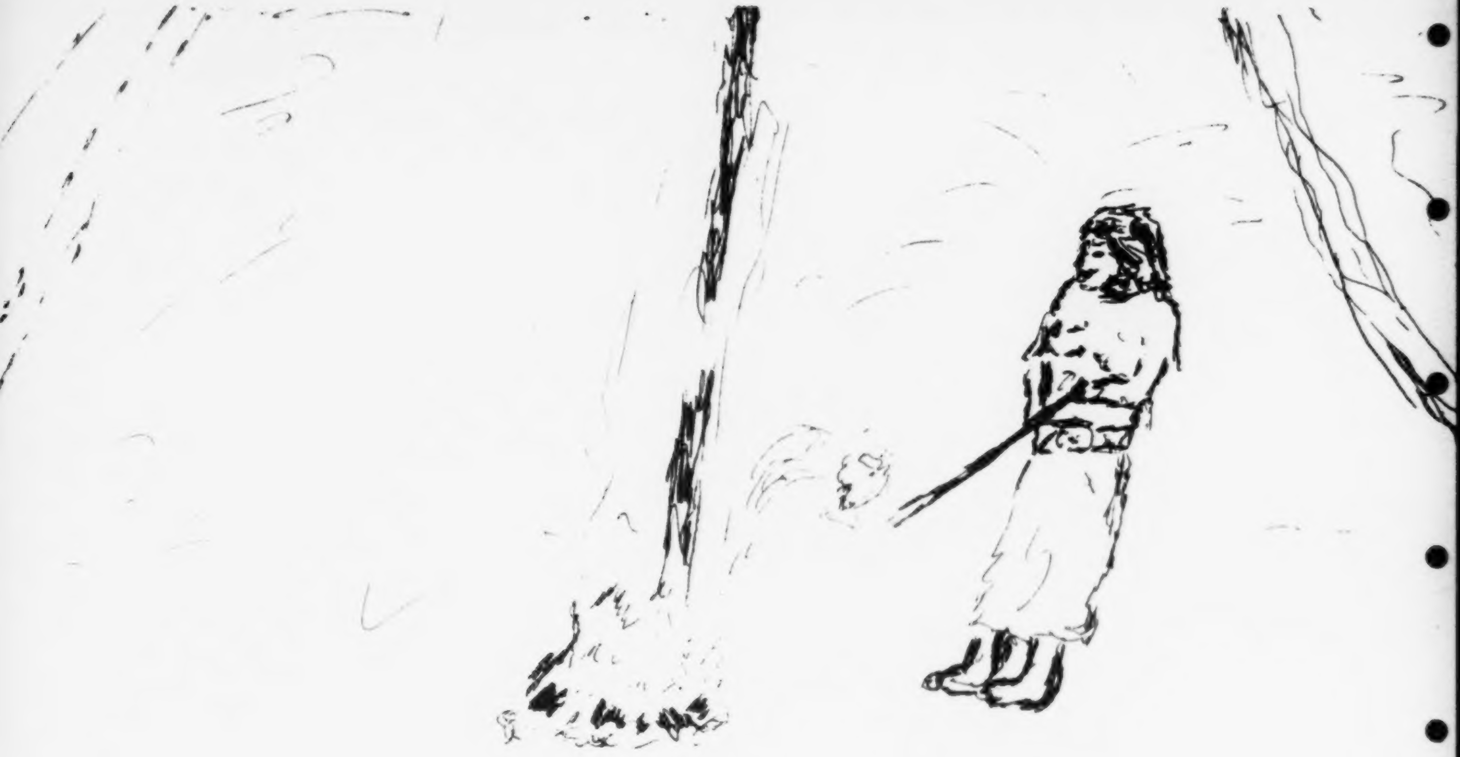
ONCE LONG AGO, A YOUNG GIRL WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM A PERSON. HE WOULD FOLLOW HER EVERYWHERE. SHE ASKED FOR HELP FROM EVERYONE, EVEN ANIMALS. THEY WOULDN'T HELP HER, BECAUSE THEY WERE AFRAID OF HIM.



She saw a tipi in the distance, so she went over there. There were seven little boys playing outside. She asked if they could help her. "What are you going to be to us? " they asked. She named all relationships, finally she said, you will be my brother. So they agreed.



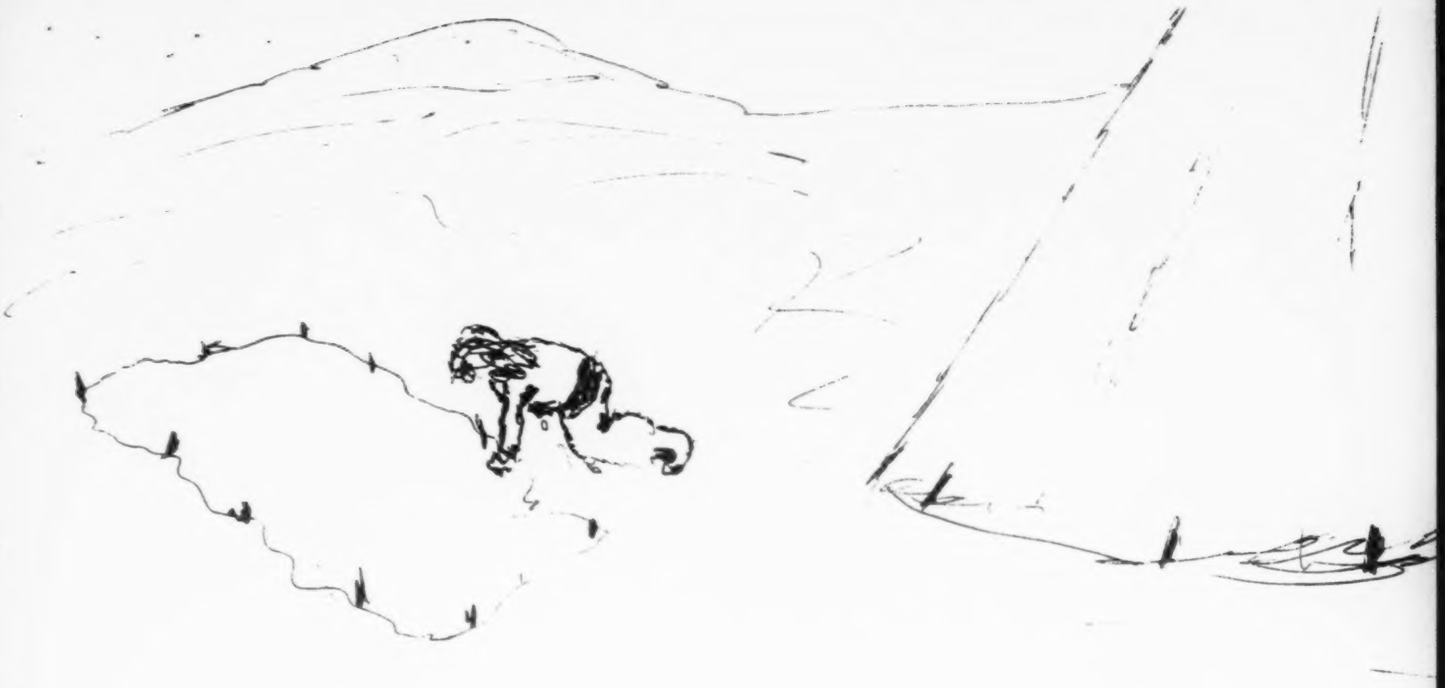
THEY TOLD HER TO RUN AROUND THE TIPI FOUR TIMES AND COME IN. THE PERSON CAME NEAR BUT DIDN'T COME IN THE TIPI. THE MAN WAS TELLING THE BOYS FROM OUTSIDE, TO THROW HER OUTSIDE, BECAUSE SHE MADE ME EAT UP MY GRANDMOTHER. THE BOYS WOULDN'T ANSWER HIM.



THE BOYS WENT OUTSIDE AND THE MAN RAN AWAY. THEY CHASED HIM, CAUGHT HIM AND KILLED HIM, AND DRAGGED HIM INTO THE TIPI. MAKE A FIRE SISTER AND BURN HIM UP. IF ANYTHING PRETTY COMES OUT OF THE FIRE DON'T TAKE IT.

SURE ENOUGH PRETTY THINGS CAME POPPING OUT OF THE FIRE. SHE GRABBED A STICK AND SHE WOULD THROW THEM BACK IN THE FIRE. SO HE BURNED UP.

THE BOYS SAID, "WELL, SISTER YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF NOW. HE WAS ONLY ONE, BUT NOW HE IS GONE."



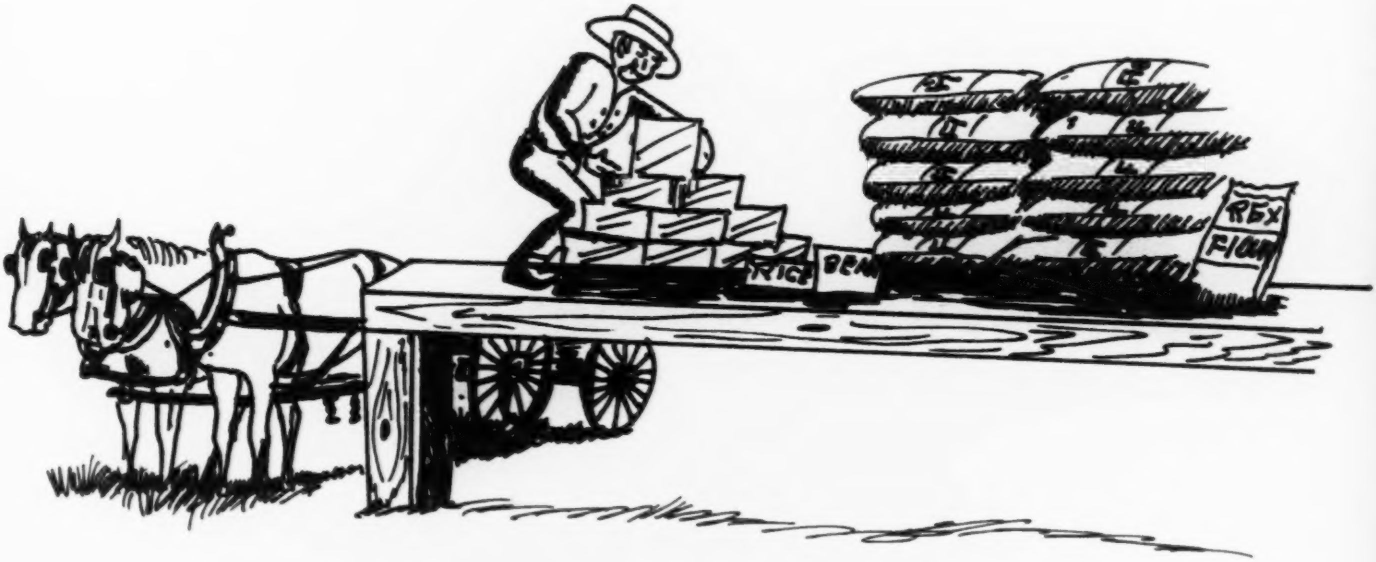
THE BOYS LIKED TO HUNT AND KILL BUFFALO. THEIR SISTER MADE ROBES FOR THEM. THEY KILLED A CALF AND IT WAS BLACK AROUND THE EYES. THEY ARGUED WHO WAS TO HAVE THE ROBE, AND THEY BEGAN TO FIGHT. FINALLY SHE MADE THEM STOP FIGHTING. I WILL MAKE ROBES FOR ALL OF YOU.

BECAUSE OF THE SHAMEFUL THING WE DONE WE WILL NOT BE ON THE EARTH. WE ARE GOING TO GO UP IN THE SKY AND STAY UP THERE.

So all Seven Brothers went up in the sky and that is the dipper we see now. The Sister went too; she is the big star at the tail of the Big Dipper.

THE BALKY HORSES

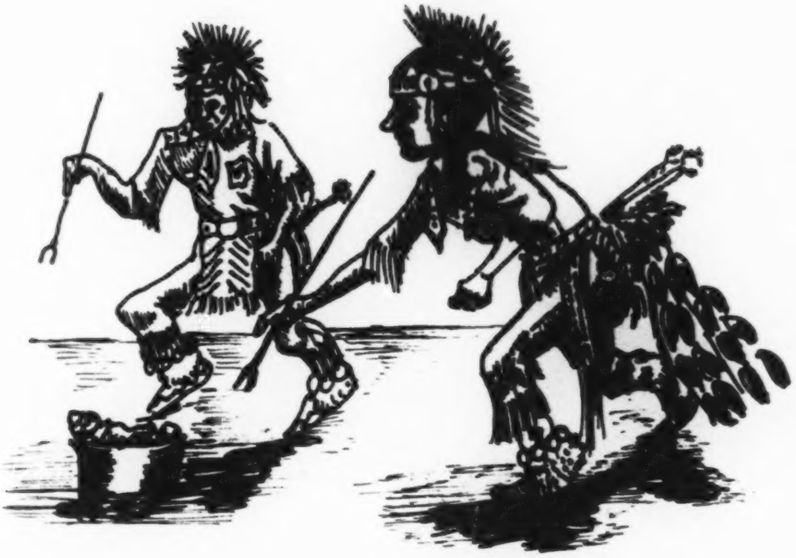
These old Indians were camping. There was some horse theives come, I think there was four of them. They got away with the best horses they had, buffalo horses. They took in after them. These ole fellows. That ole Man Runner and that bunch. Johnny Capture's Dad, Old Birdtail, some more of them, they took in after them. They came straight over the mountain from the Missouri River, and they hid over here in the ridge up there. That's where they were sleeping. And they caught up with them. They seen a rattler where they were sleeping. They got up there, one of those horses was balky. It was a balky horse. But it was sure a swift horse. When this guy jumped on this horse it wouldn't go. It wouldn't back up so, he jumped off. He was just mad and he hit that horse and killed it himself. And they killed him right then. And the others got away. They were Blood Indians. Well, it's the end of it.



INDIAN RATIONS

Long time ago, when they gave out rations, just the old people got them. Yeah, just the old people. So, I guess that's what we grew up on was our gramma's rations. Damn few rations, they got. They didn't last four days. I don't think.

And when they couldn't give beef, they'd kill a horse. Ain't it. Yeah! The government would buy horses.



THE CROW BELT

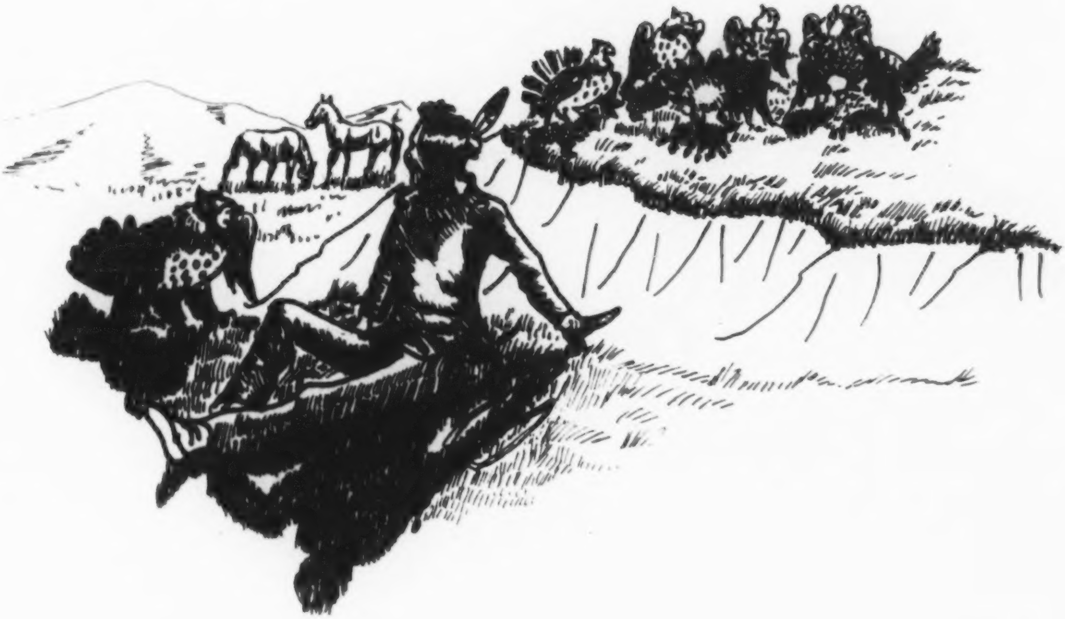
Real fast beat. And they had one dance. What is it? They chased the dog head, or pup head? Oh! Dog head. Is it a crow belt dance? Yeah, oh! They always poison a person, them. I seen it done once. Old White Cow and I don't know who the other man was.

Old Gus Rock, and them...Sore Feather. They're the boys that can dance that. Gus Rock ? Yeah, Gus Rock and Sore Feather. Somebody should go ask Gus how it started, while he's alive.

That Crow belt dance, is that the same? Yeah, that's the same, it goes with that dog. They say it wasn't everybody that wore them crow belts. No, they had to earn it. Just so that everybody wears them now. Yeah, everybody wears them now.

But, they never used to, just that one guy that had that forked stick. They used to take that dog out of the pot. You had to jump for it. Yeah, they held it up like this.....and you jumped for it. Like a dog chasing a dog. It must have a meaning too....yeah, sure. It was sacred to the old people, that's why I said Gus Rock should do something about it. Yeah, the poor old fellow can't hear. You got to talk in his ear, I guess.

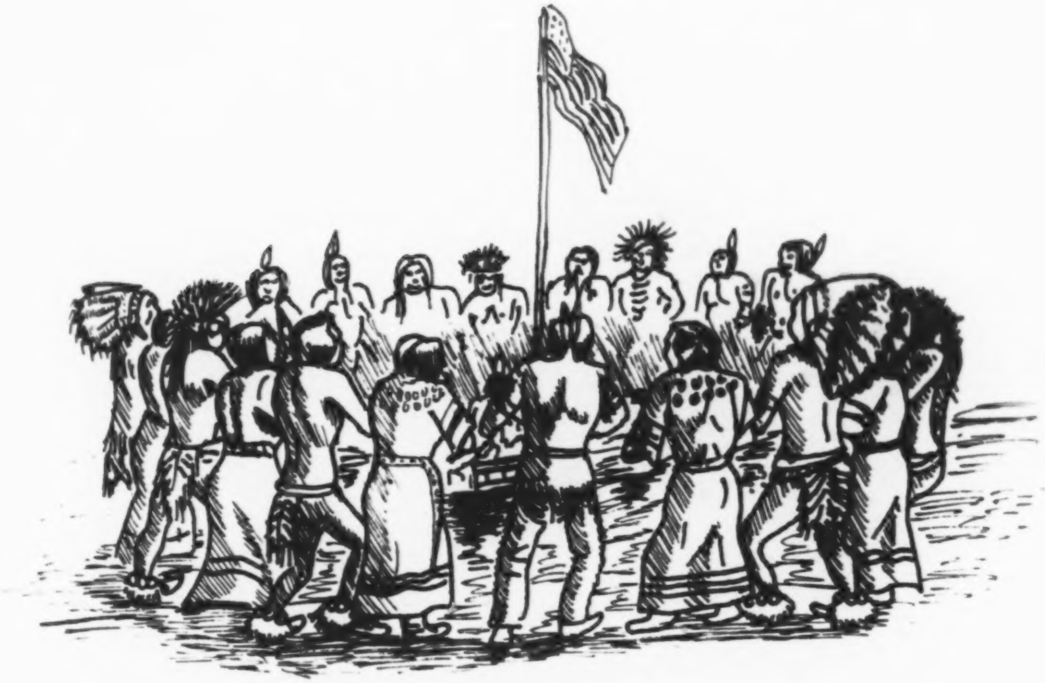
Old Gus Rock used to be good at chasing that dog. See, this crow belt and this dog goes together.



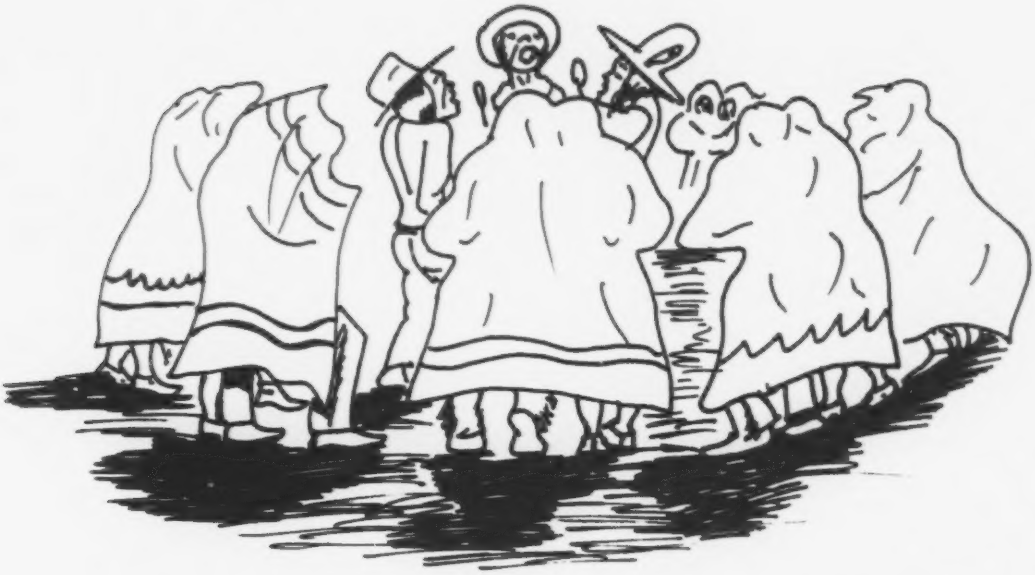
RING TAIL

Did you ever hear how this Ring Tail started? Never did, huh? This old fellow, I can't think of his name. I know him too. This old man.

This old fellow, we used to get rations long ago. These old people, you know? This old fellow went out looking for his horses. He was a a... an Assiniboine from Lodge Pole. He's the one that started this Ring Tail. I guess he fell asleep on the side of a hill, and there was a bunch of prairie chickens dancing over on top the hill, there. And uh...he went to sleep, this old fellow. I can't think of his name. I know him too. One of them came down. That was his dream. This prairie chicken came down, and sang one song to him. He caught the song right away. This old fellow, said," Well, you see them people over there, chicken dancing? Well, I give that dance. Make sure you do that dance."



Sure enough, that next day was to be a big dance. Fourth of July down at the Agency. Nobody believed him. Just him and his wife use to dance that. All around here, these people would laugh at him. He told these people, " What I'm doing is going all over the world, this dance,"
By golly, he told the truth. It did go all over the world. This dance. Ring Tail, you know? That's how it started. This old fellow, is the one who started it. Just him and his wife. Finally some of them joined them after awhile. I know that song. But I can't think of that song. It's the first song he sang. Yeah, he fell asleep on this side of a hill, and there was a bunch of prairie chickens dancing on top the hill and one of them came and gave him this dance.



THE FORTY-NINE

Where did the forty-nine dance start? By golly! I don't know. They've been dancing it for years. The Arapahoes are the ones. That's a dirty dance. Forty-nine? Yeah! I never did see it.. I heard about it. Well, these young people do it every celebration. They go out to Snake Butte, you know? Where that girl got stabbed. It's the way they're suppose to do it. It's a dirty dance. The forty-nine. Oh! The way they're suppose to dance it. But I don't suppose they do that anymore.

You young people see a forty-nine dance? I never did see one. It came from Wyoming, from the Arapahoes. I never did hear of it before.

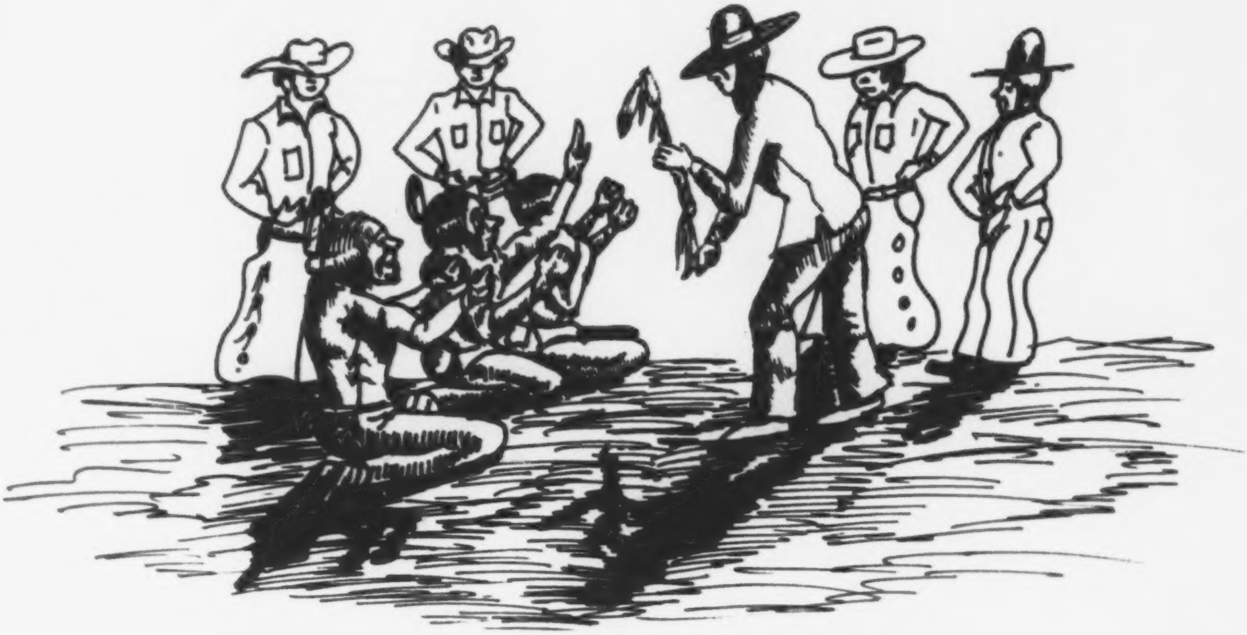
Yeah! They had it long ago. I remember old Lizzy Jack use to like that dance.

Oh yeah! Christmas Dances. I never did. I don't remeber ever seeing it. But they're doing it again. These young people, after a rodeo and Indian Celebrations. They go way out in the hills, some and have a forty-niner. Must be a kegger. They must not want old fellows around, I guess.

Yeah! You don't know who they are, though. They all have blankets. Sure dance with them blankets. You don't know who the hell your dancing with.

Yeah! That's the way they do it. Like that Forty-nine dance tape. We listened to it coming back, remember?

Oh yeah! It's got English words.



HANDGAME-GROS VENTRE STYLE

This is about four guys...Stockman. Handgame just got here a year before. These Indians sure fell for that handgame. They used to play it everynight. Two or three places would be going. These fellows sure got stuck on this handgame. They never misses one. There was three Whitemen and a Sioux. Old Sam Shambo. Two of them went over to The Boys. They told The Boy, ' I want to join this handgame, what do I have to do?" The Boy told them to buy alot of grub, and you fellow have to have your own song. So they went home and told Old Sam Shambo. Old Sam said, " Hell that's easy."

They stayed up all night trying to make a song. They had their grub all right, but they were stuck, they had no song. But they finally got it. They went back to The Boys and they sang this song to The Boy. (Bill Howard and Sam Shambo) Well, all four of them went over there and sang for The Boy. The Boy said, " Oh! That's good. I'll lend you my house if you want to make it here.' " We're going to make it over there at Brockies," they said.
The song went like this.........Pa Pa here I am
Pa Pa here I am
I come to play handgame
I come to play handgame
Pa Pa here I am